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THE

QUARTERLY REVIEW.

APRIL, 1822.

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2. *O Oriente, Poema de Jose Agostinho de Macedo.* Lisbon. 2 vols.

WHAT Lord Holland has done so well for the most voluminous and remarkable of the Spanish poets, Mr. Adamson has with great diligence performed for the most celebrated of the Portugueze, in these elegant volumes.

The family of Camoens has been derived from Cadmus, as that of Osorio has from Osiris, in the same spirit of etymological history by which Ulysses was made to found the city of Lisbon, and Tubal, son of Japhet, brought to settle at Setubal. In like manner Aulus Gellius has been the ancestor of all the Gells in England. The family was originally Castillian, but removed into Portugal during the reign of Henrique II., because they had continued faithful to Pedro the Cruel, a prince, bad as he was, less nefarious than the brother by whom he was deposed and slain. Vasco Perez de Camoens, the hidalgo who thus honourably became an exile, received large grants from King Fernando, and held high offices under him. During the troubles which ensued after that king's death, he adhered to the widow and daughter of his benefactor, defended the castle of Alanquer for them, and was made prisoner in the memorable battle of Aljubarrota; but he met with a magnanimous conqueror, and was not deprived of his estates. The Marques de Santillana mentions him as a poet, and there is reason to believe that his poems were contained in a *cancionero* in the possession of that distinguished lover and patron of literature. The family had fallen in fortunes when Luis de Camoens was born in the *Mouraria* at Lisbon, formerly the Moorish part of the city, in the year 1524. He appears to have been an only child: his father, Simam Vaz de Camoens, commanded an India ship, and his mother, Dona Anna de Sa e Macedo was of the noble family of the Macedos of Santarem.

The son* was educated at Coimbra, in the best age of that uni-

* He says in one of his *Cançoens*—

Foi minha ama huma féra, que o destino
Nem quiz que mulher fosse a que tivesse
Tal nome para mi, nem a haveria.

If this be not punning upon a woman's name in worse taste than Camoens any where betrays, it would seem to mean that he was suckled by a goat—a practice not unknown in Portugal, where we have witnessed it.

 versity.

versity. He went there in 1537 or 1538; he left it, according to Faria e Sousa, in 1542, according to the latest editor of the Lusiad, D. Joze Maria de Souza, in 1545. There he had commenced poet, and there he had fallen in love; but it appears that he had not neglected his studies, and the years which he passed there he always looked back upon as the happiest of his life. Removing from thence to the capital, he attended at court, previous to his entering upon the military profession; but that which he had chosen as the regular path to preferment led him to misfortune and disgrace. He won the affections there of D. Catharina de Atayde, a lady attached to the palace: whether she was the object of his first love is a point concerning which his most diligent biographers have not been able to satisfy themselves; he himself, however, has related that he fell in love with her at church, acknowledging the unfitness of the place, and the day is ascertained to have been Good Friday. It was an unfortunate attachment for him: Camoens, though equal to the lady in birth, was poor in fortune; it was therefore not a connection which her parents could approve, and there was in those days, even in governments which were not declaredly despotic, a summary mode of breaking off such connections by applying to the sovereign. The laws of Portugal were peculiarly severe against those who carried on a love intrigue within the palace; they punished the offence with death. Joam I., a prince in many respects to be admired, suffered one of his favourites to be burnt alive for it! Camoens was banished from the court to Santarem. A second indiscretion, after he had been permitted to return, is believed to have drawn upon him the severer sentence of atoning for his fault by serving at Ceuta; this is doubtful: but certainly Ceuta was not a station which would at that time have been chosen by one who, being in pursuit of honour and fortune, was desirous of enterprize. He served, however, bravely there, and, in a naval action in the Straits, lost his right eye by a splinter.

He returned to Lisbon with wounds and services to plead; but if there had ever been an age in Portugal when such claims would have secured promotion, that age was past. His merits were disregarded at a court where every thing had become venal; and he obtained nothing for the loss of his eye but reproachful jests from the ladies upon the deformity which it occasioned. In his mistress, indeed, he found no change; her attachment to him appears to have ended only with her life, but it was one of those hopeless attachments which wear away the heart they chasten. The obstacles to their union increased as the prospects of Camoens darkened; his means were not able to support a protracted attendance upon the court, and, in the year 1553, he embarked for India, as hopeless an adventurer as ever sailed for those shores. There is proof,

proof, from the registers of the India-house at Lisbon, that he had determined upon this measure three years before, when he was entered by the designation of *Escudeiro,** and described as *barberubio,* having a red beard, a complexion very unusual in Portugal. Why his departure was delayed is not known. When he actually embarked, it was in the place of another person of the same rank. The first entry states that his father was surety for him. The father seems to have died in the interim; he sailed to India as commander of a vessel, was wrecked on the Malabar coast, and, escaping from the wreck to Goa, did not long survive the loss of his fortunes.

Camoens describes his feelings upon departing from Portugal, in a letter which has been preserved:—'When I left that country,' 'like one bound for another world, I sent all the hopes which, till then, I had nourished, to be hanged, with a cryer going before them, for utterers of false coin. I freed myself from these home thoughts, that there might not remain in me one stone upon another. The last words which I uttered were those of Scipio:—*Ingrata patria, non possidebis ossa mea.* For, without an offence which could subject me to purgatory for three days, I have endured three thousand from ill tongues, worse intentions, and malignant wills, occasioned by pure envy. Even friendships, softer than wax, have been turned into desperate hatred, and into a fire, which has raised more blisters upon my reputation, than there are upon a roasted pig.'

The voyage from Portugal to India was, in those days, more perilous than will easily be believed in these. The seas swarmed with pirates, shipwrecks were dreadfully frequent, and even when these dangers were escaped, the common mortality was so great, that Vieyra says—'if the dead who had been thrown overboard between the coast of Guinea and the Cape of Good Hope, and between that cape and Mozambique, could have monuments placed for them each on the spot where he sunk, the whole way would appear like one continued cemetery.' Hyperbolical as this is, it shows how enormous the expenditure of life must have been which could thus be spoken of in the pulpit! The ship in which Camoens sailed was the only one of the fleet which reached its destination: he arrived at Goa in September, and, in the November following, embarked as a volunteer in an expedition to recover for the king of Porca an island on the coast, which the king of Pimenta had taken from him. A large Portugueze force went to the assistance of their

* Mr. Adamson's dictionary has misled him concerning this word, which was never, as he represents it, synonimous with *fidalgo*. *Escudeiros fidalgos* there were; but *Escudeiro* is merely the same word as esquire, and implied precisely the same degree. It may have been used for the Castillian *hidalgo*, which by no means implies the same rank as its cognate word in Portugal.

ally, obtained an easy victory over the native archers, and punished them, as Camoens tells us, with fire and sword. Camoens was not so far advanced beyond his age, as to perceive with what injustice the Portugueze empire in the east had been founded, and was upheld; yet he partook so little of the spirit of the age, and his heart so naturally turned to better things, that when he described this expedition in verse, instead of expressing any sense of exultation, he thought of Virgil's exclamation—

O fortunati nimium sua si bona norint
Agricolæ!

and in paraphrasing that text breathed out his wishes for a happier and more innocent way of life than that in which he was engaged.

During his service at Ceuta, he had formed a friendship with Dom Antonio de Noronha, a youth of high birth and endowments, who, like himself, had been ordered upon that station to remove him from the object of his love. The first news which reached him in India was the death of this beloved friend, who, at the age of seventeen, fell in action with the Moors. The loss affected him deeply, and he recurs to it more than once in his poems. His next adventure was in an expedition to the Red Sea, against the Arabian pirates. It ended in nothing; but, while he was off the coast of Arabia, he composed one of the most interesting of his minor poems. He describes the shore as arid, bare, barren, and deformed; abhorred by nature, where neither bird was seen to fly, nor beast to repose; no clear stream ran, nor fountain bubbled, nor green tree murmured in the wind; and where, while he wasted his solitary and miserable days, he had as enemies of life, not only the burning sun, the seas, and the hot, heavy and foul atmosphere, but his own thoughts, and the remembrance of the short happiness which he had enjoyed. Then he speaks of his mistress in that sweet strain of pure affection, which distinguishes all his verses upon that theme.

On his return to Goa, he incurred the displeasure of the governor, Francisco Barreto, by a satire; a weapon which it was dangerous to meddle with in former times. George Wither, if not absolutely sane, yet perfectly inoffensive, was imprisoned for a series of moral poems, which dealt as much in generals as a sermon, and which would hardly have been suspected to be satires, if he had not thought proper to entitle them, 'Abuses stript and whipt.' Camoens, soon after his arrival in India, described it in a letter, as a mother to great scoundrels, and a step-mother to honourable men. He now touched upon the prevailing vices and follies, in a manner which was understood to be personal: and Barreto, in consequence, ordered him to the Moluccas, then in possession of the Portugueze. The pieces which drew upon him this kind of exile were two in number;

number; one in verse, which might have passed unnoticed, if some galled consciences had not winced; and one in prose, levelled against certain persons who indulged in drinking. Both pieces have considerable humour; D. Joze Maria de Souza, indeed, thinks that the latter has been falsely attributed to him, and speaks with great asperity of Faria e Sousa, as if he had calumniated Camoens by imputing it to him. Mr. Adamson is disposed to agree with D. Joze, and thinks the early editors would have consulted the honour of their author by suppressing it, since, even if it were his composition, he probably wrote it without any intention that it should survive the time which gave it birth. Upon this point it may be observed, that the opinion of no person in this age can be put in the scale against the affirmation of Faria e Sousa; a man, whose veneration for Camoens was not less than that of his late munificent editor, and whose opportunities of obtaining accurate information concerning him were such as no one now can possibly possess; and to suppress the piece would indeed have been an irreparable injury to the man whom he was desirous of honouring. If he had done this, the punishment would not have been the only measure of the offence: Camoens would have been believed a libeller, that is to say, a pest to society—a man who perverts literature to the annoyance and injury of mankind; whereas the composition is a mere *squib*, without a particle of malevolence, caricaturing one *person* who was a *gourmand*, and one or two others for intemperance in wine.

But personal satire, even in this its lowest degree, is not to be justified; no man is entitled to hold up another to ridicule for his private defects or errors; to wound the feelings of an unoffending family, by exposing the faults of one of its members, and thus adding public shame to domestic affliction. The drunkard, who goes abroad, is properly liable to be set in the stocks; so long as he keeps at home, he may settle the account himself with his constitution and his conscience. These things were judged of more severely then than they are now. Faria e Sousa (one of the most upright and high-minded men that ever ended his days in honourable poverty) speaks honestly of this as the only reprehensible action in Camoens' life: 'by writing these satires,' he says, 'he lost sight of prudence, independence, and the demeanour of a cavalier, not any of these qualities belonging to a satirist.' This good man, however, felt that the punishment had exceeded the offence, and condemns the severity of Barreto, even while he shows that the particular circumstances of the satire, in some degree, compelled him to notice it, because it related to the public festivities with which he had been welcomed on his arrival.

Camoens himself calls this banishment an unjust decree;* and expressing a deeper sense of the injustice in one of his best and most interesting poems, he imprecates, as a just judgement upon himself, if he should cease to remember his beloved country, that this banishment might be forgotten,† which he wished to be engraven in stone or steel. Perhaps some circumstances of the case, which were honourable to the sufferer, have not reached us; for there seems in this passage to be something more than the feeling of one who had suffered injury; there appears the calm and proud consciousness of one who had acted well. The word exile, in such cases as his, seems to mean more than it really implies; its true import is, that he was ordered to another station, because (whatever were the merits of the case) he had given offence where he was. Accordingly, in 1556, he sailed for the Moluccas, (Ternate it is believed,) laden, as he says, with his sorrows, his feelings, and his fortunes. From thence he removed to Macao, where he was appointed *Provedor dos defuntos*, commissary for the effects of the deceased. Such a situation, Mr. Adamson observes, could be little consonant to the ideas of a poet or a soldier; but it was a

* Fanshaw has faithfully rendered the stanza of the Lusiad in which this expression occurs. The poet is speaking of his shipwreck, and of the river Mecon.

Upon his soft and charitable brim
The wet and shipwreckt song receive shall he,
Which, in a lamentable plight, shall swim,
From shoals and quicksands of tempestuous sea,
(The dire effect of exile) when on *Him*
Is executed the unjust decree,
Whose repercussive lyre shall have the fate
To be renowned more than fortunate.

Mickle's version of the same stanza is here subjoined as a fair sample of the elaborate and curious infidelity of his version:

O gentle Mecon, on thy friendly shore,
Long shall the Muse her sweetest offerings pour!
When tyrant ire, chaf'd by the blended lust
Of pride outrageous, and revenge unjust,
Shall on the guiltless exile burst their rage,
And mad'ning tempests on their side engage.
Preserv'd by Heaven, the song of Lusian fame,
The song, O Vasco, sacred to thy name,
Wet, from the whelming surge, shall triumph o'er
The fate of shipwreck on the Mecon's shore;
Here rest secure, as on the Muse's breast,
Happy the deathless song, the bard, alas! unbless'd.

† *Terra bemaventurada,*
Se por algum movimento
Da alma me fores tirada,
Minha pena seja dada
A perpetuo esquecimento.
A pena deste desterro,
Que eu mais desejo esculpida
Em pedra, ou em duro ferro.
Essa nunca seja ouvida,
Em castigo de meu erro.

situation

situation of honour, of trust, and of emolument, and it left him abundant leisure for poetical pursuits. Faria e Sousa fancies that he was indebted for this appointment to Barreto, who may, possibly, have been less his enemy than his friend. D. Joze Maria de Sousa thinks it was given him by the next viceroy, D. Constantino de Braganza, who is known to have been his friend: to us, considering the facts as we relate them, it appears that an argument in favour of the former opinion may fairly be deduced from a passage in one of the poet's *Cançoens*. In describing one of the eastern islands, he says, fortune had decreed, that great part of his life should be spent there; this has been supposed to mean Ternate: but it is a river island, or rather an island adjacent to the mainland of which he speaks.

Cercada está de hum rio
De maritimas aguas saudosas.

Macao, therefore, not one of the Moluccas, must be meant: and as he left Goa in 1556, and returned in five years, if he had not gone to Macao before D. Constantino's government, which did not commence till the latter end of 1550, he could never have talked of passing great part of his life there, an expression which cannot be supposed to mean less than four or five years.

During those years Camoens completed his Lusiad, about half of which was written before he left Europe. According to a tradition, which there is no cause for doubting, he composed great part of it in a natural grotto which commands a splendid prospect of the city and the harbour. A very pleasing view of it is given by Mr. Adamson, from Sir William Ouseley's Oriental Collections; and there is another in Sir George Staunton's 'Account of the Embassy to China.' The late Mr. Alexander brought home a sketch also of the interior, which is a mere excavation in the rock, interesting for the sort of consecration which it has received, but of no picturesque beauty. A little temple, in the Chinese tent-like fashion, has been erected upon the rock, which is itself described as forming a sort of natural Cromlech; and the ground about it has been ornamented by one of our countrymen, Mr. William Fitzhugh, from respect to the memory of the poet. The years which he passed at Macao were, probably, the happiest of his life. There he was proceeding steadily with that great work, on which he relied for fame, conscious that Portugal had produced no poet who could be put in competition with him; and there he was rapidly acquiring that fortune, in quest of which he left his own country, and which, on his return, would put him in possession of all his heart's desire; for he was assured of D. Catharina's constancy. The remainder of his days was one series of calamity. Having obtained permission to return to Goa, on his way to Europe, the ship, in which he had

embarked with his whole property, was wrecked at the mouth of the river Mecon, and he escaped, almost miraculously, on a plank, saving nothing but the manuscript of his poem. If earthly immortality were worth as little as the ascetic moralists would tell us, then it had been happy for Camoens if the waters had closed over him for ever.

He was cast upon a friendly shore, and kindly treated there, till an opportunity offered of proceeding to Goa. During this interval, his biographers and editors agree in saying that he wrote what are called his marvellous and inimitable *Redondilhas*. It is surprizing and mortifying to perceive, with how little reflection statements in biography (and, indeed, in far more important cases than this) are made and repeated. The poem in question is very beautiful—perhaps the most beautiful of all his compositions: the poet, which his commentators have not perceived, had evidently in his mind the *Coplas* of D. Jorge Manrique, which were at that time, as they must ever deserve to be, held in the highest esteem. There is not the slightest allusion to his shipwreck, or the loss of fortune: and was this possible, if the poem had been written at the date assigned to it? He begins by an allusion to that fine psalm, 'By the waters of Babylon we sate down and wept, when we remembered thee, O Sion!' He compares the place in which he writes, repeatedly, to Babylon. Is this the language of a man cast by shipwreck among a hospitable people, whose kindness, be it observed, he distinctly acknowledges? But, what is perfectly conclusive, he speaks of himself as then in banishment. The *Redondilhas*, therefore, cannot have been written at the time assigned. From this internal evidence, we should rather conclude, that they were composed at Ceuta than in India, if they did not breathe a deeper conviction of the vanity of human wishes than is consistent with youth and hope.

The viceroy received him kindly at Goa, where he arrived in 1561, and, under his patronage, there was a reasonable hope that Camoens might have retrieved his fortunes. But D. Constantino's government expired in that year, and under his successor, Francisco de Coutinho, the poet was accused of malversation in his office at Macao, and thrown into prison upon the charge. He proved the falsehood of the accusation, but was detained in custody for a debt, not exceeding, upon the largest statement, twenty pounds. Camoens solicited his release from the viceroy in some sportive verses; it is said to have been the only favour he ever asked, and certainly it was asked without any humiliation. Whether by the viceroy's assistance or not, (for the success of the application is not known,) he was shortly set at liberty, and continued some years in India, serving, as usual, during the season for military expeditions, and employing the winters in poetical composition. It was during

during these years, according to the opinion of his late editor, D. Joze, that the hope which had consoled him amid all his misfortunes was taken from him for ever, by the death of D. Catharina.* From the time of his shipwreck, the hope which Camoens had cherished, had been of that kind which 'maketh the heart sick.' Still it was hope. He was secure of D. Catharina's affection, and on that security his heart reposed. He knew that they were worthy of each other; and an ennobling and purifying attachment of this kind, even when its hopes are indefinitely deferred, brings with it a happiness of its own. Her death neither broke his heart, nor subdued his spirit; but the prayer which he breathed was for an early deliverance, that he might join her in a better world; and, becoming indifferent to the pursuits of fortune, his only remaining desire seems to have been that of establishing his fame.

His great poem was now in a state for publication, but Camoens had not the means of returning to Portugal to publish it. Under these circumstances he engaged to accompany Pedro Barreto, who was about to assume the government of Sofala, and who was ambitious, as it appears, of having a man already so distinguished for literary abilities, in his service. Whether he accepted any office under Barreto, or went merely in expectation of promised promotion, has not been stated; but the connection was neither fortunate for him, nor honourable to his patron. They disagreed, and there is reason to believe, from Barreto's subsequent conduct, that Camoens was unfeelingly and ungenerously treated. Some of his Indian friends arrived at this time at Mozambique, on their way to Lisbon: they found him in a state of extreme poverty, being actually dependent on the bounty of others for subsistence; but these were friends in need, who loved him, and knew his worth; they supplied him with clothes, (his condition being such that he stood in need even of

* Biographers have differed concerning the date of her death, but the evidence which the poet's own works afford, is decisive. The following sonnet must certainly mean, that the death of his mistress took place nearly at the same time as the loss of his property.

Cantando estava hum dia bem seguro,
Quando passava Sylvio, e me dizia,
(Sylvio, pastor antiguo, que sabia
Por o canto das aves o futuro)
Liso, quando quizer, o fado escuro,
A opprimir-te virem em hum so dia
Dous lobos; logo a voz, e a melodia
Te fugiram, e o som suave e puro.
Bem foi assi; porque hum me degolou
Quanto gado vacum pastava e tinha,
De que grandes soldadas esperava:
E por mais damno, o outro me matou
A cordeira gentil que eu tanto amava,
Perpetuo saudade da alma minha.

this,)

this,) and they provided a passage for him in their vessel. Barreto, in the vilest spirit of malevolence, resolved to retain as a debtor the man whom he had not sought to attach to him by kindness and becoming treatment, and demanded payment of 200 ducats, which, he said, he had expended in his behalf. The same friends immediately subscribed the money; and for this sum, says Faria e Sousa, were sold at the same time the person of Camoens and the honour of Pedro Barreto. At how cheap a rate may lasting ignominy be purchased!

The biographers of the poet have felt a proper pleasure in recording the names of these true friends: they were Hector da Sylveira, Duarte de Abreu, Diogo de Couto, Antonio Cabral, Antonio Serram, and Luiz de Veyga; Sylveira, who is said to have been the largest contributor, was the representative of a distinguished family, a lover of poetry, and so far a professor of it, that some lighter verses among the works of Camoens were their joint production. Diogo de Couto, who calls Camoens his messmate and friend, has, like that friend, established for himself an European reputation, and upon a sure foundation. He continued the Decades of Joam de Barros, and produced the larger portion of an invaluable work, without which no historical library can be complete. Herrera's is the only work of modern times to be compared in value with the Decades of Joam de Barros and Diogo de Couto; and Herrera's is the inferior, because the information which Barros and Couto communicate is not to be found in any earlier, nor, indeed, in any contemporary authorities.

All obstacles having been thus removed, they returned to Portugal together, and Couto began a commentary upon the Lusiad on the voyage. This is affirmed, on the authority of one of his own letters, by Severim de Faria, but the commentary itself has been lost; which is to be regretted, considering how singularly well qualified he was for the task. Couto has also related, that Camoens employed his time upon the passage, in composing a work of great erudition and philosophy, which he entitled 'Parnasso de Luis de Camoens,' but which was stolen from him, and of which Couto could discover no trace, though he made much inquiry concerning it. D. Joze supposes this to have been a collection of his smaller poems, and Mr. Adamson assents to the opinion. That opinion would be probable if the mere title of the book were all that was known of it; but when Diogo de Couto speaks of its philosophy and learning, it appears to us altogether unlikely that he should mean a collection of minor poems. It was most probably a treatise upon poetry.

They arrived at Lisbon in 1569, when the plague was raging in that city; a circumstance which has been considered as peculiarly unfortunate

unfortunate for Camoens; because, in that general calamity, the court was frequently changing its place, and the persons who might otherwise have noticed and patronized him, were too much engaged in endeavouring to preserve themselves and their families. Two years elapsed before the publication of his poem, and it is not known how he subsisted during that time: possibly he may have had some family connections; and, probably, the friends who brought him from Mozambique would not leave him destitute on his arrival. The poem contained a dedication to the king, Sebastian. The first edition sold so rapidly, that it was reprinted in the same year, and Camoens might justly have expected that the celebrity which he had now obtained, would strengthen the claim of his long services and of his wound, and obtain for him at least a decent maintenance for the remainder of his days. That hope was miserably disappointed. He obtained only a pension of fifteen milreas —not half the allowance of the lowest out-pensioner of Greenwich or Chelsea. There must be some explanation of this, which his biographers have not given: the earlier ones, perhaps, because it would be sufficiently understood. If we are not greatly mistaken, this poor allowance was what he was entitled to on retiring from service—the half-pay of his rank; not accruing, as in our service, of right, but according to what was then the custom of the country, made the subject of a special grant, or in the shape of a reward. Fifty years later, the full pay of the highest military officer in Brazil was 172 *milreas*, that of a *capitam mor* in one of the most important captaincies, 100; fifteen therefore may have been all to which his rank entitled him, and that no favour was shown him is evident. The grant required that he should reside at court, and obtain an order for its payment half-yearly.

As Sebastian himself was not wanting in liberality (the cheapest of all virtues) his confessor, the jesuit Fr. Luis Gonçalves de Camara and his brother, Martin Gonçalves, who was the king's private secretary, were condemned, for having on this occasion impeded the royal bounty. Mr. Adamson, with that thorough good nature which his book every where indicates, while he resents, like a true lover of literature, the cruel neglect which his favourite poet experienced, offers a valid apology for these persons. Better statesmen than Camoens, they were at that time endeavouring to calm and moderate that fatal spirit of ambition in the young king, which the poet's exhortations were intended to flatter and inflame; and, therefore, Mr. Adamson urges, they may have thought it their duty not to encourage a work which had this tendency. If the accusation against them be well founded, so is the excuse: but the neglect which left the most celebrated of the Portugueze poets to pass the remainder of his days in absolute poverty and want, is more likely to have been

earthly favour. 'Camoens,' Mr. Adamson says, 'was luckily spared an interview, which would have broken his patriotic and loyal heart.' How deeply Camoens felt the extinction of the royal house of Portugal has been seen; but there would have been nothing to wound his loyalty in an interview with Philip, who took the crown of Portugal, unjustly indeed, but by the plea of inheritance, and with all legal forms. The opposition which was made to him, was by one whose claims were certainly groundless, and who had not even personal merits to recommend him.

Neglected as the poet himself was, his poem was not so. At the beginning of the next century, one of his biographers affirms that twelve thousand copies of the Lusiad had been distributed. Mr. Adamson thinks the biographer must have been mistaken, as only five editions appear to have been published in that time; but he who affirmed it had the means of ascertaining the fact. The editions are likely to have been large, because of the popularity of the poem, and of the subject; perhaps, too, he may have included the translations in his estimate. By the year 1639, twenty-two editions of his works had been published: in that year a most elaborate one appeared by Manoel de Faria e Sousa, a man every way competent to the task, and who, for his own merits, as well as for the particular claim which this great labour gives him, is entitled to a fuller account in a life of Camoens than Mr. Adamson has assigned him.

This learned and laborious man was born in 1590, in the Souto de Pombeiro, about half way between Guimaraens and Amarante, at a house called Quinta de Caravela. His father's name was Amador Perez de Eiro, an *Escudero* by rank; his mother, Luisa de Faria, from whom he derived both his appellations, was of higher family, and, tracing her descent through all the ages of Portugueze history, carried it through the Gothic times, up to the earliest appearance of the Romans in Spain. There was a Benedictine convent at Pombeiro, under which his father appears to have held the estate whereon he resided, and Manoel was born; the child was baptized there, and was intended to take the habit of the order; he was, therefore, bred up with that intention. At a very early age he displayed a singular dexterity in penmanship, insomuch that, at ten years old, he is said to have written in perfection every kind of hand which was then in use: he was skilled, also, in illuminating books—that beautiful art not having gone out of use in his part of the country; and he displayed a great aptitude for drawing. Where there exists any great manual dexterity like this, the intellectual powers are likely to be diverted by it; this, however, was not his case. The tarantula of Parnassus had bitten him, and his hand was not more expert in shaping letters and lines to please a curious

rious eye, than his tongue was in arranging metrical sounds to satisfy a sensitive ear.

In the tenth year of his age he was removed to Braga, to study grammar and logic, both which he neglected for the study of poetry, reading with avidity the poets of his own country, and of Spain, and composing various works in prose and verse. At fourteen he was taken into the family of the bishop of Porto, D. Fr. Gonçalo de Moraes, who was a distant relation, and had been general of the Benedictines. A more honourable or advantageous situation could not have been found, for one designed for the clerical profession; but he would hardly have been subjected to so strict a life in a convent. The economy of the bishop's palace was like that of a reformed monastery; no woman was allowed to enter it while he resided there; and poor Manoel de Faria is said scarcely ever to have gone out of it, except to church on holy days, during ten years that he continued in his service, as his secretary. Probably, therefore, it was at church, that (like the poet with whom his name will always be associated) he entered into the fraternity of St. Cupid, whom he served so faithfully, that, in the twenty-fourth year of his age, he refused to take orders, and married D. Catharina Machado.

During these ten years, his studies had been any thing rather than theological. He wrote pastorals, amatory verses, a romance of chivalry, in imitation of Palmerin, and a poetic history of Portugal, in *sixteen cantos*: most of these performances he burnt, as he did *all his* boyish verses; but he turned his historical verses into prose, and the work, thus oddly translated, is his well-known *Epitome de las Historias Portuguesas*. Recluse as his life with the bishop had been, it had not been uncongenial with his disposition; and it fostered, if it did not create, a love of retirement and solitude, which gave him leisure for composition and study. During four years that he resided at Porto after his marriage, he sought for no society; satisfied with his books and papers, and the company of a wife who, likewise, was contented in privacy and seclusion. They then went to live with his parents at Pombeiro, from whence Faria made a journey to Madrid, in hopes of obtaining an establishment. The bishop, though displeased at his marriage, was still his friend; and he was taken into the service of Pedro Alvarez Pereira, a kinsman of the bishop's, who held high offices under the Third and Fourth Philips. In his service he removed to Madrid, with his wife and children; there he published his moral and political essays, under the title of *Noches Claras*, four volumes of poems, which he called *Fuente de Aganipe*, and his Epitome of Portugueze History; works which, especially the last, were well received. But it was poor Faria's fate, as well as his favourite poet's, to derive from all his literary labours little more than barren reputation. Pedro Alvarez,

varez, to whom he looked for patronage, died. He went with his family to Lisbon, where the archbishop of Braga, then governor of Portugal, twice named him to respectable appointments, and in both cases failed of obtaining them for him. He then embarked for Rome; still, as it appears, in the service of some powerful person, by whose means he expected to obtain an establishment. Here he began to arrange his commentary upon the Lusiad. Count Castelvilani sought him out, and obtained for him the honour of an audience from Urban VIII.* to whom he presented a poem on his elevation.

The office which he held under his various patrons was always that of secretary, for which he was singularly well qualified by his ready command of language, and the expedition, as well as the beauty, of his penmanship. He is said sometimes to have written more than an hundred letters in one day; and the prime minister, upon reading one of his dispatches, could not help praising both the composition and the writing. But Faria was one of those men who will not woo Fortune in the way by which she is to be won. He never solicited what he was conscious of deserving; judging of others by himself, he seems to have thought that solicitations would have implied a distrust of their justice, and of his own fair claims. The heart clings obstinately to an error like this, from which it is painful and humiliating to be torn; and Faria clung to it, till the means which might have enabled him to support his family in frugal independence began to fail: he then left the service in which he was engaged, and went to Madrid. Immediately on his arrival he was arrested, and confined to the house, under two guards, who were not to allow him to communicate with any person whatsoever: this was in 1634. The cause of his confinement is not explained by his friend and biographer farther than that it was connected with some suspicions concerning his conduct at Rome. Whatever they were, they were groundless; after a close confinement of fourteen weeks, the protonotary of Aragon informed him that he was free, and that the king acknowledged him to be an innocent and honourable man; nevertheless his Majesty ordered him not to leave Madrid, deeming this restriction expedient for his service: meantime, for the support of his family, he assigned him sixty ducats per month. The protonotary added, that he might immediately have access to the king and solicit the royal bounty, which would be extended to him, as in justice it ought to be.

But Faria had learnt, though late, that melancholy wisdom which

* The pope conversed with him concerning Lope de Vega, with whom he was intimate; *dos veces le nombrò, y llamòle* El Grande Lope de Vega, *la primera, y* El Señor Lope de Vega (*esto es mas*) *la segunda. Interprete esto como quisiere la embidia, que essos epitetos en la boca del Vicario de Christo, dexan canonizado de grande y de ilustre a nuestro Lope.*

disappointment

disappointment teaches: he desired nothing more than permission to retire to his native place, there to pass in quietness the remainder of his days, devoted to his beloved studies. This easy request was refused him; it does not appear for what reason. After a year's vain expectation, he attempted to quit Madrid, without obtaining leave; his intention was discovered—an order was issued to detain him; and he now found that, while it was thought proper to keep him in the metropolis, it was no longer thought necessary to provide for his support there.

He now devoted himself wholly to literature with an ardour and perseverance which, in this age, may appear incredible, and which, in the iron ages of literature, has seldom been equalled. Madrid was no uneasy prison to one who, with his books and papers, would have been contented in a solitary cell; and his frugality, less a virtue in him, than the necessary consequence of his studious habits, was such, that it made him proof against poverty. He rose at daybreak to his studies, from which he was called once in the day to a hasty meal, and a second time to supper; the time which he allowed for sleep was short, and every other moment was spent either in reading or writing. His wife appears to have accommodated herself admirably to her husband's inclinations, and, in no small degree, to have partaken the strength of his character. On their voyage to Italy, they were in some danger in the gulph of Lyons, and the women were ordered to go below deck; upon which she said, 'I have not made the slightest outcry; and I will stay where I am, that I may look death in the face.'

The great Commentary upon the Lusiad was published in 1639. Lope de Vega said of it, that, as Camoens was the prince of poets in the vernacular languages of Spain, Faria was the prince of commentators in any language. This work, as it was the last, is also the most celebrated, of those prolix and elaborate commentaries, the object of which is less to explain the text of the poet, than to display the erudition of the annotator. In this respect, it was suited to its age and place; but it had merits of a different kind. Camoens had loaded his narrative with the whole history of his country; and no person could have been better qualified to explain and elucidate what the poet could only hint at in brief allusions, than Faria, who had already published an epitome, and was now engaged in an elaborate and extensive history of the kingdom, and of all its conquests. Much was expected from this work, and the expectations which had been formed of it were not disappointed; but before it had been published a week, it was denounced to the Inquisition, because he had explained the heathen machinery of the poem, as allegorical of Catholic truths. The complaint was heard at Madrid, and dismissed, as frivolous. The denunciators were not

 satisfied;

satisfied; one of them went to Lisbon and lodged the same complaint there, with so much success, that an injunction against the book was issued. Friends, however, were not wanting to Faria on this occasion, and as the offence, if it had been proved, would have amounted merely to a very venial indiscretion, the inquisitor-general desired that the author should be called upon for his defence, promising that justice should be done; accordingly he wrote a vindication, which was deemed satisfactory. It was a wicked accusation, charging him with having spoken indecently of the most Holy Trinity, the Holy Spirit, the Sacraments of the Church, and the most Holy Virgin. This latter imputation, he said, was the only one which touched his soul in the very apple of its eye; for it might be seen in all his works how affectionately he was devoted to the Virgin, and unless Our Lady herself vouchsafed to console him, the grief of having been so accused would remain with him as long as he lived.

Few men who have written much, have corrected their compositions with such unwearied care as Faria. Voluminous as his commentary is, he transcribed it five times with his own hand, (for he never employed an amanuensis,) and all his greater works were written out four, five, or six times, before he committed them to the press. This he could not have done, unless he had withdrawn himself from all company, except that of the persons who sought him, and whom he knew enough to admit them into his privacy. Except when the rules of society compelled him to make a visit of form or duty, he is said never to have entered any house but his own. There was too much pain in knowing mankind, he said, and the only way to avoid it was by becoming, as it were, a sparrow, that sitteth alone upon the housetop.

Those who knew him little, thought him morose and rude in manners. He was not so to his friends: on the contrary, his conversation, like his letters, was cheerful and even sportive; but he was never fond of talking, and latterly became deaf. His face might well appear severe to those who could not read in its pale and meagre lineaments the effects of long care, and continual toil of mind. Features naturally strongly marked, and what in youth and health had been handsome, were thus rendered ghastly; and the more so, because, when all other parts of the countenance were shrunk and faded, his large black eyes retained their size and lustre. His beard, which he wore broad and long, after the old fashion of his country, was greyer than his hair. Till the age of fifty he had been a strong and agile man; from that time his strength wasted away, under the accumulated evils of sickness, and care, and poverty. Painful diseases were induced and aggravated by his manner of life, which was, indeed, a slow though unconscious suicide: he

he himself describes it as a living death, voluntarily chosen, that he might save himself from oblivion after death. These lines have been selected by Porcel as a motto for his biography:

Oid toda mi Vida, que fue Muerte,
Con que toda mi Muerte sera Vida:
Vida, que se quedo, por varia suerte,
Por el mundo en pedazos dividida:
Muerte, que uniendo aora essos pedazos,
Al Olvido me quite de los brazos.

The last two years of his life were passed under grievous bodily affliction, against which he bore up with invincible patience, persisting in severe application to his studies, till his strength utterly failed him. Then, when it was not possible for him to rise from his bed, he prepared calmly and religiously for death; and, having set his affairs in order, disposed of his papers, and received devoutly the sacraments of his church, expired in peace. His senses failed him before death; there was, however, an inward consciousness and sense of consolation, for he was often heard indistinctly to pronounce the names of Jesus and Maria, and those names trembled at the last upon his dying lips.

Mickle has past a most unfounded censure upon Faria's historical work. 'He is often so drily particular,' he says, 'that he may rather be called a journalist than an historian. And by this uninteresting minuteness his style for the greatest part is rendered inelegant.' But the fact is that Faria has not the merit of being a minute narrator, and that his style is faulty from excess of ornament and elaboration. Notwithstanding this fault, these works have obtained for him that lasting remembrance for which he toiled. His America Portugueza has disappeared, as well as the work of Joam de Barros upon the same subject; and owing to this double loss there exists no early history of Brazil, at least none which has yet been brought to light.* It is more remarkable that no entire set of Faria's poems was to be found twenty years ago, among all the libraries, public and private, in Portugal. They were published in seven parts, at different times; and the least imperfect set, which was in the Bishop of Beja's possession, (the late Archbishop of Evora,) consisted of only five. The English are the only nation who have any thing like a general collection of their poets.

The celebrity of Camoens was increased by Faria's elaborate

* There probably is in existence one written about the same time as Faria's, by Manoel de Moraes. A copy of it seems to have been either in Buxtorf's library, or in Hottinger's. Is it in the library at Zurich? It is there or in Holland that it must be sought. Moraes was the only Jesuit who became a traitor during the Dutch war, and, changing his religion, went to Holland. He returned to Brazil, and being made prisoner by Joan Fernandez Vieira, changed again. The discovery of his work would be of great importance to Brazilian history.

edition of his works; but the Lusiad had very soon become celebrated. In that age the literature of one country was more generally known in others than it is now, that is to say, among men of letters; there was less of it, and therefore what there was was more easily attained and excited greater attention. And there was a kinder temper among authors. There was no regular channel in which malignity could vent itself; the baseness therefore of systematic detraction was unknown. In Spain and Portugal more particularly a kindly spirit prevailed among contemporary writers; one poet bore willing testimony to the merits of another; and the fashion of introducing every book with as many commendatory verses as could be obtained did little harm by the flattery which it called forth, and some good by the mutual good-will which it promoted. That fashion had its use also; it has preserved for us many facts in literary history which would otherwise have perished. All circumstances of the age were therefore as propitious to the fame of Camoens, as all the accidents of life had been unfavourable to his fortune. He had struck the chord to which every heart in Portugal was in unison; the Portugueze were enamoured of the subject; they felt the beauty of the execution though they were blind to the enormous faults of the design, and they persuaded not only themselves, but the rest of Europe also, that they possessed a great epic poem.

This, however, was the only advantage which the subject possessed. As there are some themes too sacred for fiction, so are there others too important, and to which all that invention can add must necessarily be less interesting than the reality. There is no incident in modern history more impressive than the voyage of Vasco da Gama; but to feel and comprehend it, it must be read with all its details in Castanheda or Barros, where it comes to us with the deep and abiding interest of truth. The slightest admixture of fiction debases it like an alloy. The poet should touch upon it, not treat it at length. For an heroic poem it is utterly unfit; but Wordsworth might draw from it thoughts and feelings worthy to be embodied among his loftiest and most heroic sonnets.

Camoens, while he felt the historical importance of his subject, perceived also how barren it was in events of epic interest. But he knew that to a people so proud as his countrymen of their conquests and of their own heroic annals, the interest of national feeling would be paramount to all others: he proposed therefore in his exordium to interweave the history of his country, and in fact a full half of the Lusiad is so employed, either in the form of narration, or of prophecy, or digression, while the action of the poem stands still. The metrical romances, with all their faults of inartificial structure, have nothing so faulty as this misplaced art. To relieve the

the simplicity of the story, a preposterous mythology is introduced, which is as grossly managed as it is ill-conceived. Venus and Bacchus contend before the throne of Jupiter for and against the Portugueze: the goddess, because she sees in the Portugueze so many qualities resembling those of her beloved Romans, and because their language appears to be Latin slightly corrupted; the god, because he is jealous that his own glory as conqueror of India should be eclipsed by their exploits. What can be more puerile? It is vain to defend it by calling it allegorical; this is merely making a simple fault a recondite one. Such allegories are no better than the frontispiece to the Lady's Magazine, or than Mortimer's design for Mickle's translation, in which the translator on his knees presents the English Lusiad to Britannia, who points to the Temple of Fame upon a rock, while Fame herself, supported upon a thick cloud over Britannia's head, is ready to sound her trumpet in its praise.

The management of this machinery is no better than the conception. A Moorish pilot intends to run the Portugueze ships upon a reef of rocks; Venus descends, and convokes the sea-nymphs to save them. She herself accompanies them, riding upon a triton's back, and sets them the example, by putting her breast against the prow of Gama's vessel, and in that manner shoving it off. Can any merit of versification and language compensate for the gross and revolting absurdity of such images? Bacchus, the king of wine, pays a visit to Neptune, the king of water, and desires him to summon the sea-gods; and accordingly they are called together by Triton. This personage has a long beard of sea-weeds powdered with muscles, who breed in it, and wears a large lobster-shell for a cap, and is * covered with shrimps and crabs like vermin. At

* This is the original description, which Mickle, who, with his usual judgment, takes care to soften it, pronounces nevertheless to be in the style of the classics!

Era mancebo grande, negro e fêo,
Trombeta de seu pai, e seu correo.

Os cabellos da barba, e os que descem
Da cabeça nos hombros, todos eram
Huns limos prenhes d'agua, e bem parecem
Que nunca brando pentem conhecêram.
Nas pontas pendurados nem fallecem
Os negros mexilhoens que alli se geram:
Na cabeça por gorra tinha posta
Huma muy grande casca de lagosta:

O corpo nu, o os membros genitais,
Por nam ter ao nadar impedimento,
Mas porem de pequenos animais
Do mar, todos cobertos, cento e cento;
Camaroens e caugrejos, e outros mais
Que recebem de Phebe crescimento;
Ostras, e breguigoens de musgo mijos
A's costas com a casca os caparujos.

Bacchus's instigation the Winds go forth to excite a tempest, to allay which Venus orders the sea-nymphs to garland their heads with roses, each to seek out her lover among the Winds, and make him swear to do her pleasure while the voyage continues, she on her part promising them success in their amours! Lastly, to reward Gama and his companions for the privations and dangers which they have endured, the goddess brings a floating island to meet them on their way home, and there accommodates them each with a sea-nymph, whom Cupid has rendered nothing loath. Let us not be suspected of practising that manner of criticism by which any youngster in the craft, if he have only a sufficient stock of dishonesty and impudence, may make the plan and fable of any poem appear ridiculous. The account here given of the prominent fiction in the Lusiad represents it fairly as it is. The grossness is relieved at first by a mixture of satirical allegory; in other parts the execution is little less objectionable than the design. Bad, however, as it is, it is not like the infamous productions by which our own age and country are disgraced: for there is no where that *malus animus* apparent which indicates intentional and deliberate wickedness in the writer. This must be remembered in justice to Camoens. He had chosen a most injudicious allegory, and followed it too far, an error of which much worse instances might be adduced, upon much more serious subjects.

That it is allegory the poet himself tells us, as if he felt that this explanation (otherwise so ill-placed) were necessary for his excuse.

Que as Nymphas do Oceano tam formosas,
Tethys, e a Ilha angelica pintada,
Outra cousa nam he que as deleitosas
Honras, que a vida fazem sublimada.
Aquellas preeminencias gloriosas,
Os triumphos a fronte coroada
De palma e louro, a gloria e maravilha
Estes sam os deleites desta Ilha.

'For these fair Daughters of the Ocean,
Thetis, and the angelic pencil'd Isle,
Are nothing but sweet honour, which These won
With whatsoever makes a life not vile.
The privileges of the martial man,
The palm, the laurel'd triumph, the rich spoil,
The admiration purchased by his sword,
These are the joys this Island doth afford.'—*Fanshaw.*

And this, he proceeds to say, was the spirit of ancient mythology.

Que as immortalidades que fingia
A antiguidade, que os illustres ama,
Lá no estellante Olympa, a quem subia
Sobre as azas inclytas da fama,

Por

Por obras valerosas que fazia,
Polo trabalho immenso que se chama
Caminho da virtude alto e fragoso,
Mas no fim doce, alegre, e deleitoso:

Nam eram senam premios, que reparte
Por feitos immortaes e soberanos,
O mundo co' os Baroens, que esforço e arte
Divinos os fizeram sendo humanos.
Que Jupiter, Mercurio, Phebo e Marte,
Eneas, e Quirino, e os dous Thebanos,
Ceres, Palas, e Juno, con Diana,
Todos foram de fraca carne humana.

Mas a fama, trombeta de obras taes,
Lhes deo no mundo nomes tam estranhos,
De deoses, semideoses immortaes,
Indigetes, Heroicos, e de Magnos.

'So those false Godships which Antiquity,
To all illustrious men a zealous friend,
In starry heavens created, to which she
Made them on towering wings of Fame t'ascend,
For honourable acts they did, for free
And noble sufferings; (virtue's path, the end
Whereof is smooth and pleasant like our isle,
Though itself craggy, steep and full of toil:)
What meant they, but an immortality
Given by the world for actions sovereign,
To such as arts or arms advanced to a high
And heavenly pitch, being born of human strain?
For Jove, Apollo, Mars and Mercury,
Eneas, Romulus, the Thebans twain,
Juno, Diana, Ceres, Pallas, all
Dwelt as you do, in brittle earthen wall.

But Fame (the trumpet of deeds great and good)
Gave them new names and titles on the earth,
Gods of the whole, and Gods of the half blood,
Gods by adoption, and Gods by* birth.'—*Fanshaw.*

In

* It is worth while to compare this with Mickle's elaborate paraphrase, in which the Poet is not allowed to speak in his own person.

Hence, ye profane!—the song melodious rose.
By mildest zephyrs wafted thro' the boughs,
Unseen the warblers of the holy strain.
Far from these sacred bowers, ye lewd profane!
Hence each unhallowed eye, each vulgar ear,
Chaste and divine are all the raptures here.
The Nymphs of Ocean, and the Ocean's Queen,
The Isle angelic, every raptured scene,
The charms of honour and its meed confess,
These are the raptures, these the wedded bliss;

In the only severe criticism which any Portugueze has ventured to publish upon the Lusiad, this fiction of the floating island is said to have been imitated from Fracastorius. 'My indefatigable reading,' says the critic, 'in those poets who appeared at the restoration of letters, has led me to discover the true and only source of this celebrated episode.' He has said this in perfect good faith; and yet the resemblance between the two passages is not a whit more than what Fluellyn discovers between Macedon and Monmouth—there are ships and an island in both. Fracastorius takes Columbus to an island which he calls Ophir (meaning no doubt Hispaniola) for the purpose of making the king relate to him a mythological fable concerning the origin of that disease which is the subject of the poem, and the miraculous production of the guaiacum tree, as a remedy for it. The passage in the Latin poem is objectionable only on account of its being a poor and unappropriate fiction; it has not the slightest taint of licentiousness: nor upon comparing it with the ninth canto of the Lusiad, does there appear the slightest reason to infer that Camoens had ever seen it. The reader may be assured that, unless we had compared them, this would not be thus positively asserted.

It has been the fate of Camoens, as of other celebrated poets, to be more admired by the great majority of readers for his faults than for his excellencies. The three passages in the Lusiad which are commonly selected for admiration are, the Floating Island, the Apparition of the Spirit of the Cape, and the story of Ignez de Castro, which a Portugueze usually begins to quote, when he extols his favourite author. The first of these has all the author's characteristic merits of style, his animated manner and sweet diction; and they whose moral feeling can tolerate it may admire it with little

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The glorious triumph and the laurel crown,
The ever-blossom'd palms of fair renown,
By time unwithered and untaught to cloy;
These are the transports of the Isle of Joy.
Such was Olympus and the bright abodes;
Renown was heaven, and heroes were the Gods.
Thus ancient times, to virtue ever just,
To arts and valour rear'd the worshipp'd bust.
High, steep, and rugged, painful to be trod,
With toils on toils immense, is Virtue's road;
But smooth at last the walks umbrageous smile,
Smooth as our lawns, and cheerful as our isle.
Up the rough road Alcides, Hermes strove,
All men like you, Apollo, Mars and Jove:
Like you to bless mankind Minerva toil'd,
Diana bound the tyrants of the wild;
O'er the waste desert Bacchus spread his vine,
And Ceres taught the harvest field to shine.
Fame rear'd her trumpet: to the blest abodes
She raised, and hail'd them Gods and sprung of Gods.

other

other impeachment of their judgement. The second is certainly a highly poetical conception, if Camoens had known where to stop: a gigantic figure appears in the storm, and in wrath to the Portugueze, tells them what evils their countrymen will suffer upon that unhappy coast, instancing the fate of Almeida, and the miserable story of Manoel de Sepulveda with his wife and children, which is perhaps of all dreadful stories of shipwreck the most deeply tragic in its details. This is well done, and not at too great length. But when Gama interrupts the spectre, demanding who he is, a tale follows which would only be tolerable in a school-boy's imitation of Ovid: the Spirit of the Cape declares himself to be the Titan Adamastor, who, being in love with Thetis, was mocked by her as Ixion was by Juno, only that a mountain instead of a cloud was offered to his embraces, and he himself was metamorphosed into the Cape.

The story of Ignez is in its nature so tragic (like our fable of Fair Rosamond) that it must ever impress young minds deeply and ineffaceably; and there are not many readers who will perceive how completely Camoens fails when he makes Ignez plead for herself. Instead of the language of passion, she speaks in antithetic sentences, and talks of Romulus and Remus, and of Libyan tygers!—There are few subjects in modern history upon which so many tragedies have been written as this, and yet the right point of view has hitherto escaped all who have treated it;—it is not the death of Ignez, but the effect of her death upon Pedro's strong character, which a dramatist of real power would choose for his theme. A tragedy, very similar to this well known story, occurred about fifty years ago in the island of Celebes; it is related by the Dutch traveller Stavorinus, a faithful writer, who repeated what he had heard and believed:—two grandsons of the Rajah of Boni, in that island, both fell in love with a princess of singular beauty, who was little more than twelve years old,—they entreated her to choose between them, and at last, though reluctantly, she declared in favour of the youngest:—the elder did not acquiesce quietly in this decision; a deadly hatred arose between them, they drew their kreeses one day upon each other, with such fury, that the struggle would probably have been fatal to both if they had not been separated in time. When the old Rajah heard this, he reproved them severely for their conduct, which, he said, had nearly deprived him of two grandsons, and which was the more unpardonable, because it was only for the sake of a woman; and he ordered them to lay aside their animosity, and live together like brothers.—He then sent for the innocent cause of this enmity, and asked her how she dared to make a choice between two of his grandsons? She represented that it had not been done without great reluctance, nor till

till she was compelled to do it, fearing some fatal consequence if she persisted longer in her refusal. The Rajah replied, he knew how to preserve them from any further danger upon that score; and giving the signal to some of his attendants, this beautiful creature was carried out, and stabbed to the heart.

Mr. Adamson has given a portrait of Ignez de Castro, from a picture in the Conde de Redondo's possession:—it is copied from a series of historical portraits published a few years ago at Lisbon. We more than doubt its authenticity. An excellent gothic painting on board, of the middle of the fourteenth century, is not to be admitted without suspicion; and the costume is certainly not that of the age, —nor of any age that we are acquainted with: the head-dress more resembles that of Philip IV.'s queen than any other in the series of portraits of the queens of Spain,—but it may best be compared to a full bottomed wig combed out of curl, with a few large flowers upon it, probably of gold. The costume of Pedro's age was very different, and in much better taste: his tomb and that of Ignez (both of white marble) were covered with small figures, sculptured in the best manner of those days; twenty years ago we saw them, and regretted at the time that they were not copied by the engraver. The church of Alcobaça in which they stood (the most venerable building in Portugal) was burnt by Massena's express order before his retreat; and it is said that those beautiful tombs were first broken by the French soldiers, lest they should not suffer sufficient injury in the destruction of the edifice.

Few modern poems, if any, have been so frequently translated as the Lusiad. Mr. Adamson notices one Hebrew translation of it, five Latin, six Spanish, four Italian, three French, four German, and two English. The oldest English version, that by Sir Richard Fanshaw, was written during Cromwell's usurpation, at Tankersley in Yorkshire, the Earl of Strafford's seat. To that Earl it is dedicated, as a treasure-trove, 'which,' says Fanshaw, 'as to the second life, or rather being, it hath from me in the English tongue, is so truly a native of Yorkshire and holding of your Lordship, that from the hour I began it to the end thereof, I slept not once out of these walls.' Fanshaw was an accomplished scholar, an able diplomatist, and an excellent man. Some very interesting extracts from the Memoirs of his lady are published in Seward's anecdotes; and it is greatly to be wished that the whole memoirs were made public; in any times a faithful picture of the miserable consequences of rebellion must be useful, and especially so when villains, and dupes, and madmen, are scattering the seeds of rebellion with indefatigable industry.

This version of the Lusiad is said to have 'fallen, with other of his manuscripts, during the unsettled times of our anarchy, into unskilful

unskilful hands, and to have been printed and published without his consent or knowledge, and before he could give it his last finishing strokes.' The dedication, which is dated in the year of its publication, appears at first to contradict this statement, but by no means necessarily disproves it. There is even some reason for suspecting that the date was affixed by the editor whoever he may have been; for if the account of Sir Richard prefixed to his letters may be relied on, he resided abroad during Charles II.'s exile, and this is probable, because he had been secretary to him when Prince of Wales: moreover he is styled Richard Fanshaw, Esquire, in the title-page; but a gallant and loyal man who had been created a baronet by Charles I., during the siege of Oxford, would certainly not thus have designated himself. At all times, and more especially in such times, he would have worn the honours which he had won.

But though his Lusiad was thus published without that correction which it might otherwise have received, its main fault is not one which he was likely to have corrected: he would probably have sometimes improved the harmony of his verses, and sometimes changed a word or expression for the better; the character however of the version would have remained the same. It was pitched in a wrong key. Fanshaw was fond of the Italian poets, and had caught something of their manner, which he applied, injudiciously, to the Lusiad, failing to perceive that Camoens felt his subject too deeply ever to jest with it. Thus, when the Portugueze poet says,

> ——————— *e o Sol ardente*
> *Queimava entam os deoses que Typheo*
> *Co' o temor grande em peixes converteo.*

Fanshaw, as if he had been translating Pulci, or the Orlando Innamorato, renders the passage:

> 'Twas in that month when Sol the fishes fryes
> To which fear'd Brontes turn'd two deities.

Camoens says

> — *o mar descobrindo lhe mostrava*
> *Novas ilhas que em torno cerca e lava.*

Fanshaw has it,

> Neptune disclosed new isles which he did play
> About, and with his billows danced the hay.

In describing the Moors of Mozambique coming off in their boats, the translator lowers the picture by adding, without the slightest warrant from his original, 'and then they'd swim like rats.' One passage he has strangely debased, by apparently misunderstanding it. The Portugueze, speaking of Joam I., says of him, that his strength lay in his heart, like that of Sampson in his locks; the thought is more odd than apt, and is oddly expressed:

Joanne,

Joanna, a quem do pecto o esforço crece,
Como a Samsam Hebreo da guedelha.

By a most unlucky misapprehension of the similitude, Fanshaw translates it thus:—

John, from whose manly bosom's bristles, grew
That courage Sampson borrowed of his hairs.

Camoens makes Gama describe an affray with the Caffres, in a tone of seamanlike levity not unsuited to its place; the translator makes it vulgar:

Da espessa nuvem settas e pedradas
Chovem sobre nosoutros sem medida;
E nam foram ao vento em vam deitadas,
Que esta perna trouxe eu de alli ferida;
Mas nos como pessoas magoadas,
A resposta lhes demos tam crescida,
Que em mais que nos barretes se suspeita
Que a côr vermalha levam desta feita.

A cloud of arrows and sharp stones they rain
And hail upon us without any stint;
Nor were these uttered to the air in vain,
For in this leg I there received a dint.
But we, as prickt with smart and with disdain,
Made them a ready answer, so in print
That (I believe in earnest) with our rapps
We made their heads as crimson as their caps.

When Gama lands at Calicut, Camoens says that the roofs and windows are crowded with old and young women and girls to look at him. Fanshaw that

Women and boys from all the houses gaze,
These tile the roofs, their eyes the windows glaze.

In prophesying the exploits of the Portugueze in India, he says of one

In Beadala shall his sword play *rex*,

and of another,

Such their day's feats, so terrible the blows,
They will not stand in verse nor lie in prose.

These are the faults of Fanshaw's version; and yet in criticising it, justice requires that he should, as he makes his author pray to do,—come off with a good tang i'th' end. Some things, which appear low or bombastic now, were not so in that age,—as when he calls Mercury, Jupiter's consecrated Post, and says that the Day's coach is postilioned by the Morn.—Others belong to the taste of the age for quaint expressions, such as 'the flint, the stake, the stone in *folio* flew,' and the phrase that Venus stopt in her speech, 'making a salt parenthesis' with tears. And there is a general animation in his manner,

manner, and sometimes a felicity of language which even in more celebrated authors might be deservedly admired:—as when he says

> And thou shalt see the Erythrean lose
> Its native red, and pale with terror look:

and when, apostrophizing Titus upon the destruction of Jerusalem,

> When thou the holy city didst unstone
> Of that stiff people never to be wean'd
> From their abolisht rites.

It has also the merit of great fidelity, rendering the original stanza by stanza. The English reader who desires to see the plan and character of the Lusiad must still have recourse to Fanshaw.

It was probably by means of this version that Dr. Johnson became acquainted with the Lusiad;—one might think that he would have perceived the great defects in the structure of the poem, and have especially disliked its incongruous machinery: but Johnson was a man who, with all his strength of mind, liked and disliked in poetry quite as often from humour as from any fixed principle of taste. He admired the Lusiad, and at one time had formed an intention of translating it. His labour however was bestowed upon occupations for which he was more fitted, and the task was reserved for Mickle, a better poet,—but the most unfaithful of all translators. Johnson is said to have advised Goldsmith to undertake it.

Mickle was a man of genius, who had ventured upon the chance of living by his literary labours,—an experiment always perilous, generally injurious, and often fatal, in the worst acceptation of the word. Mickle however did not overrate the powers which he was conscious of possessing, and knew that he could rely upon himself for their due exertion; and he had sufficient worldly prudence to look out for a subject which was likely to obtain notice and patronage. That he was actuated by this motive in fixing upon the Lusiad, appears evidently by the manner in which his translation is executed, and the matter with which it is accompanied. In saying this, no reproach is intended to a man whom we admire and respect; whose memory is without a spot, and whose name will live among the English poets. The Lusiad was a work which had acquired a great name; the translator therefore was entitled to come forward with high pretensions on the part of his author. It celebrated the establishment of an European empire in India;—that empire had passed into our hands; a British interest therefore might be excited by the translation. We were a commercial people,—he presented the Lusiad as the epic poem of commerce; and he recommended his work to the East India Company,

pany, by a preliminary discourse, containing a brief history of the Portugueze dominion in Asia, and a very able and satisfactory defence of a chartered company, possessing an exclusive trade.

There can be no doubt that he was actuated in his choice by the advantages which this consideration appeared to promise, rather than by any real admiration of the poem:—he took that, as an advocate takes a sorry cause, and determined to make the best of it. No labour was spared that could give importance to the work: copious notes, and prolegomena, and dissertations were annexed, in which great ability and industry were displayed; and the beauties of the original were pointed out, wherever beauties could be found or fancied, with a license of admiration in which translators and editors are permitted to indulge. The difficulty was how to make the poem support the inordinate pretensions with which it was brought forward; and for this Mickle trusted to his own skill in altering and enriching it, taking out a warrant for this, in one of his preliminary dissertations, but in cautious terms: 'he who can construe,' said he, 'may perform all that is claimed by the literal translator: he who attempts the manner of translation prescribed by Horace, ventures upon a task of genius; yet, however daring the undertaking, and however he may have failed in it, the translator acknowledges that in this spirit he endeavoured to give the Lusiad in English. Even further liberties in one or two instances seemed to him advantageous. But a minuteness in the mention of these will not, in these pages, appear with a good grace.' 'Nor let the critic,' he observes in a note, 'if he finds the meaning of Camoens in some instances altered, imagine that he has found a blunder. It was not to gratify the dull few, whose greatest pleasure in reading a translation is to see what the author exactly says; it was to give a poem that might live in the English language, which was the ambition of the translator.' There was good policy in not declaring how largely he had availed himself of this license. The thorough critics he knew are as much a *servum pecus* toward the authors who have received their apotheosis, as they are wild beasts toward their contemporaries. They would fire a salute in honour of Luis de Camoens; but if Mickle hoisted his own flag, he might expect their utmost endeavours to sink, burn and destroy the ship. Mickle therefore prudently kept his own secret, and it was in no danger of being prematurely discovered: at that time there were probably not half-a-dozen persons in Great Britain who understood Portugueze, except those merchants who were engaged in the Lisbon trade; and he very well knew that no one who reviewed his translation would think it necessary to have any knowledge of the original. It may however, not improbably, have been for the purpose of covering his numerous alterations and additions that he chose the couplet instead

instead of the stanza for his version. Mickle, whose taste and feeling were very much beyond the age in which he lived, certainly preferred the stanza for narration, and used it in his poem of Sir Martyn. Indeed it is known that he is one of those poets whose light has been kindled at the everlasting lamp of Spenser.

Accordingly, in the execution of his task, he treated Camoens with as little ceremony as the French used towards the Italian pictures which they re-painted in the Louvre; but with this difference, that the original was not destroyed by the process, and that he undertook nothing more than he was well qualified to perform. Some things he kept out of sight, others he softened, others he elevated, and enriched. Wherever he thought any thing could be inserted with advantage, he inserted it; for example, the original afforded him nothing for the lines which follow, except an opportunity of introducing them:—they describe the vengeance taken by Gama at Mozambique.

'From his black ships the sudden lightnings blaze
And o'er old ocean flash their dreadful rays:
White clouds on clouds inroll'd the smoke ascends,
The bursting tumult heaven's wide concave rends;
The bays and caverns of the winding shore
Repeat the cannon's and the mortar's roar;
The bombs, far-flaming, hiss along the sky,
And whirring thro' the air the bullets fly;
The wounded air, with hollow deafened sound,
Groans to the direful strife and trembles round.

Now from the Moorish town the sheets of fire,
Wide blaze succeeding blaze, to heaven aspire;
Black rise the clouds of smoke, and by the gales
Borne down, in streams hang hovering o'er the vales;
And slowly floating round the mountain's head
Their pitchy mantle o'er the landscape spread,
Unnumbered sea-fowl rising from the shore
Bear round in whirls at every cannon's roar;
Where o'er the smoke the masts' tall heads appear
Hovering, they scream, then dart with sudden fear,
On trembling wings far round and round they fly,
And fill with dismal clang their native sky.
Thus fled in rout confused the treacherous Moors
From field to field.'—

Sometimes he altered the management of the poem. The puerile tale of Adamastor's metamorphosis, which in the original is related by the spectre himself, Mickle, with more judgement, transfers to the king of Melinda, who, when Gama describes the apparition, recognizes in it the subject of a traditionary tale. A greater liberty is taken in the eighth and ninth cantos. Camoens, adhering to history,

history, makes Gama, when his factors with their merchandize are detained on shore, seize some merchants as hostages for them; the wives and children of these poor people apply to the Zamorim,—the Portugueze and their property are released in consequence, and Gama sails from Calicut, carrying away, with little honour and less humanity, some of the unfortunate Malabars whom he had seized. There is nothing either heroic or poetical in this; Mickle has therefore rejected it, altered the conclusion of the canto, and in place of the first seventeen stanzas of the ensuing one, inserted about three hundred lines of his own, in which, after vainly endeavouring to make Gama order the sails and rudders of his ships to be sent on shore, the signal is given, and a fleet of Malabars attack the Portugueze squadron. An action ensues in sight of the Zamorim and his prisoners, and the victorious Portugueze, after destroying the emeny's flotilla, approach, and bombard the city,—if not before bombs were invented, certainly a full century before any place was bombarded,—an anachronism into which Camoens could not possibly have fallen. The affrighted people then surround the palace, and the terrified and humbled Zamorim dismisses Gama, who returns in triumph to his fleet.

Mickle is said to have been employed five years upon this work; —the manufactory of verse—like that of other things—is carried on with much greater rapidity in our days. There is reason to believe that he kept his secret closely; and perhaps he derived more pleasure from this exercise of prudence, the solitary consciousness of how much of the merit of the English Lusiad was his own, and the quiet certainty that one day the real character of his work must be discovered, and his proper praise awarded him, than any immediate increase of reputation could have given him. His Lusiad passed as a translation, and was deservedly applauded. And in all collections of English poetry it will always hold the place which it has obtained.

The Portugueze were gratified by the celebrity which their favourite poet thus obtained in England; and when Mickle went to Lisbon with his true friend and benefactor Commodore Johnstone, he was received there in a manner not less honourable to themselves than to him: afterwards, when the liberties which he had taken with the original were discovered, they complained of them as presumptuous and injurious to the poem. This was to be expected, from the reverence with which they regard Camoens, whom they prefer, without hesitation, to all other poets, saying of him

Vertere fas; æquare nefas; æquabilis uni
Est sibi; par nemo, nemo secundus erit.

About ten years ago, however, the merits of the Lusiad were first arraigned

arraigned in its own country by a bold critic, who with a fairness such as few critics have shown, produced, at the same time, a poem of his own upon the same subject. The poem was originally published in ten books, with the title of Gama, in 1811. The author afterwards extended it to twelve books, and changed the title to O Oriente, prefixing to this enlarged edition, a long epistle dedicatory to the Portugueze nation, and a preliminary dissertation, in which he pointed out the faults of his predecessor. A more hazardous adventure than this of Jose Agostinho de Macedo was never attempted in literature.

This adventurous author writes like an honest, warm-hearted, enthusiastic man, and a true Portugueze, heretical in nothing except in his opinions concerning the Lusiad: on that subject, less, it is to be believed, in the spirit of rivalry, than in the warmth which contemptuous opposition provokes, he went to as great an excess in disparagement of the poem, as others had gone in extolling it. He had discovered, he said, that what is good in it was good because it was copied from others, and what is bad was bad because it was composed without a model.—This is certainly a gross depreciation. Because he frequently tracked Camoens in the steps of other poets, he fancied imitations where there were none—as we have already instanced in the case of Fracastorius and the Floating Island. And if it be true, as he asserts, that the Orlando Furioso, and the Amadigi of the elder Tasso were never out of the hands of Camoens, what has been borrowed from them might be taken from the Lusiad without impoverishing it. The critic who examines a work with the desire of discovering faults in it, injures himself more by the evil habit of mind which he induces or encourages, than the object of his ill-will.

Jose Agostinho, however, displays in his dissertation a wider range of poetical reading than is usual among his countrymen, and a manlier taste. He even affirms that the true style of elevated poetry is only to be found among the Hebrews, and that no man can be a true poet unless he has deeply studied the Bible,—an extraordinary assertion to be made in Portugal. He perceived also that, important as the voyage of Gama was in all respects, it was of all subjects which had ever been chosen for epic poetry the least suited. '*Esta accam portentosa sendo grande em tudo, he pequena, he minima, em poezia. De todas as accoens epicas he a mais esterel,*' he says. What then should have induced him to commit the apparent absurdity of chusing a theme, the insufficiency of which he had himself acknowledged? In reply to this question which he has anticipated, he confesses the last infirmity of noble minds. A sense of the faults into which Camoens had fallen, a desire of proving how falsely it had been said of him, *par nemo,*

nemo secundus erit; above all, the hope of triumphing over the prejudices of his countrymen, and showing that the empire of imagination, as well as that of reason, might have its bounds enlarged; these motives, he says, stimulated him to the attempt. Jose Agostinho's reading has lain less in English than in other languages, otherwise if he had been well acquainted with the Faery Queen, there is a passage which might have taught him a useful lesson.

> 'And as she looked about she did espye
> How over that same door was likewise writ
> *Be bold, Be bold*, and every where *Be bold*,
> That much she mused, yet could not construe it
> By any ridling skill or common wit.
> At last she spyed at that room's upper end
> Another iron door, on which was writ
> *Be not too bold!*'

It is a curious instance of inconsistency that Jose Agostinho, in writing a new Lusiad, should have produced a poem of the same kind as the old, however differing from it in degree; containing some of the very faults against which he had raised his voice, and changing others in fashion and circumstance alone, their real nature remaining the same! The want of incidents in the story itself he has endeavoured to supply by invention, and in bombasting the fable with machinery, like Camoens, provokes incredulity by blending with well-known facts the most gross and palpable fictions. For the machinery is not perceived by the poet alone, and disclosed to the reader while it is felt and not seen by the human personages of the poem; it is brought into contact with them,—into visible action; the sailors are as familiar with spirits as with flying-fish; miracles excite as little surprize among them as tricks in a pantomime, and an apparition in sleep is as common as a night-mare.

The poem begins by describing a throne in the central point of creation, 'dark with excess of light,' from whence a voice proceeds, which disturbs the sun and moon upon their course, turns the comet from its path, makes the Amazons and Nile flow back, and shakes the whole earth. The voice which thus affects the whole planetary system is uttered for no other purpose than that of bidding a seraph descend and tell king Emanuel to send out a squadron, and erect the cross in India. The king at this time is dreaming of an august matron riding on a white elephant, who tells him her name is Asia, offers him her treasures, shows him the Temple of Fame in which he is to take his place with Prince Henry, and desires him to send his heroic navigators, for whom heaven will open the gates of the east. The king wakes when the vision vanishes,

vanishes, but it is only to see the seraph, who delivers his message in a long prophetic speech. He then calls a council, and relates what had happened to him during the night, and Vasco da Gama offers himself for the adventure. A short account is then given of Gama's companions. The service at Belem, before their embarkation, is described, and as they sail out of the Tagus, a lady, whose lover has forsaken her to go upon this expedition, hails them from a rock, upbraids him, and throws herself into the sea. Satan soon raises a storm, but at Gama's prayer, an angel descends, puts the devil to flight, and appeases the winds and waves. An adventure then follows which the poet has transferred to this voyage, as a circumstance poetical in itself. The plain narrative, as it is given by Damiam de Goes, in his *Chronica do Principe D. Joam*, is to be preferred for a circumstance so provokingly curious to all who are interested in antiquarian researches.

According to this well-informed chronicler, a remarkable monument was found in the little island of Corvo, the most northerly of the Azores, which the seamen in his time called *Ilha do marco*, because its high mountain was their sea-mark. On the north-east summit of this mountain was the image of a man on horseback, in a garment like a Moorish cloak, bare-headed, the left hand on the horse's mape, the right arm extended, and pointing with the forefinger to the west: both the statue and its base were hewn out of the rock. King Emanuel sent one Duarte Darmas to make a drawing of this statue; and having seen the drawing, considered it so curious that, with a barbarous regard for antiquity, he ordered a native of Porto, who was an ingenious man, and had travelled much both in France and Italy, to take proper implements with him, and go to the island for the purpose of bringing this monument to Lisbon. The engineer returned with the head and right arm of the man, and the head and one leg of the horse, saying that the statue had been overthrown and broken by the storms of the preceding winter; but the truth, says Damiam de Goes, was, that it had been destroyed by the clumsy attempt at removing it. The fragments remained for some time in the palace, but what became of them Goes could not discover. In 1529, Pero da Fonseca, who inherited the lordship of Corvo and St. Autam, went to visit this island, and having learnt from the inhabitants that there were letters inscribed in the rock under the place where the statue had stood, men, by his orders, were let down by ropes from the summit to the side of the precipice, and took the impression in wax. This labour, however, proved useless; for either the letters were so defaced by time, or the company were so ignorant, probably those of them who could read knowing nothing of any other than the Roman character, that they could not ascertain in what letters the

inscription had been written. Goes thought it was the work of some of the Scandinavian sea-rovers, because he had learnt from Saxo-Grammaticus, and from his own friend Joannes Magnus, that it was their custom to inscribe the rocks. He forgot that it was not their custom to make equestrian statues. The story rests upon such authority that its truth cannot reasonably be called in question; and whenever any curious traveller may visit the Azores, he will do well to see whether any vestiges of this singular monument can still be discovered.

Jose Agostinho supposes Hanno to have erected the statue, and places under it a Greek inscription engraved on bronze, which Gama reads and finds to be prophetical of the discoveries and conquests of the Portugueze. Proceeding on their way they suffer from calms and contagious sickness. They land at length in the Zaire, and here two love episodes are introduced. The devil now convokes a second counsel, and proposes that, as the best means of destroying the dreaded expedition, they shall decoy it on shore, by taking possession of a desert island, (one of the Falklands,) and making it appear like Ceylon. In pursuance of this extraordinary stratagem, they prepare the island, and when the Portugueze land upon it, they find temples and palaces, and a people speaking Arabic, who tell them a wild story, and invite them to bring the ships into a river where they will find good anchorage. Prince Henry, however, sees from heaven this hellish device, and obtaining permission to interfere, appears in a vision to Gama, explains to him his danger, carries him up in spirit, till the globe of the earth is seen below them, and points out upon it the course of his voyage and of the Portugueze discoveries; then transports him to the Temple of Fame, and there shows him the statues of the worthies, and among them a pedestal bearing his own name. Morning comes, Gama relates to the sailors the warning which he has received; they discover that the intention of the devil had been to lead them among the breakers; the palaces and temples vanish, and the fiends take flight in fury and tempest. Satan however has great resources; though he has plunged from the island into the sulphureous abyss, he now springs up from the mouth of a burning mountain in Java; and having taken this unusual passage from the Falkland Islands to the Cape of Good Hope, surrounds the Portugueze ships with floating ice; night comes on while they are in this danger, the moon is eclipsed, and a gigantic apparition is disclosed in the air by the lightning. It proved to be Idolatry, her head touching the heavens and her feet in the sea; she was surrounded with temples and smoking altars, and with a terrible voice she called upon Gama to turn back, or expect the vengeance which his audacious enterprize deserved, for the east and all Africa are hers. The infernal form,

form, having finished her speech, explodes in lightning; the convulsion of the earth and seas which ensues, makes Gama invoke heaven for protection; the Omnipotent with a bend of his head stills the waves, the ice drifts away toward the Pole, and the Portugueze* —double the Cape.

At length they arrive at Melinda, where Gama relates to the friendly sovereign of that island, the history of Portugal down to his own time. He takes a pilot from thence, and after two and twenty days sail, has another visit from Prince Henry, in a vision, who tells him the day is now come which opens for Europe the way to the fifth empire. Accordingly when day breaks, the coast of Malabar is in sight. The voice of joyful thanksgiving from the ships ascended to heaven; earth was shaken from its centre, the Gauts rocked: the Pagan altars, idols and temples, from the Red Sea to China trembled, the eternal lamp which burns before the tomb of Mahomet, went out, and that sign which Constantine had seen in the sky, appeared to Gama in the east. These prodigies are repeated when he first sets foot on shore; terrible voices are heard from the abyss, and nature shuddered with a forefeeling of the wars and revolutions which were to ensue. Gama is now introduced to the Zamorim, and gives him an account of the creation, the Jewish dispensation, Daniel's Prophecies, Christianity, and the history of Portugal till the time of this voyage; the object of which is to carry to India the true religion. The Zamorim has a vision that night of the overthrow of idolatry, and the age of justice and happiness which is to succeed when all Asia shall have acknowledged that Virgin Mother who is crowned with stars. Alarmed at all this, Satan sends the demons of envy and calumny to possess his counsellors, and instigated by them the Zamorim orders the chief Yogue to offer a human sacrifice, and learn the will of his gods; thus invoked, Satan appears, and prophesies the conquests of the Portugueze in Goa, Ormuz and Malacca, and the evils which they are to bring upon India. The Malabar monarch thus terrified, resolves to detain them till the ships from Suez arrive, and then by means of that force to destroy them. Gama is warned of this by an angel; hostilities are commenced, an action in sight of the city takes place with Timoja, who is represented as

* Jose Agostinho, like Camoens, has thus marked the doubling of the Cape by a miracle of the first magnitude. This is a subject upon which Vieyra has an odd remark in one of those Sermons, which, perhaps, more than any other compositions in any language, display the strength and the weakness of the human mind. One man only, he says, past the Cape of Good Hope before the Portugueze. And who was he? and how?—It was Jonah in the whale's belly. The whale went out of the Mediterranean, because he had no other course; he kept the coast of Africa on the left, scoured along Ethiopia, past by Arabia, took port in the Euphrates on the shores of Nineveh, and making his tongue serve as a plank, landed the Prophet.'

king of Onor, and who falls by Gama's hand,—the Zamorim, terrified at this defeat, excuses himself by laying the whole fault upon the slain Timoja, and sends at the same time a written treaty of peace and a coffer of jewels, which Gama accepts as the first tribute from the East to the crown of Portugal. Here the poem might have ended; but Satan has still one hope in store: he appears to Gama like the ghost of Alexander the Great, and urges him, instead of returning to Portugal where he is only a subject, to remain and erect for himself an empire in the East. When the spectre vanishes, Gama suffers a momentary temptation, such is the power of ambition! but that fidelity which predominates in the heart of a Portugueze speedily suppresses all evil thoughts. St. Thomas then appears, carries him up into the air, and when they are over the Red Sea, points out to him the future scenes of Portugueze valour, till that last and brightest display, when, by the successful stand first made in Portugal against Buonaparte, a way was opened for the deliverance of the world.

Such is the fable of Jose Agostinho's Oriente. His attempt was considered in Portugal as presumptuous as it would be in England for a poet to bring forward a new Paradise Lost. Excepting that it has not the incongruous mixture of heathen mythology, there is almost every fault which the author censures in Camoens; prodigies equally gross and tangible, and historical narrations as little necessary to the conduct of the story. Like many other poems in the same language, it exhibits want of judgement rather than of power, being overrun with that kind of fancy, which, as George Gascoigne calls it, is 'sure a worthless weed,' and yet could never attain so rank a growth upon a poor soil. It does not become us to pronounce an opinion upon its diction. In every language there is a magic of words which is as untranslatable as the Sesame in the Arabian tale,—you may retain the meaning, but if the word be changed the spell is lost. The magic has its effect only upon those to whom the language is as familiar as their mother tongue,—hardly indeed upon any but those to whom it is really such. Camoens possesses it in perfection; it is in truth his peculiar excellence, and an Englishman who knows how to appreciate the language of the Elizabethan age, will know how impossible it is that in this respect his rival should approach him. That delight which we take in Spenser and in the sweeter parts of Daniel, a Portugueze feels in the Lusiad; and more than this,—for neither has the language in Portugal been so corrupted by bad poets, nor public taste so vicitated, as to render him incapable of relishing a pure style. Camoens is 'the well undefiled' of that fine language; which he, more than any other author, enriched and refined. The liberties which he took

took with it were hardly less than what we find in Spenser, but his innovations were made in conformity to the spirit of the times, not in opposition to it;—they were admitted by his contemporaries, and time has ratified them. Faulty as the Lusiad is in all other respects, it is perfect in this. Portugal will produce better poets; but it is from this well that they must drink, and Camoens is thus assured of fame which must endure as long as a language second only to the English in the extent of territory over which it is established.

This charm is felt without any thing to detract from it in his minor poems, many of which, for sweetness and purity and tenderness, may vie with the finest compositions of their kind. Many specimens with annexed translations will be found in Mr. Adamson's work. These however are things which lose as much in the best translation, as the humming bird or the butterfly lose in the bloom and vividness of their colours, with whatever care they may be preserved:—their life is in the language. The choice of sweet words, the collocation of harmonious sounds,—such as '*attending on the*' poet's

'*moving mind*
Shall duly usher in the fitting sense,'

these are not to be transfused into another language, nor, if the poet be perfect in his art, can they be compensated for by any skill in the translator. For an account of them we must refer the reader to Mr. Adamson's elaborate performance. A work highly creditable to himself, and of which the Portugueze have shown their approbation, by electing him an honorary member of their Royal Academy.

ART. II.—*An Examination of the Primary Argument of the Iliad, with the View to vindicate the Poem, Fame, and Personality of Homer; and to demonstrate the Judgment of his accurate discerner Aristotle, against the Violation of some distinguished modern Critics, &c. &c.* By Granville Penn, Esq. London, 1821.

FEW critics ever imagined that Homer's poems correspond in every particular with their originals; yet, as no essential difference was conceived to exist between the copies in our hands and those possessed by the Greeks and Romans, it was reasonably concluded that we might content ourselves with a text adopted by those who were likely to have understood it better than we can hope to do. Bentley, who, if not the first, was undoubtedly the boldest and the most successful in questioning not only the authority of the ancients as historians of their respective countries, but also their

competency as critics of their vernacular tongues, was of opinion that the Greeks had, from time immemorial, adopted and transmitted to us a corrupted text of the Iliad and Odyssey. He saw the possibility of rectifying it, and even undertook to restore the two poems to their original readings. But whether he was deterred by the difficulty of the undertaking, or death prevented its accomplishment, his lucubrations remained in manuscript.

In the year 1795 Wolf undertook to prove that the original verses of Homer constituted but a part of the Iliad and Odyssey; that they owed their regular form to the early Athenians, who put them together, and their beauties of language and versification to the grammarians of Alexandria; and that even this Athenian and Alexandrine text, which was in circulation during the golden ages of Greek and Roman literature, was irrecoverably lost. He maintained, therefore, that all we could hope from the most sedulous attempts at restoration, would be a text resembling, in a greater or less degree, that acquiesced in by the grammarians of the Lower Empire. Seven years after, Heyne pointed out a great number of passages, which in his opinion had been interpolated from the earliest times. He readily admits that it is impossible to reject them all without tearing Homer to tatters; still he is pretty confident that, by suppressing some of them, the Iliad would be freed from many defects, and its beauty and order greatly increased.

Mr. Payne Knight, in engaging to carry this reformation into effect, far from grounding it on the arguments of the German critics, takes up a theory in direct opposition to theirs; and while he scandalizes by his innovations the orthodox believers in the Homeric Vulgate, he undauntedly rejects any alliance with the first preachers of the reform. Thus his enterprize of—'restoring the Iliad and Odyssey, as nearly as possible, to their original text'—is so thoroughly calculated to overturn the current doctrines respecting the language, the poetry, and the antiquities of Greece, that scholars, in all probability, will conceive themselves reduced to the alternative of proscribing either this, or every preceding edition of Homer; and so many philological pens are probably now at work, and such a clamour will certainly be heard from every university in Europe, that even those who are most indifferent to classical pursuits might reproach us if we neglected to acquaint them with the grounds of such a mighty debate.

Upon the first appearance of Mr. Granville Penn's work we had hoped that in reviewing it we should satisfy the curiosity of our readers, with little labour to ourselves, and much satisfaction to the author. Unhappily for us, and for him likewise, he has devoted his time, his talents, his philology,—in short his whole book, to show that modern critics have projected and carried into

into effect so many innovations, only because they did not perceive that Homer was a theologian, who had taken upon himself to preach the dogma of an Omnipotent First Cause. That Homer had this intention, it would be difficult to prove or to disprove. But for our purpose, far from finding in Mr. Granville Penn an efficient coadjutor and co-partner, we could not speak of him without augmenting the weight of our task, already sufficiently heavy. Since however we have begun by placing the title of his book at the head of this article, we shall leave it there; willingly confessing that he has conferred upon us one obligation,—namely, the having convinced us that those who would decide these questions by arguments drawn from general maxims, only succeed in rendering them more complicated and interminable. To enable the greater part of our readers to decide upon the *motives* alleged, and the *means* used by the modern critics for the entire overthrow of the ancient vulgate of the Iliad and Odyssey, would be to sketch a HISTORY OF HOMER'S TEXT. This however is a task upon which we cannot venture at present; and we must, therefore, content ourselves with endeavouring to elucidate the history and establish the doctrine of the Æolic digamma, with which there has been sore tampering of late, and which alone, to be generally understood and appreciated, demands a history apart,—*opus opimum casibus, atrox prœliis, discors seditionibus, ipsa etiam pace sævum.*

Two learned prelates, in disputing about the right interpretation of a passage of Scripture, ended with a controversy about the Æolic Digamma;* and though at variance upon every thing else connected with it, they agree nevertheless, that it is derived either from the Hebrew ו or the Samaritan ϝ. Its date, therefore, must be at least some centuries anterior to Homer. By the calculation of one of these divines, it was about that period that Asia sent the Pelasgi to settle in Thracia, whence they set forth to people a great part of Europe, and (carrying with them their alphabet) to become the progenitors of all the Greek and Roman classical writers; and accordingly he calls it the *Pelasgic Digamma.*† Others, equally confident that the Pelasgi, emigrating in detached tribes, never settled but in a few scattered villages, whence they were often expelled, and never spoke any Greek, but that of the βαρβαροφώνων; ascribe to Cadmus and his Phœnicians the first introduction of the alphabet into Greece—and prefer the appellation of the *Greek Digamma.* Those, again, who maintain the claim of the Æolians to this letter, are still debating whether they were the exclusive proprietors, or had only the merit of preserving

* A Letter on the original Name and Pronunciation of the Æolic Digamma, by the Bishop of St. David's.

† Horae Pelasgicae by Dr. Marsh, now Bishop of Peterborough.

it

it longest. There are, moreover, a few Italians, who, setting themselves in opposition to every one, will have it named the *Etruscan Digamma*. Heyne, aware that the name once granted, the world is less tenacious in granting the thing, exhorts the disputants to agree, and call it the *Homeric Digamma*.* But while they quarrel about the appellative, they pass over, as by tacit agreement, the possessive name of this letter, although it is universally admitted that the unmeaning word *digamma* was the invention of a later age.

Aristotle distinctly mentioned the series and forms of eighteen primitive Greek characters, which are still in use; Herodotus, writing on the origin and vicissitudes of the Greek language, notices four ramifications of the Ionic dialect: yet both are silent about the primitive existence or subsequent obliteration of the Ϝ, or digamma. The Athenians altered their Ionic dialect, and, to avoid its natural affluence of vowels, resorted to all sorts of grammatical contrivances, except the insertion of the digamma. A democratic audience exercised at Athens an absolute and most peremptory criticism, on which depended all literary and political success; and the poets and orators directed their efforts to propitiate the ear of their judges—until they grew so fastidious as to be offended with the slightest collision of syllables. Their sophists and rhetoricians, professing to create and nurse to perfection as many inspired poets and eloquent statesmen as the population could afford, established doctrines and enacted laws by which vowels and consonants were to be so artfully combined at the beginning and ending of syllables of each word as to glide musically into each other. Hence the transposition of words, and the insertion of particles, such as γὲ, δὲ, γὰρ, τὲ, originally endowed with a specific signification, but which, being employed merely for the sound, ended by signifying nothing. They melted down the vowels and diphthongs at the end of a word, whenever the succeeding one began with a vowel; and whenever one of two proximate words ended with an ε, or an ι, and the other began with a vowel, the hiatus was filled up by tacking to the end of the first an ν, in which Quintilian heard the tinkling of a lyre, while the ᴍ at the end of many Latin words displeased him as the lowing of an ox.† Some traces remain of the hiatus having been filled up in the text of Homer; the lines, however, in which it was left open, are in still greater number; how then was such an easy remedy as the digamma never thought of? They seem to have so utterly forgotten it, as not to have been aware of its existence in the alphabet of their forefathers. Yet the Æolian lyrics were sung at Athens, and the

* Ad Iliad. xix. Excurs. ii.

† Instit. lib. xii. cap. 10.

Æolic

Æolic dialect spoken at Thebes, in the immediate neighbourhood; the digamma, moreover, was before their eyes, engraven on ancient monuments.

It may be alleged, that the Athenians, regarding themselves as the representatives of Greek literature, were interested in the introduction of their innovations, and disdained to admit any archaism preserved amongst the other Greeks. But most of the subsequent Alexandrine critics were not Athenians. Their business was less to write than to analyze lines and words, to dissect syllables and letters, to weigh orthographical notes and accents in the works of ancient poets, and chiefly in Homer's text. The hiatus must have appeared most execrable to Aristarchus, who assigned to Homer the citizenship and dialect of Attica; and we are told that he did not spare the παραπληρωμάτικους συνδέσμους; (expletive conjunctions;) yet many other emendations, under his name, bear evidence that he occasionally abstained from these nugatory interpolations, as if he despaired of constantly preventing the hiatus, without departing altogether from the primitive copies of Homer. Aristarchus, with all his fellow grammarians, and Callimachus, with all the poets, his contemporaries, never appear to have suggested that some letter had been dropped from these copies. Modern critics account for it, either by their unaccountable neglect, or their still more unaccountable ignorance of the Greek Ϝ.* Was it already dropped, then, even from the text of the Asiatic, the Ionian, and all the Æolian copies, some of which are allowed to have been very ancient? They were open to Zenodotus, Callimachus, and Aristarchus, prefects of the Royal Library, the first of whom, indeed, is suspected of having met with it in some ancient copies; but being at a loss to guess its signification, often left it out, and sometimes changed it for another letter, thus misleading his learned successors, and giving rise to many monstrous readings, such as Φῆ, which had been anciently ἦ, instead of ὦς, and which more anciently must have been written Ϝῆ.† These are all the notions which the history of Greek literature furnishes on the Æolic letter; and we cannot hope to find it mentioned except in later times, and out of Greece, under the emperors of Rome.

Dionysius of Halicarnassus undertook to illustrate the Roman antiquities, professing to show that the Italians and the Greeks were descended from the same forefathers. His object, perhaps, was to moderate the tyranny of the conquerors, and the hatred of

* Deseruerunt hæc (Ϝα, Ϝι, Ϝου, Ϝος) aut ignoraverunt poetæ post Homericum ævum, adeoque observatio locum non habet in Apollonio, Callimacho, et aliis. *Heyne ad Iliad.* lib. i. excurs. 7.

† Heyne ad Iliad. lib. ii. 144.

the

the conquered. Private interest may have been another motive, as he came to Rome shortly after Augustus had rid himself of all his competitors, and Greek history joined with Latin poetry in ascribing to the Cæsars the heroic-divine origin from Æneas and Venus, and in assuring to them, upon the authority of ancient oracles, a power without limit in their empire, and a glory without end in their dynasty. Be this as it may, Dionysius is the first Greek who speaks of the digamma; and in such a manner as would lead us to believe, that this letter must have been a novelty to the rest of his countrymen. He does not give its possessive, nor any of its appellative names; he does not even call it a *double gamma*, although the Latin version, and those who have hitherto cited this passage in other languages, agree in so translating it. The words in italics are here rendered *verbatim*.—'The name of Velia Ουελια comes from ἕλος (marsh), because the ancient Greeks, who carried the alphabet into Latium, *instead of the syllable* ΟΥ *prefixed to sundry words beginning by a vowel, a single sign like a gamma, ὥσπερ ἴαμμα, doubled by two lateral strokes upon a right one.*'* Wherefore so much definition and circumlocution, if the name and figure of the letter were not unknown to his readers?

The first notions concerning this character were, in all probability, suggested by Varro, whose volumes upon the earliest human institutions formed the repertory of Greeks and Romans, although, in availing themselves of his erudition, they seldom adhered to his system of attributing the invention of almost every thing to the Aborigines of Italy. His work on the Latin language has come down to us in a mutilated shape, and his compilers having commented upon, rather than transcribed, his words, we can only state, that Varro called either VAU—or BAU, (or rather VA, as quoted by Annæus Cornutus,) on account of its sound, an old Latin letter known to the grammarians under the name of digamma.† This odd name existed at Rome before the arrival of Dionysius; apparently adopted by those Greeks, who, having lost their genius with their national independence, were seen by Plautus,

—— '*Palliati suffarcinati cum libris et cum sportulis,*'

carrying into Italy all their grammatical stock,—and finding there a letter of which they had no previous notion, gave it, from its figure, an appellation which has nothing to do with its powers. Perhaps, also, the Romans, themselves, invented it, as they did several others, by uniting the two Greek words which compose it. Cicero (joking his friend Atticus, who preferred lending out his money, *at interest*, to purchasing a magnificent country house) alludes to

* Lib. i. sect. 20, pag. 52, 53.—Reisk. edit. 1773.
† Grammat. Vett. Pustch. pag. 545. *seqq.*—2288, *et passim.*

the

the digamma only to make, with the initial of *Fænum*, one of his usual bad puns—*Neque solum Romæ, sed etiam Deli tuum digamma noveram.** Julius Cæsar's *Grammatical Analogies*, and Messala's separate treatises on each letter of the alphabet, are not come down to us. It is the greater loss, because their authority in literature was equal to their reputation as leaders of armies, and first magistrates of the empire. Men occupied with higher things, know how to give dignity to little ones, embracing them at a glance, and ridding them of the sophistry and false importance of those who have no glory to hope for, but from the victory in their long wordy wars.

Cæsar transmitted to his successors his own ambition of leading the armies, the senate, and the grammarians of the Roman empire. Augustus lectured upon orthography to his young nieces—his competitor Antony—his prime minister Mæcenas, who affected innovations in language—and his heir apparent who delighted in obsolete words.† The predilection of Tiberius for philologists lasted during his reign; but neither a life devoted to laborious nonsense could avert from them his suspicion of treason, nor his all powerful dignity protect him when he took part in their questions, from being refuted with petulance and abuse. Meanwhile Claudius published a treatise to prove that the digamma was absolutely wanted; and in the seventh year of his reign commanded its naturalization, together with two other letters which he *looked* upon as equally indispensable.‡ It is not unfrequent on monuments of that epoch, inverted thus ⅎ—DIⅎUS—DIⅎAE—AMPLIAⅎ IT—ⅎITELLIUS—and invariably with the power of our V consonant. The fact is, that the figure V, which is exclusively a consonant with us, was exclusively a vowel with the Romans,—to avoid confusion, therefore, we shall express their V vowel, by the modern U. Quintilian justified the innovation by the law common to all languages—'that consecutive vowels cannot coalesce into syllables: one of them must become a consonant,'—and applying this law to all Latin words in the predicament of UUlgus, serUUs, decides, that 'they must be written ⅎ*ulgus*, *ser*ⅎ*us*,' (now *vulgus*, *servus*) 'with the Aeolic digamma, inasmuch as the Aeolic dialect greatly resembles the Latin.'§

We may perhaps hereafter meet with some orthographical or prosodical *marks* familiar to the literary language of Greece, in the shape of digammas; but we are afraid that no *letter* under this figure was ever *written* even among the earliest Aeolians. The old inflexions and terminations of many words, the sharp and marked

* Ad Attic. lib. xi. ep. 9. † Suetonius, lib. ii. 89.
‡ Tacitus, lib. xi. 13. Suet. lib. v. 41, 42.
§ Instit. lib. i. cap. 4. al. 6.—7. al. 13.—6. al. 10.

articulation

articulation of letters, together with other Greek archaisms, which remained as constituent parts of the Latin language, were not quite obliterated in the *viva vox* of the Aeolians and Dorians. The V consonant in particular, a strange sound to the pronunciation and alphabet of other Greeks, was distinctly uttered like our V by the Aeolians, like our B by the Dorians—and in both ways by the Romans. This, however, in Greece, being a provincialism, the want of a corresponding letter was never perceived. Their Y was essentially a vowel modulated nearly as the French U; it necessarily acquired amongst other vowels some of the power of a consonant; and even then it was less articulated than gently aspirated, as in Ευεργέτης, *Evergetes*. But a full V consonant for the Romans was a national pronunciation, and required a representative in their alphabet. Their U always remained a vowel to the eye, whilst in a series of other consecutive vowels (as in *Amp*LIAUIT, *ser*UUS, AEUUM, AUUS, AUIA) it unavoidably became a consonant to the voice. Hence *ab*ABus—BI*xit*—BI*ctoria*— *Oct*ABIA*nus*, and a thousand similar instances in the inscriptions even of the Augustan age* instead of *abavus*—*vixit*—*victoria*—*Octavianus*. Roman names were likewise written by the Greeks sometimes with the diphthong OY, corresponding to the broad U of the Romans and modern Italians (the French *ou*)—sometimes with the B, Ουιεγίλιος—Βιεγίλιος—for *Virgilius*. It is remarkable that a proper V consonant does not exist even among the thirty-four letters of the Russians, and they represent it by the Greek β, which they adopted in addition to their Illyrian B.

The same confusion from the same cause distressed the Italians, who, pronouncing AVO, UVA, UOVA, wrote, until the sixteenth century, AUO, UUA, UOUA. A lively recollection is still preserved of the ridicule with which Trissino was overwhelmed by the wits of Leo Xth's court for his attempts to introduce ten new letters; still one imperceptibly prevailed, and that one is the consonant V, which by a quick appeal to the eye disentangled the Latin and the living languages from the incumbrance of the rules and exceptions under which the understanding of pupils and teachers laboured to reconcile a single character with two different powers. Had the simple contrivance of two distinct U. V. occurred to the Latins, perhaps the digamma and the Æolians would have been little thought of; the letter would not have disappeared again; we should not have inherited their troubles, and never-ending chace after it through Greece,—although even when found, it is likely to remain a legacy in chancery for the special pleading of our learned posterity. Any form less unsightly, any name more congenial to the eye and idiom

* Pierius ad Aeneid. lib. vii. 627.—Gruter. passim.

of

of the Roman people, would have preserved their second V: but Claudius was too deeply impressed with the notion that, without fresh erudition imported from Greece, his subjects would always appear barbarians; and accordingly he set the example of haranguing the ambassadors in Greek, and grounded his judicial decisions on quotations from Homer.* It is not unlikely that, being afraid and ashamed of the *Vau* or *Bau* of old Latium, he decorated his new character with Greek titles,—which, nevertheless, were soon abrogated, perhaps by the tyrannical power of ridicule.—But we are guessing. All historical evidence is now lost with the books which Stoics and Dialecticians, and Epicureans, composed on grammar,—among others a grammar by Pliny the elder, attacked by every body,† and in which probably many doctrines about the new letters were severely treated. Indeed in his Natural History, in tracing the origin, the number, the various epochs and forms of the Greek and Roman alphabets, Pliny and the authorities of greater antiquity to which he refers, are silent respecting the digamma. The expressions *digamma Aeolicum—litera Claudii—Aeolica litera* are not to be found in any writer anterior to Quintilian, who pathetically but honestly laments its sudden death. 'In writing Greek words, we have no occasion for the digamma; it is our language that demands it. This letter also rendered the syllables harsh; still it was useful to keep together our vowels. We have rejected its form, but we are not the less pursued by its power.'‡

Soon after the reign of Claudius, the digamma was again obliterated *de facto*—but its rights were asserted by all the *grammatici veteres;* who, from the decline down to the utter corruption of the Latin language, never ceased enacting laws for its genuine pronunciation. They were superstitious collectors of antiquated relics, bad, good, and indifferent, classing them under general names, as naturalists call a lion a cat: thus, whenever we look for solecisms and barbarisms, Donatus and his compilers refer us to some elegant lines of Virgil. By often copying, refuting, and seldom understanding one another, and each contradicting himself, they enveloped their rules, their brains, and the *Æolica litera* in the darkness which still hangs over our illuminated age. We meet with high scholars harassing themselves to find out whether, and when, the digamma was pronounced like an F or a V,—like a B, or a P,—or a PH or a W—whether and when it was called VAU—BAU—VAV—WAF—or FAFF—upon which FAFF we have lately perused two dissertations, each party choosing as arbitrators the *Grammatici Veteres!*§

* Sueton. lib. v. 42. † Plin. Hist. Nat. Epist. ad Titum.
‡ Quint. Inst. lib. i. cap. 4. al. lib. xii. cap. 10.
§ Letter of the Bishop of St. David's—Horæ Pelasgicæ, *passim.*

Maurus

Maurus Terentianus, to be more perspicuous and elegant, composed a grammar in Latin verse. The style of his poetry leaves us in some doubt whether he was a Roman, or a Greek, or rather, as it would seem from his two names, an African. We hear of his having flourished under Trajan. This, however, we could not affirm without the risk of injuring the claims of a subsequent century. But having deserved to be illustrated by Dawes,* and being highly considered by our learned contemporaries, we shall quote him.—'The letter υ (he says) is neither more nor less than a vowel.' But—

At uade, ueni, uota refer, teneto uultum,
Crevisse sonum perspicis et coisse crassum,
Unde Aeoliis litera fingitur digammos
Quae de numero sit magis una consonantum.—

'For a consonant, therefore, you must take the Aeolic digamma—but the digamma does not always keep the same place. It changes its position as it changes its sound—of many of these wonders, Sappho and her countrymen have convinced the world'—

Æolia gens tum digammon denique illum scriptitat
Mutet ut situm figurae quando mutavit sonum—
Plura Sappho comprobavit Aeoles et caeteri.†

Donatus and Diomedes argue 'that the υ, being sometimes a vowel and sometimes a consonant, is a letter which is neither vowel nor consonant,'—Sergius, therefore, concludes, rationally enough, 'that the υ is no letter at all'‡—others strenuously maintain 'that it must be a demi vowel.'—Donatus and Sergius, again, assert 'that the Aeolians employed the digamma for the sake of *well fed* syllables—*digamma apponunt dictionibus ut pinguescant*—but that it had nothing to do with either the spelling or the sense of the words'§—Papirianus forbids us, 'whenever we find a υ usurping the rights of a consonant,' to call it by any other name than digamma.'‖

We have here presented our readers with a few specimens from the ponderous lucubrations of the *Grammatici Veteres*, touching a letter which existed but three years in the Roman alphabet. The credit they enjoyed in their day, and their natural wish to circulate rather the copies of their own works than those of the authors they were compiling, combined, with religious opinions, to leave us little more than the titles of the grammatical treatises from Varro to Pliny. Cassiodorus, who might have preserved them, gave the preference to the more recent, for no other reason that we can guess, than that they were not pagans. After having been the

* Miscellanea Critica, sect. i.

† Gram. Vet. pag. 2387. 2397.

‡ *υ vero hoc accidit proprium, ut interdum nec consonans nec vocalis habetur, id est, ut non sit litera.* p. 1827.

§ Sergius in I. Donat. Edit. p. 1827, 28.

‖ Apud Cassiod. De Orth. cap. iv.

principal

principal minister of the four kings, with whose dynasty began and ended the dominion of the Ostrogoths in Italy, he withdrew, to preserve, in a convent, the learning which neither his perseverance nor his power had been able to keep alive in his country. He has left writings in which may be seen a powerful genius struggling against the barbarism of the age. He was liberal of his wealth, and fertile in ingenious expedients for multiplying the copies of books; and to teach his monks to transcribe them correctly he compiled, in his ninety-third year, the farrago of twelve grammarians whom he calls his *amantissimos orthographos.* Among them he places one of his contemporaries, and not one of the classical writers, unless, perhaps, it be Annæus Cornutus, whose name and whose Latin are evidences of a less barbarous age. For the rest, amid their subtleties, their inconsistencies, and their dreams, one can always make out, that the digamma is their common *nescio quid* to explain the riddle of a solitary υ endowed with two different powers. Beda more wisely pointed out those words in which the uncertainty of spelling produced ambiguity of sense—and being silent about the digamma, which would have been hard to the understanding of his fellow churchmen, directed them to write *aceruus* or *acerbus,* according to the different meaning wanted.*

Priscian, whose name (at the head of the grammarians) is still held in great veneration, tells us that the digamma was introduced by Cæsar. He learned Latin in Asia, taught it at Constantinople, and heard it spoken at Rome after the expulsion of the Gothic conquerors, and when Theodoric had already established the Ostrogoth dynasty in the western empire,—and yet almost all the notices we now possess respecting the use made of the Æolica Litera by the poets nearer Homer's time are due to Priscian alone. 'The Æolians (he says) employed the digamma sometimes as a simple υ consonant, sometimes as a double consonant, sometimes as a vowel, and sometimes as a rest (*fulcrum*) to the hiatus.'—In support of these different conclusions, he quotes lines from the most ancient Aeolian poetry, which he writes with the digamma; besides, he reminds us twice, that he had read upon a very old monument the names of Demophoon and Laocoon, thus, ΔΗμοφάϜων—ΛαϜοκάϜων.† He lays it down as a general rule, that the digamma was only a note indicating sometimes a gentle aspiration, and sometimes nothing whatever—'Ϝ *digamma Aeolis est quando in metris pro nihilo accipiebant.*' Priscian moreover, in the beginning of his work, distinctly says, 'that the digamma, *si verissime velimus inspicere,* had never been a Greek letter, having been introduced by the Romans only'—and

* Beda de Orthogr. Gram. Vet. p. 2328.

† *Et quod hoc verum est, ostendunt epigrammata quae egomet legi in tripode vetustissimo Apollinis qui stat in Xerolopho Byzantii*—Lib. i. p. 547. lib. vi. 709.

 'that

'*that the Aeolians, in lieu of the digamma, had the* ϕ *common to all the Greeks.*'* Why then does he, who lived six centuries after Christ, insert the digamma in Greek lines, composed six centuries before Christ?

The declaration of Quintilian before referred to, 'that in writing Greek words, they had no need of the Æolic letter'—the silence of all the Greeks, from Herodotus to Dionysius of Halicarnassus—the circumlocution of Dionysius, which would have been unnecessary had the digamma been commonly known—and the inconsistencies of the grammarians, afford strong evidence that from the earliest period of Greek literature down to the first Roman emperors, this letter was never inserted in the copies of any Greek writer. We are aware that to this evidence, men of far more learning than we can pretend to, are not disposed to yield; and they will silence us with a quotation from Trypho, who is supposed to have been a disciple of Origen,† and who, after repeating the very words of Dionysius, Ϝάναξ and Ϝελένα, as genuine instances of the digamma 'among Ionians, Æolians, Dorians, Laconians and Boeotians'—adds, 'that Alcæus must have also indifferently written 'ῥῆξις καὶ Ϝῥῆξις.'‡ We do not find that the Right Reverend Prelate has happily quoted this passage; but, at all events, this is a single example, brought forward by a single witness, whose competency is still called in question;—in a small tract, the authenticity of which is doubted by its late learned editors§—Gregorius, who refers to the Æolian Lyrics for instances of the various pronunciations among Greeks; Longinus, who had studied them critically; and Athenæus, who quotes them as an antiquary—have furnished us with phrases, lines, stanzas, and long extracts, without once hinting that a letter, so essential, either existed or was wanting in the copies which had come down to them. Again, if the digamma ever did find a place in the lyrics, these very extracts are sufficient to satisfy us that it must have been rather subservient to the quantity of the syllables, than essential to the poetical language of the early Æolians, or to the sense of the words. Those who are interested in proving that the digamma formed one of the elements of the Homeric alphabet, grant, at the same time, that its use became afterwards arbitrary;‖ but they ought also to grant, that it must have been very unfrequent. Of Sappho, whose epoch is one of the less distant from Homer's time, we now possess, in many

* Lib. i. cap. iv. De Numero Literarum, p. 542.

† Horæ Pelasgicæ, pag. 93. note 12. But see, Quar. Review, vol. xiii. pag. 349.

‡ Παθη Δεξεων. sect. xi.

§ *Ceterum ut verum fateor, hæ lacinæ, Tryphanis nomine, quod præ se ferunt, haudquaquam dignæ sunt.*—Museum Criticum, vol. i. pag. 32.

‖ Heyne ad Iliad. xix. Excurs. ii.

different

different fragments, about two hundred and twenty lines, in which, nevertheless, the digamma cannot be inserted but in three words, namely, ϝοῖον for οἶον—and in the following admirable passage, which we find lately printed, thus:

Ὡς τε γὰρ ϝιδῶ, βροχέως με φωνᾶς,
Οὐδὲν ἔτ' ἴκει,
Ἀλλὰ καμμὶν γλῶσσα ϝέϝαγε—

Both the prosody and images gain by altering the last word εαγε into ϝεϝαγε: these digammas, by preventing the line from running fast, convey to the ear the faltering of a lover's tongue at the sudden sight of the beloved object; although ϝεαγε would do as well. But the first line expresses that quick agitation and rapture of soul which is succeeded by the stupefaction of our faculties; and ϝιδῶ clogs the rapidity required by the imitative harmony and by the images of the line, and which is preserved by the ὡς γὰρ ἴδω σε, as read by Longinus, commonly printed ἐίδω σε. Now in favour of the digamma, the line underwent *the steel and fire* of the philological operators; σε is displaced and transformed into τε.—That τε sounds more Æolic than σε, and ϝίδω more so than ἴδω, is evinced by the Latin *te* and *video;* yet, to ground emendations in any language upon analogies afforded by another derived from it, will prove a doctrine, we are afraid, very often, if not always, fallacious; especially in the poets, who in no age or country ever bind themselves to the idioms of any particular dialect. Alcaeus's fragments are almost as numerous as those of Sappho; still, with the exception of ϝοῖνον, instead of οἶνον *(Vinum)*—ϝέργον—and possibly one or two more, there are no other words in which the insertion of the digamma would agree with the metre. Heyne found no opportunity of restoring it to the numerous poems of the great lyric bard. While the etymology of a vast number of words in Pindar recognizes the digamma, the prosody rejects it, with a few exceptions, as in ἐπιάλτα ἄναξ, where the opening of the two alphas upon each other might be avoided by reading ϝάναξ:* but it is probable that Pindar, whose verses were written for professional singers, had reasons founded upon musical analogies for leaving the hiatus open. These remarks apply to one of the longest and most splendid of his odes. It has served as a model for the pretty mosaic of the 'prophecy of Nereus,' which Horace put together from Greek hemistichs—and forms the magnificent group which Gray, in his 'Bard,' worked up from the rude chronicles of the British dynasties.

Heyne, turning from the lyric to the epic, and cyclic bards, and going back from Pindar to Homer, perceived even in Hesiod, that

* Pyth. iv. 159.—Heyn. Edit.

the chances of the metre and the poet's choice had always been the sole arbiters of the admission or omission of the digamma.* Neither in the Iliad nor Odyssey could the etymology which requires its insertion always be reconciled with the measure which obstinately rejects it. Juno sometimes may be called Ϝήρη, but, at other times, must retain her popular appellation of Ἥρη. Of all Greek words, the one most unquestionably entitled to the digamma is ἀνήρ, and which, meaning man and warrior, occurs in both poems as frequently as any in Homer; yet Homer's prosody does not allow it in any instance to be written Ϝανήρ—*tam lubricum est aliquid pronunciare in Homericis!*

The digamma, after the revival of learning, occasionally reappeared upon medals and monuments, but surrounded by new clouds and anomalies, so as to impress upon the most intrepid antiquaries the fear that it will for ever remain a phenomenon. Jablonsky (if we remember rightly) in his *Egyptian Memnon*, takes it either for an article or an orthographic distinction, to which the ancient kings of Egypt were entitled; and they, no doubt, transferred the prerogative to the crowned heads of Greece; possibly he is correct. Others, meeting with it in a numerical capacity, on coins of a very late period, reasonably inferred that this character, having occupied the sixth place in the primitive alphabet, was often employed instead of the number 6. Montfaucon persisted in thinking it a Greek E, which had been deprived by time of its inferior bar, and thus transformed into a Latin F. The monuments lately dug up have, however, incontestibly proved that the character did once exist in Greece. At one time we find it engraved as an upright F, at another thus ꟻ, and on the Etruscan monuments more frequently thus Ⅎ. It may be recognized also in the form of an H, or the half of that letter, thus ⊢.

In the first three lines of the Elean inscription, there are no less than six ꟻ, and the monument is so entire and well preserved, that there can be no doubt concerning any one of the letters: besides, it is a treaty, and must have been worded in precise language, and engraved under inspection. The date assigned to it by one of the most competent judges in these matters is the seventh century B. C.† Hence spring two weighty inductions—that the digamma still existed in Homer's age—and that sufficient time had not elapsed to produce any great alteration in its employment. But it does not follow that it was not an archaism even in Homer's time. The same critic, admitting that archaisms in form were retained down to a very late period, maintains 'that none but the customary modes of

* *Digammi usum inconstantem deprehendere licet jam in Hesiodo.*—Excurs. ii. ad Iliad. xix. vol. vii. pag. 717. *seqq.*

† Classical Journal, No. xxvi.

speech

speech and writing, in use among the parties, would be employed in a treaty of alliance interesting to all, and therefore required to be intelligible to all.' A treaty between two petty tribes, at a time when the knowledge of the letters of the alphabet was confined to a few individuals, must have been written by the priests; and, in fact, the violation of any of the articles incurs a fine, 'to be paid toward the ceremonies in honour of Jupiter Olympius.' These men were at once priests, lawyers, and legislators; three orders of persons, who, even among more civilized nations, are from age to age wisely tenacious of archaisms.

To archaisms of form are superadded, in many inscriptions, especially in the more ancient, idioms and anomalies arising both from the dialect of the country and the caprice of individuals. We shall once more have recourse to the authority of Mr. Knight. We cannot always adhere to his conclusions, though we may occasionally avail ourselves of his principles, for no where do we find more candour in the statement of facts, nor more acuteness in observing and generalizing them. He admits 'that the people of Argos, the Lacedæmonians, the Rhodians, the inhabitants of Crete, and indeed of each town of Crete, and of every corner of Greece, all differed in their dialects; that all these dialects were, nevertheless, very ancient corruptions of the Homeric language; and that the lyric and tragic poets, who are called Æolians or Dorians, far from writing in the language peculiar to any single people, employed one common to all the poets.'*—How then shall a few lines of a pact between two petty tribes, but just emerging, perhaps, from the state of Nomades, serve as a criterion of the alphabet and language of Homer? We greatly fear, that inscriptions upon monuments and coins, whatever be their age or country, will be found but fallacious guides in philological investigations. The diphthong AI, which had been early naturalized at Rome, began to be an archaism in Cicero's time, and has ever since given place to the AE. The K, which was, on the contrary, a new importation, was proscribed as an useless incumbrance, and never employed unless in the abbreviation of *Kalendæ*. Yet at a period when the Romans possessed a settled literary language, admitting neither provincialisms nor dialects, and the grammarians were presided over by the chiefs of the empire, eight pontiffs, in inscribing their names upon a monument dedicated to Tiberius, combined the spurious self-intruded K with the obsolete AI, and for CAESAR wrote KAISAR.† Again, from an eye-witness, such as Tacitus, we learn that the new letters of Claudius were only to be met with in the edicts of that emperor;‡ and yet we read an inscription be-

* Proleg. in Hom. sect. lxviii. *et passim.* † Suetonii Edit. Hack. 1667, ad calc.
‡ Annal. lib. xi. sect. 13. extr.

ginning EX AUCTORITATE IMP. CAES. VESPASIANI, and ending TERMINAϜIT.* If the few books which remain to us, had also been destroyed by the Attilas and Gregories, during the dark ages, and we possessed no other specimens of the written language of the Romans than similar inscriptions, would it now be believed that the most correct and prevalent orthography was indicated in the TERMINAϜIT of monuments EX AUCTORITATE VESPASIANI, and in the KAISAR of the college of pontiffs under Tiberius? Seriously, we wonder that no German editor has yet undertaken to rectify the *Cæsar* of Virgil, of Cicero, of Livy, and of Cæsar himself, in his own Commentaries.

As the Elean inscription seems to be now the corner-stone of the systems on the digamma, we shall give it a little more attention, not with any hope of accounting for its syntax—that is not essential to the question, and would be above our abilities—but in ΕΥϜΑΟΙΟΙ, one of its words, we again meet with the proximity of the Υ and the Ϝ, or digamma. One of the illustrators of this tenebrous Ϝ warns us—'that the employment of both letters in the same word certainly appears anomalous;'†—alluding, however, not to the ΕΥϜΑΟΙΟΙ, but to the word ΑϜΥΤΟ in the Delian inscription, which in Bentley's day raised great clouds, in which Dawes involved himself, and which were afterward dissipated by the explanation—'that the stone-cutter, uncertain whether he should engrave the word after the ancient mode, with a Ϝ, or the modern, with a Υ, put down both one and the other.'‡ Perhaps we shall find a different explanation in the System which, we think, we are fairly entitled to erect upon the facts we have collected. They are, indeed, very few; their contradictions numerous and disheartening; and to make them reciprocally throw light upon each other, we must hazard so many conjectures, that our history is likely to end in romance. Yet what else are philological systems? They are, nevertheless, necessary to deliver us from a state of distressing pyrrhonism,—and, romance for romance, we must at least endeavour to give ours some show of verisimilitude.

FIRST, then. Among the sixteen characters of the primitive Greek alphabet, there existed a letter bearing the same form as the F, and occupying the same (sixth) place, which it still holds in some of the oriental alphabets, in the Latin, and in the living European languages. It probably had in Greece a name little differing from the *vau* of Judea and Latium.

2d. Alphabetical signs, in every language, indicate no more than the *genus* of the sounds proper to them; for it would be impossible

* Sueton. ibi. † Dr. Marsh—Horæ Pelasgicæ, p. 60, note 2.
‡ Knight, Proleg. in Hom. LXXV.

to

to invent signs enough to represent all the various shades and modifications in the articulation or modulation of each letter, according to its different positions. Thus the English I indicates, in the words *king, kind, bird, girl*, four distinct sounds, though always in the same position, namely, preceded by one, and followed by two consonants; and without its modern transformation into J, it would also represent a consonant, as it did in the Latin.

3d. The Greek F, in like manner, whilst the alphabet was very scanty and imperfect, represented the aspirated articulations of our F, H, B, and V, diversified, modified, and combined *ad infinitum*, by the intermixture of colonies which, according to the general notion, migrated from Asia and Egypt into Greece; and those which, according to Wakefield and Horne Tooke, quitting the north, carried to the aborigines of Greece and Italy the self-born Teutonic language, afterwards employed in the composition of the Iliad and of the Æneid.

4th. From its first introduction into Latium, the F was frequently pronounced like B, as in the words anciently written *sifilare* and *sibilare*,—*af, ab* are indifferently prefixed to the verb *fero*—like H, as *trafo*, and *traho*; and the interjection *heu* from the Greek φευ; but more frequently like F, and V, as *Firgo*, afterwards *Virgo*—and likewise in some words which, in the primitive Greek, began with a digamma, or continued to be spelled with a φ, as *faselus* (kidney-bean) φάσηλος—*Vinum* (wine) Ϝοινος—*Familia* (family) Ϝομίλια—besides *Fordeum* and *hordeum* (barley)—*Fircus* and *hircus* (goat)—*Fœdus* and *hœdus* (kid)—words which, belonging to agriculture, were early introduced; and 'their first letter was pronounced,' says Varro, 'as F, H, or V, indifferently, by the country people in the vicinity of Rome.'* War and religion, which precede even agriculture, furnish words in which the H, F, and V, are commutable, or substituted for the digamma, as *Fostes, hostes* (enemies)—*Fostia, hostia* (a victim)—Ϝανον, *fanum* (a temple)—*Fotu, vota* (vows)—Ϝατον, *fatum* (fate)—and, Εστία, in the primitive Greek Ϝεστία, or Ϝεστία, the most ancient among the tutelar deities of the Etrurians and Romans implored by Virgil:

> Di *patrii Indigetes, et Romule*, Vesta*que mater*
> *Quæ Tuscum Tiberim, et Romana palatia servas.*

But the Romans, having no alphabetic sign to express the V in many words originally written with the *vau*, which had been the primitive name of their F, had recourse to the analogies of the Æolic pronunciation of a V consonant. Indeed their own F could not be any more commutable with other letters; for, on account either of its primitive harshness, or subsequent changes in its powers, no Greek

* De Lin. Lat. lib. iv. cap. 19.

in Cicero's age could utter it—it offended Quintilian's ear by its sound, which did not appear to belong to the human voice.*—But in Greece, the different powers of this character were early softened down and divided among new letters.

5th. The first letter added to the original sixteen in Greece, and which still keeps the seventeenth place, was the V, afterwards Υ. Although introduced among the Latins at different epochs under both its forms, this letter remained constantly a vowel, and was never pronounced as among the Greeks. The Υ, placed between consonants, is a full vowel; and between vowels, a half consonant, as we have observed in the word Ευεργέτης; and it was with this pronunciation that it took the place of the digamma in several words, as, αὐτίκα—αὐτὸς—αὐτὰρ—originally αϝτικα—αϝτος—αϝταρ. Still a traditional articulation of the Ϝ was long preserved in the B of the Dorian mountaineers, who, like the Spartans, troubled their heads very little about improvements, and professed to be tenacious of ancient manners. The word φρατὴρ, anciently Ϝφατερ, is to this day by the Albanian Greeks, as well as the Latin *Frater* by the Sclavonians, pronounced *Bratter*.—The Æolian islanders, lying nearer Asia, naturally voluptuous, and fruitful in poets, in preserving the same primitive pronunciation, softened it into the V, wanted in the Roman alphabet, long after the corresponding character had disappeared from the Greek. The Υ bears evident traces of having been substituted for a letter, which, like the obliterated Ϝ, concentrated in itself several aspirative powers; for it is aspirated in Greek; and in the Latinized words it is invariably preceded by an H.

6th. The Η was likewise early added to the sixteen primitive letters in Greece; its figure is still to be found in the sixth place, which had belonged to the superseded Ϝ, and its powers, like those of the Ϝ, were both guttural and dental aspirations. As a guttural consonant it was pronounced nearly as in the living languages; and combined with the T or the Π (P) produced the dental aspirative sounds of the English TH, in the word *Theatre*, and of the PH, in such words as *Philosophy*. In a short time the Η, still continuing to hold the sixth place, came exclusively to represent a double Ε, or rather an E, prolonged by a soft aspiration. The TH was then represented by a single sign Θ, which looks like a rounded H, and is still next to it in the series. The ΠH was likewise represented by the single sign Φ, which keeps the eighteenth place next to Υ, and looks like a reversed Θ; they are occasionally found to be commutable.

7th. The vicissitudes of the Ϝ, or *vau*, or digamma, and its ramifications, although nearly the same, took place in Italy at periods

* Instit. lib. XII. cap. 10.

so much more recent, that we could almost trace their causes and epochs,—but their epochs in Greece are beyond the reach of chronology. Euripides, disserting in dramatic verses about the alphabet, finds the Θ in the reign of Theseus: now we hear that it is very doubtful whether any Theseus ever existed. Be this as it may, it is certain that this Θ with its kindred Φ was long preceded by the ϒ and H, and we think it very probable that, upon the introduction of these two characters, the Greek F disappeared for ever from the alphabetic series, to become a numeral mark, and oftener an orthographical note, under different forms.

8th. Accordingly, whenever the ϒ, the H, (as an aspirate) or the Θ and Φ occur in Greek lines and inscriptions, with the F, the F cannot express any particular sound like other letters; it is only an indication sometimes of their aspirative, sometimes of their metrical power, and sometimes a formal archaism; and in all these positions, arbitrarily omitted, and often incorrectly inserted, as is the case with orthographical notes in every language. Thus in the AFϒTO of the Delian, and in the EϒFAOIOIΣ of the Elean inscription, the F is more likely to have been misplaced as an orthographical sign than as a letter, whose omission or addition always alters, and sometimes altogether destroys both the word and the sense. Still we think that the Delian and Elean stone-cutters were right; their digammas being claimed as an aspirative note by the ϒ of AFϒTO, and as an intermediate aspiration without which the seven consecutive vowels of the EϒFAOIOI could not be pronounced.

9th. With the exception of the Etruscan Ꞇ, the figures F, H, ⊢—regarded on old coins and monuments as legitimate or spurious digammas, differ little from each other. They were commutable, and *this is the reason* why the Athenians and the Alexandrine writers never mention the F, seldom the H, and often the ⊢. The former was reserved for inscriptions, like our capital letters on similar occasions; the latter, being sooner written, prevailed in manuscript lines: indeed, the ⊢, even in the opinion of our best critics, has almost, if not precisely, the same metrical power as the H and the Æolic digamma.* It was supposed to be the half of an H, and to have performed for the Greeks the same office as the H entire character for the Romans,† among whom it was not so much a letter as a note, written by Virgil's own hand in his poems thus AENA, now AHENA.‡ The ⊢ looks also like an F purposely deprived of its upper side-stroke. Its opposite ⊣ was added much later, either by some librarian of the Ptolemies, or

* Knight's Greek Alphab. page 35.
† Grammatici Veteres, page 1829.
‡ A. Gellius, lib. iii. cap. 3.

by

by one of the laureat philologists of the Roman emperor's household. Quintilian, in alluding to both signs, seems to complain that the second was little employed.* But the Byzantine grammarians made an extravagant use of both; and to write them quicker, transformed them into the two notes (' ') still commonly used to indicate the strong or soft aspiration of the Greek vowels.

We are already prepared to demolish this system of ours, at the very first intimation of any other that shall better explain and reconcile the absolute silence of the great ancient writers, and the inconsistencies of the minor ones, respecting the Æolic digamma. Could we have foreseen what bright illusions of our own, and possibly of others we should destroy, we had certainly declined looking into the reality of facts. We have only learned, once again, that nothing in this world ever perishes, and every thing is continually undergoing a series of melancholy transformations. The best ornament of the Assyrian, Pelasgic, Phœnician, Egyptian, Greek, and Latin alphabets; the boast of the Æolians; the favourite occupation of the rulers of nations; the long vision of the learned Romans; and the meteor which, during the darkness of the middle ages, dazzled the eyes of the *grammatici veteres*, is now only to be recognized in two inverted commas familiar to schoolboys!—The exertions, however, of eminent scholars will, in all probability, restore the digamma to its pristine glory, by preserving it for ever in the poems of Homer.

Usum digammi ex effato Bentleii primo intellexere viri docti;—and whatever be the future fate of this letter, its various appellatives will, doubtless, one day be superseded by that of THE BRITISH DIGAMMA. English travellers, antiquaries, and scholars, have been indefatigable in drawing it forth from the dust of antiquity, combating its adversaries, and asserting its original rights. Bentley had observed that, very frequently in the Iliad and Odyssey, the collocation of syllables was not such as to prevent the hiatus, known to have been so obnoxious to the Athenians. This appeared to him the less analogous with the language of Homer, as it often arises in those very words whose etymology shows that they were originally written with the digamma. These coincidences, and the changes which the Greek alphabet has undergone in the form and power of some of its letters, the addition of others, and the early disappearance of the F, and the aspirative H, confirmed Bentley's inductions, and led him to conclude that the F must have been the letter which, in the Homeric versification, being prefixed to words beginning with a vowel, had exercised some of the powers of a consonant, and which, having been dropped

* Instit. lib. i. cap. iv. ab. vi.

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in subsequent ages, left a vacuity between proximate vowels. Although an eminent scholar in the ancient languages, and still more in the Greek than the Latin, yet it would seem that his acquirements could not direct him in the application of a discovery suggested to him by the impulse of his genius. The name alone of the heroine of the Iliad tormented Bentley, quite as much as her beauty did Paris and Menelaus. In addition to the authority of Dionysius of Halicarnassus, the poet Astyages, as quoted by Priscian, conferred upon her the prerogative of the digamma; and her identity is placed beyond a doubt, by the name of her father, coupled with her own, Τυνδάριδα Ϝέλένᾳν, in a very old inscription copied by Pausanias. In Homer's verses, however, she is constantly faithful to her modern name of Ἑλένη. Bentley, therefore, saw himself reduced to the alternative either of giving up the digamma, or of impugning the authority of Dionysius, Pausanias, and Priscian;—and then upon what foundation rested his doctrine? The numberless erasures in the margin of his copy of Homer—which was the first edition of Stephanus—and his often-repeated, but always unsuccessful essays upon words in the same predicament, afford abundant proof that he struggled hard to reconcile the ancient rights of the digamma with those still more ancient of the Homeric prosody—

Atqui vultus erat magna et præclara minantis.

Probably his unsuccessful attempts were unknown even to his most intimate friends, as the extracts which we now possess were not published before the beginning of the present century. His admirers raised high expectations of an edition of Homer, which never appeared: while confiding, and with great reason, in his extraordinary attainments, he strove in vain to overcome difficulties, though continually proclaiming himself,

Digammi ultorem;—et verbis odia aspera movit.

Soon after the death of Bentley, Dawes, 'who, like many others, borrowed his ideas, and repaid him with abuse,' seized upon the digamma. In the full confidence that he should establish a new doctrine, and with the intention, perhaps, of revenging himself on the preponderant celebrity of its inventor, Dawes interpreted, in his own way, the Sybilline phrases of the *Grammatici Veteres;* introduced new readings to tally with his own explanations; and compiled a *psalterium* of words, most of which etymologically may be written with the digamma, but are confounded with others not entitled to it. Nevertheless, with great ingenuity and erudition, he succeeded in proving that the Æolians and Ionians must have assigned to the digamma two different powers, each suited to their respective dialects; that therefore, in editing Greek writers, we ought to employ

employ two distinct characters, the one representing the Æolic and the other the Ionic pronunciation; for, as Homer was unquestionably an Ionian, if instead of the Ionic, the Æolic digamma be pronounced in his verses, it would certainly barbarise both his poems.* Bentley perhaps had never expected such a distinction; yet foreseeing the objection to the admission of the Æolic character in the text of an Ionian, and helping himself with Strabo's tradition, 'that the Æolians also had migrated into Asia Minor,' he inferred the existence of the digamma in the Iliad and Odyssey, because Homer, though born among the Ionians, must have been by paternal or maternal descent an Æolian.† Still he involved his doctrine in two new difficulties—the epoch of the Æolian migration, long anterior to the Ionian—and the words which, though spelled with the digamma in the Æolic dialect, must, by all the laws of prosody, be left in Homer's text without it.

Dawes allows us to translate the Latin word *Violeus* into the Æolic dialect by the word ϜΙΟΛΑϜΟΣ, giving to the digamma the name of *Vau*, and the sound of our V; but to translate it in the Ionic dialect, we must write and spell it with the English W, thus—WΙΟΛΑWΟΣ. Besides his W digamma, Dawes pertinaciously contends that many Attic and several Ionic inflexions cannot be correctly spelled without the insertion of the H digamma; as, for a specimen, ϝωϝhαισθη, ϝωϝhεωεν, ϝωϝhεζε, ϝωϝhηξαντο, ϝωϝhηξεν, ϝωϝhιγησαν, ϝωϝhιψαν.—Independent of more serious objections, the mere appearance of Greek characters coupled with a Teutonic figure brought the doctrine into such disgrace, that the very name of digamma is to this day scouted by the learned of Europe. Moreover, even the Germans cannot catch the English pronunciation of the W, which must have augmented the misunderstanding, already irreconcileable, amongst scholars. Indeed if we could bring together a dozen Greek professors from different universities, and make them repeat the same line of the Iliad, the reciter himself would be the only one who could understand a word of it; and if the digamma be intended to perform the functions of the undefinable aspirated and unaspirated W, no Italian, and still less any modern Greek, were he even constrained by an Austrian or Turkish ordinance, could hope to utter it.

This dissimilarity of pronunciation is a reasonable cause of doubt whether the open vowels, which suggested to Bentley the remedy of the digamma, be really a defect. With the examination of this point we shall close this part of our task, whose narcotic influence is stealing over our senses, and gradually blunting any feeling of wonder at the repugnance of our readers to follow us—

* Apud Heyne Iliad. xix. Excurs. 2. pag. 713. not.
† Miscell. Critica, cap. iv.

But

But we now see the haven nigh at hand,
To which we mean our weary course to bend;
Veer the main sheet, and bear up for the land.

The frequency of the hiatus in ancient poets offends, more or less, every modern reader; this very frequency, however, ought to justify the inference that by them it was not considered as a blemish. In the fragments of the old Roman poetry we meet with more instances of hiatus than in the whole work of Lucretius; and in the few poems of Catullus again, more than in Virgil, who nevertheless contrives occasionally to preserve the character of the primitive Latin, as in the Georgics,

Ante tibi Aeoae Atlantides abscondantur,

and in the Æneid

Nereidum Matri et Neptuno Aegeo.

Bentley's aversion to the open vowel seems to have even induced him not to alter the common reading of Horace,

O ego non felix quam tu fugis—

Baxter and Gessner re-admitted *O ego infelix*, as quoted by the ancients. The lower we descend in the scale of chronology, as far down as Claudian, the fewer hiatus we meet with, and we do not recollect a single one even in Lucan. But who, independently of their other qualities, would prefer the harmony of Lucan and his followers to that of Lucretius? And whence the stiffness and noisy numbers of their poetry, if it be not from their eagerness to catch the strong sounds of the consonants, and their fear of weakening them by too many vowels?

Now as the Latin, on account of the proportion and combination of vowels and consonants in its words, may be considered as the intermediate between the southern and northern languages, we have reason to infer, that the Greek being more full of vowels, its primitive poets might have furnished more instances of the hiatus. The two most poetical modern languages, the one northern, the other southern, both composed of contractions of ancient and foreign words, will lead us to the same conclusion. The English, by dropping the vowels, converted the southern words into harsh monosyllables, as from *spiritus*, *spright*. The Italian, on the contrary, by dropping consonants and adding vowels, softened the Gothic monosyllables introduced during the middle ages, as in *bald* and *land*, of which they make *baldo*, *landa*; and *marescalco* and *maresciallo*, from the composite Saxon *mar-schall*.* Nevertheless

* The Italians, not to confound the leader of an army with a blacksmith, keep distinct these two words, as in French *maréchal* and *maréchal-ferrant*; the root, however, is

theless both these languages, so dissimilar in the use of the same alphabet, afford the same evidence that their primitive writers rather sought than avoided the concourse and opening of the vowels.

Dante, from the very third line

'Che la diritta via era smarrita,'

to the end of his long poem, seems to delight in hiatus, which none of his successors would have ventured to admit, yet which, in his verse, could not be altered without changing altogether the original character of a poetic language created by him; and destroying at the same time a species of melody, which seems the music of nature herself. The second of the following lines offers an instance both of the melting of the vowels, and of the hiatus, equally shocking to a modern ear—

Queste parole di colore oscuro,
Vidi io scritte al sommo d'una porta.

—The *vidi io*, of which no versifier from Petrarch downwards, would have made more than two syllables, *vid' io*, must be pronounced, in Dante, either *vi-dii-o*, or *vi-di-io*, in both ways making three syllables, otherwise the accent does not fall in its proper place, and the measure is incomplete. Such instances are to be met with in Milton, not so much because his ear had been educated by Greek, Latin, and Italian poets, as because he was less distant from the origin of his vernacular tongue, and was justified by the example of his predecessors. He is always careful to avoid all collision of consonants, and skilful in availing himself of the position of vowels, so as to lead the reader to dwell upon, without however dividing, them; as in the line, beautiful to an Italian, and, we venture to add, to an old English reader—

'To set himself in glory above his peers.'

But no one amongst Milton's successors either could or durst employ the same contrivance. A modern reader cannot relish lines which compel him, contrary to the habits of his organs, to melt the *y* and *a* into a diphthong, or to divide them and find eleven, instead of ten syllables. But neither this conventional pronunciation, nor the prevailing phalanx of consonants, can prevent the opening or melting of vowels. 'This alternative (says Mr. Cowper) proposes itself to a modern versifier, from whence there is no escape, which occurs perpetually, and which, choose as he may, presents him always with an evil,—when the particle (*the*) precedes a vowel, shall he melt it into the substantive, or leave the hiatus open? Both practices are offensive to a delicate ear.'

is not French, as Dr. Johnson supposes. Mar-skall was the inspector of the king's horses, and the commander of the cavalry; from the Saxon word *skall*, a servant, and *mere*, which most probably, during the middle ages, meant horses in general.

Such

Such offences were little complained of by the old English; neither were the Attic expedients against the vacuity occasioned by open vowels resorted to by the earlier writers, as Hippocrates and Herodotus. Hiatus are to be found even in Thucydides, who, perhaps influenced by his anti-democratical feelings, refused to flatter the ear of his countrymen, and preferred a style more analogous to that of the ancients,—*præfractior, nec satis ut ita dicam rotundus.** In justification of Plato's neglecting to fill up the hiatus, it has been alleged, that as a writer of dialogues he had some right to preserve occasionally the unassuming eloquence of philosophers conversing among themselves: the poets, however, who flourished under the Ptolemies were less afraid of the open vowel, and imitated it precisely in those places where they thought that Homer had invariably admitted it. This, we have already seen, is accounted for by their bad taste and unacquaintance with the digamma. But it might also be observed that the rules laid down by Isocrates in favour of round and flowing periods—his pretensions to subject even prose writers to the metrical laws of poetry—and his lucubrations during ten years upon a speech, in order to carry to the highest perfection a wonderful combination of vowels and consonants, of wisdom and sophistry, of pathos and antitheses, were laughed at even by his warmest admirers,† and superseded by the more rational doctrine of Demetrius Phalereus, one of the founders of the Alexandrine literature, whom we quote the more willingly, as he was an Athenian, *vel hoc memoriæ dignus, quod ultimus est fere ex Atticis qui dici possit orator—quem tamen in illo medio dicendi genere præfert omnibus Cicero.*‡—'From the affluence of vowels, as in the word ἠέλιος, requiring a protracted modulation of the η, ε, ι, ο, there naturally arises a kind of chaunt, which accompanies the whole word; hence the poets strove to employ words containing a great number of vowels, and sometimes even added one merely to satisfy the ear. They wrote, for instance, ὀρέων for ὀρῶν; and even in prose, the sound, a little harsh, of the words καλὰ 'στιν, becomes, by the addition of a vowel, καλὰ ἐστιν, melodious and agreeable. Hence the introduction of words without a consonant, as Αἰαίη, or with only one as Εὔιος: and the Egyptian priests in their sacred songs modulated only the seven vowels. Indeed they issue spontaneously from every musical instrument, and produce by their various modulations the harmony which is peculiar to them: consequently if we take away the concourse of vowels in a language, we deprive it at the same time of the combinations of various musical tones.'§

* Cicero. *Orator.* sect. 13. 44.
† Dionys. Halic. in Isocrate, sect. 12.
‡ Quintil. lib. x. cap. 2.
§ περὶ Ἑρμηνείας. sect. 69, 70, 71.

But

But melody and harmony are not the only results of the concourse of vowels. There are in Homer hiatus which, in leading the voice to pause upon certain syllables, express by the sound alone the feelings of the speaker. The impassioned line in the scene between Paris and Helen,

Οὐ γάρ πώ ποτέ μ' ὧδε ἔρως φρένας ἀμφεκαλύψαν.*

(of which Cowper's version furnishes but the dry sense, *Never I loved thee as I love thee now)* offended the ear of Bentley, who, to remedy the hiatus, inserts an idle particle,—ὡ'δε γ' ἔρως.—The ancients also had perceived it, and some among them transposed two words, thus—φρένας ἔρως†; the vulgate nevertheless has preserved the hiatus, and probably an actor would have preferred it in declamation. The modulation of the two consecutive vowels would have assisted him to express the ardour and impatience of Paris: indeed the sighs breathed under the influence of the softer passions (like the amorous interjections of every language) are but aspirated vowels. An extract from Pope's translation will explain our idea to the greater number of our readers, and perhaps they may consider it as not merely one of the visions of verbal criticism—

The prince replies: Ah, cease, divinely fair,
Nor add reproaches to the wounds I bear;
These softer moments let delights employ,
And kind embraces snatch the hasty joy.
Not thus I loved thee when from Sparta's shore
My forced my willing heavenly bride I bore.
When first entranc'd in Cranae's isle I lay,
Mix'd with thy soul, and all dissolv'd away.

Grandeur of style was also attained in the Greek language by means of vowels. The great seven-fold shield of Ajax seems to have been invented by Homer, to impress upon the imagination the imposing size and strength of the warrior. 'Still (says Demetrius) the words Αἴας δ' ὁ μέγας αἰὲν—though the concourse of so many vowels may offend the ear—convey by the sound alone such an idea of proud magnificence, that they characterize the stature and strength of the hero more even than the shield.'—He was so struck with the image which the mere combination of the vowels, Αἴας αἰὲν, presented to his fancy, that he repeats the same example in another part of his work.‡ Barnes, enhancing upon the observation of the ancient critic, remarks that between Αἴας and αἰὲν, the poet might have written as usual δ' αὖ μέγας; but that, to avail himself of an additional vowel, he employed the article, and

* Iliad. lib. iii. 442. † Apud Eustath. p. 433.—Iliad. xvi. 358.
‡ Περὶ Ἑρμηνείας, sect. 48. and 105.

wrote

wrote ὁ μέγας. Clarke allows that Barnes is not wrong in this instance; but, not to depart from his system of orthography and pronunciation, he insists upon joining the article to the noun, by means of an additional μ, thus ὁμμέγας, which destroys precisely a part of the effect, pointed out by Demetrius. Heyne declares that he cannot comprehend the theory of Demetrius,—wonders at the magisterial tone of Clarke,—rejects Barnes's favourite article ὁ as intruded upon the Homeric language—proposes to substitute the idle auxiliary δὲ; yet, faithful to his wonted neutrality,

——————————*Mussat Rex ipse Latinus*
Quos generos vocet, aut quae sese ad fœdera flectat,

and leaves the text as he found it.—Finally, in Mr. Knight's edition we meet with two digammas, AιFανς αιFεν. His theory may convince us that he has restored the genuine reading, and that in adding a ν to the name of Ajax he gives it more consistently with the age of Homer: but it is not the less true that the ν followed by a ς produces a nasal sound, and impedes the voice in the open enunciation of the vowels.

This is, however, only our individual opinion; and far from wishing to inculcate it upon others as infallible, we would exhort each reader of the Greek poets to profit by the few data we have, respecting the quantity of syllables, and to make use of his own ear, if he have a musical one, to direct him in the enunciation of their verses. It is of little consequence whether he succeed in pleasing others, it is quite enough if he can please himself; for, whatever method he may follow, he is always liable to transgress the precepts either of the old or new school, and be perhaps obnoxious to both.

Since the revival of learning, all classical writers have been criticised and corrected with the application of *ex-post-facto* rules, grounded on the examples and notions of what is termed the golden age of Greek and Roman literature. Yet it is not there that one should look for the genuine prosody. Its legitimate depositaries are the old writers, whose only guide was a pronunciation not yet altered by time, nor sophisticated with those absurdities which grow up only in times of fastidious civilization, and gain strength in proportion as the refinements of art take place of the graces of nature. Numberless arbitrary elegancies in the Athenian, Alexandrian, and Roman poets, relished for their novelty, and gradually acknowledged as constituent elements of the language, put the Italian, French, German, and English scholars, both under the necessity and impossibility of subjecting Greek and Latin prosody to a coherent system of rules. Hence their unavoidable contradictions, and *in corruptissima republica plurimæ leges*, which entitled subsequent

 critics

critics to consider grammars and lexicons as the oracles of dunces. The philosophical methods of generalization, which from the beginning of the last century influenced all branches of learning, prevailed likewise in the emendations of the classical writers, and suggested principles of verbal criticism; which, although undeniable in themselves, will seldom answer the purpose of finding out and restoring a pronunciation, on which alone depended the metrical rules of all dead languages—inasmuch as these principles must be applied only by men imperceptibly, and therefore more powerfully, misled by their habits of pronouncing some particular living language. As for us, we frankly confess, that our prepossession in favour of the vowels in Homer's verses, is so great, that we prefer them, even when we do not well understand the word. Ἠϊόεντι (Iliad v. 86.) is in vain translated *verdant*, *pleasant*—(etymologists and lexicographers cannot agree)—still the four melodious vowels, although the pleasure they give to the ear is purely mechanical, assist the imagination in calling up a delightful picture of the banks of a river. Such are the puerile illusions of our senses, and especially of our ears, *quorum judicium superbissimum*, which may be fairly translated *capricious*, was the terror of Cicero, —but it is not the less true that our senses are our first and principal tutors, and that these caprices spring and grow, and vary, from causes which have their root in the physical organization of different nations and individuals, and in those modifications which from age to age are operating a change in the manners, doctrines, and language, of each separate country.

In establishing, therefore, a doctrine for the restoration of orthography and prosody, it ought not to be forgotten, that as nature has endowed each people with a peculiar and permanent cast of mind and features, differing more or less from all others, a like variety must exist in their organs of speech; and that to determine the pronunciation of tongues no longer spoken, we must resort to analogies furnished by those still in existence. The climate inhabited by each nation chiefly conduces to harden or soften their organs, and although many changes are gradually effected by time, still that most congenial to the organs of each people always prevails. A comparative analysis of words common to different languages would certainly lead us to conclude that the number of vowels and consonants retained by each nation, in the same word, furnishes the best, if not the only criterion of their respective organs. The word *presbyter* introduced into the Latin by the Fathers of the church,* was almost simultaneously taught to all the Europeans converted to the Christian religion. The Italians turned it

* Tertullianus, de Corona, apud Forcellinum.

into

into *prevete*, which is still heard under the higher Alps, and then into *prete*—in French it became, first *prebstre*, then *prestre*, finally *prêtre*—and in English, *priest*. The *presbyter* underwent in all countries the penalty to which almost all migrating words are subjected, and accordingly lost some of its letters: but of its three vowels, six consonants, and three syllables, the Italians preserved three consonants, two vowels, and two syllables—the French two vowels, four consonants, and two syllables, of which the last is scarcely uttered—the English made of it a monosyllable, with a diphthong squeezed in among four consonants. In applying these remarks to the subject under investigation, we may, without fear of contradiction, assume that, of the northern and southern nations, the latter approach nearer to the Greek in the natural conformation of their organs. Therefore in the restoration of Homer's orthography, northern critics ought to be more on their guard against emendations suggested by the character of their vernacular tongue. Let the elaborate lines of Pope,

> Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently blows,
> And the smooth stream in smoother murmurs flows,

be pronounced by an unsophisticated Russian. They will be too mellifluous for him: and he would affix at the end of some words his own digamma (they write it ъ and call it *yerr* or *jerr*) which by its power of imitating and redoubling the sound of any preceding consonant, would distress with his *softt strainn andd smootherr streamm* even the ear of an Englishman. The Italians, on the contrary, far from perceiving sweetness of harmony, would be only struck with the succession of the syllables, *smooth stream in smoother*. Such is their organic inability of pronouncing the S preceded and followed by a consonant, that their grammarians branded it with the ignominious title of *S impura*.

Had Bentley been born and educated in a southern country, perhaps his theory of the digamma would not have occurred to him; but at all events he must have despaired of its application, except in those universities whose national language is of Teutonic origin. Whenever words offer the choice between different spellings, as for instance, the derivations and inflexions of the primitive γαω, Heyne, without the least metrical provocation, inexorably exiles Γνετε in favour of Γγνεται, even when the harsh combination γν (gn) destroys the sweetness required by the sense, and expressed by the soft sound of the other words—

> Μυρίοι, ὅσσα τε φύλλα καὶ ἄνθεα γίνεται ὥρῃ.—Iliad ii. 468.

Thus, in his Virgil, instead of *autumnus*, he constantly writes *auctumnus*, and compels the reader to force his pronunciation precisely

cisely in the middle of a line calculated to breathe the same amenity of images, as that just quoted from Homer—

Primus vere rosam atque autumno carpere poma.

This orthography he justifies by the gratuitous assumption, *statuendum est antiquiora esse duriora ad aurem et severiora.** Like his fellow mortals, Heyne cherished the illusion that he was guided by learning and judgment, whilst he was only actuated by the impulses of nature and education; for all poets of every nation and age alter and soften the orthography of the language, in order to adapt it to the rhythmus; and each reader adapts it to the decision of his own ear. Italian and German scholars, in reciting Greek or Latin hexameters, accuse each other of barbarism, if not of shameful ignorance. The Italian, with the melody from which springs the excellence of vocal music, dwells too much upon the vowels. The German, whose ear is more apt to combine notes and sounds of instrumental music, marks the long and short syllables, rather by a stronger or softer articulation of the consonants. Each, however, accuses the other unjustly: for neither pronounces like the ancients, and each pronounces as well as he is allowed by organization and habit.

But the main question is, whether Homer was one of the earliest poets of his country. The primitive writers all abound in hiatus, because languages commence by being less articulated than modulated: precisely as a child can easily *modulate* the *a*, the *i*, the *o*, but requires exercise and strength of organs to *articulate* the *f*, the *l*, the *n*, the *r*, and to pronounce them together: or, to translate the words of Mr. Knight—'the ancient languages, especially the Greek, had more melody in pronunciation than ours, having received, from nature herself, a certain species and modulation of song, even in daily and common use; and the more ancient the language, the more this species and modulation were indigenous to it, because less remote from the babbling of infants or the lowing of animals.'†—How then, if the digamma be a consonant, could this primitive *melody* be preserved by the insertion of the digamma? It would, indeed, increase the harmony, which can only be obtained by the skilful combination of vowels and consonants; for, as each syllable is subject to alter its sound, according to the changes of its position, each letter offers such a multitude of combinations to the ear, that few poets are capable of seizing them all, and selecting and employing them with such an effect as to obtain a perfect versification. Perhaps the pains they take to attain this kind of perfection, and the necessity of sacrificing to it a thousand bold strokes,

* Præf. ad Virgilium, novæ edit. p. xxiii, xxiv.
† Knight Prolegom. Sect. lxxxix.

weaken,

weaken, in some measure, their genius and force of invention. In fact, we cannot cite a single one of those accomplished masters in versification, who was not more or less an imitator; and we do not hesitate to place Virgil at their head. From the moment these poets appear, the collision of consonants, the concourse of vowels, and above all the hiatus, become more perceptible and offensive, and are rejected as archaisms. Indeed, the successors of the ancient bards ought to avoid them with the more care, since they can no longer avail themselves of the energy and liberty of a virgin language; and since in proportion as the graces of nature disappear, it becomes necessary to supply their place by the resources of art.

To pronounce, then, whether we should or should not exclude the hiatus from the poems of Homer, it will be proper to ascertain, whether they were composed when the language was still at an early stage. Blackwell's Essay on the Writings and Genius of Homer,* contains an index of long poems anterior to the Iliad. It is not easy to give credit to his authorities; but it is quite as difficult to conceive that the Greek language, with its poetry, should have sprung forth all at once, and armed at all points like Minerva from the head of Jupiter. The richness of its words, the multiplicity of its inflexions, and, more than all, the perfect construction of its hexameter, would incline us to ascribe to Homer less the merit of creating than of raising to excellence a poetical language which had already had good cultivators. It is, however, a natural excellence, and does not offer the smallest trace of those artificial improvements which languages acquire by the gradual formation of the abstract terms of philosophy, by the analysis of the passions, the fastidiousness of civilization, and the conventional laws of the schools.

To this it may be replied, that natural excellence does not prevent the melody, which accompanies all early poetry, from uniting with the harmony of a more advanced stage, especially in the rare coincidence of such a powerful language with such a powerful genius. The Iliad and Odyssey, in fact, abound in harmony, and present combinations which seem less the result of inspiration than consummate skill.† Homer, then, must have possessed in the alphabet all the necessary instruments of versification: and since the affluence of vowels, though favourable to melody, is sometimes destructive of harmony, there is every reason to think with Bentley, that it was not the poet's intention, but that some con-

* Blackwell was a laborious and ingenious builder of systems; but an indifferent scholar, a credulous critic, and a coxcomical writer.

† Clarke, *De Versus Numeris rem ipsam depingentibus*, in the passages referred to in his preface to the Iliad.

sonant, obliterated by time and an altered orthography, had disappeared from the earliest texts of his poems.

It would be difficult not to assent to this reasoning, if, instead of a *consonant letter*, it were affirmed that there is wanting some *orthographic or prosodical note* calculated to neutralize the vowels and consonants. For, if the Greek F, which existed in the primitive alphabet of sixteen letters, no longer holds a place in the complete alphabet of twenty-four, and evident traces remain that it has been superseded by the H, the Υ, the Θ, and the Φ, how shall we admit the last three letters and the F at the same time?—or how, at present, take any of these letters away from Homer's text?—And granting that we could insert the F as a *letter*, what essential power shall we assign to it, in order that any sound expressed by its figure, may be such as to constitute an intrinsic part of the meaning of the word? Otherwise, any sign, destitute of such an essential power, far from being really a *letter*, is nothing more than a *mark* common to many words, useful, indeed, in poetry, written or sung, but altogether superfluous as regards the sense; and consequently arbitrary, and depending on the mode of spelling of each poet, and the notes of each singer. Now if the digamma had, in Homer, any particular power, how, of the two words ἄναξ and ἀνὴρ, both of which, for the same etymological reason, should be spelled with the digamma, can the former be almost invariably written Fαναξ and the latter never Fανὴρ, without altogether confounding the numbers of each hexameter where it exists? And how is it that the digamma, if constantly prefixed to the same word, as in Ἥρη, at one time ameliorates, and at another destroys the metre?—But if we are to consider the digamma in Homer's poetry merely as an indication admitted or excluded, as the prosody required, we cannot refuse to recognize it in the very ancient Ϝ, which owes, in all probability, its figure and origin to the Greek F, and which, unquestionably, has been converted into the two inverted commas (‘ ’) indicative both of etymologies still to be traced, and of a pronunciation long since irrecoverably lost. These marks, in fact, are now of little use, unless to the learner's eye; but in their earliest day, whether under the form of the F, the H, or the Ϝ, and in what manner soever they may have been aspirated, modulated, or articulated, they must have exercised a decided influence over the ear, in obviating the disagreeable effect of the hiatus in declamation and singing—But how? With what sound? What musical rules? What variations? What degrees?—These are questions which we cannot hope to elucidate, unless we could raise up Homer himself from the tomb, to recite his own verses.

ART.

Art. III.—1. *Remarks made during a Tour through the United States of America, in the years* 1817, 1818, *and* 1819. By William Tell Harris. In a series of Letters to Friends in England. London. 1821.

2. *A Visit to North America and the English Settlements in Illinois, with a Winter Residence at Philadelphia; solely to ascertain the actual Prospects of the emigrating Agriculturist, Mechanic, and Commercial Speculator.* By Adlard Welby, Esq. South Rauceby, Lincolnshire. London. 1821.

3. *Letters from the Illinois,* 1820, 1821; *containing an Account of the English Settlement at Albion and its Vicinity, and a Refutation of various Misrepresentations, those more particularly of Mr. Cobbett.* By Richard Flower. With a Letter from Mr. Birkbeck; and a Preface and Notes by Benjamin Flower. London. 1822.

4. *Views of Society and Manners in America; in a series of Letters from that Country to a Friend in England, during the years* 1818, 1819, *and* 1820. By an Englishwoman. London. 1821.

IN what sphere of life 'Mr. Tell Harris of Liverpool' (the first name in our list) may move, is of the least possible consequence to be known, and therefore not worth the inquiry. We shall not greatly err, perhaps, in considering him as agent, 'in the travelling line,' of a provincial branch of the same surly sour-headed faction which sent forth the well known Fearon as a sort of *outrider,* to spy the country; as certain insects put out their *feelers* to ascertain the prudence of proceeding or retreating.

That Mr. Tell Harris has *felt,* or rather sought, and sought diligently, his book affords sufficient evidence; we suspect, however, that the only 'relief which he has yet *found*' is of that negative kind to which his predecessor had recourse, when he strove to sooth his disappointment, by giving vent to his spleen, and discharging his ill-humours through the press. The pleasure which such men find in traducing all that is virtuous, and all that is valuable in the institutions of their native country, is happily not unalloyed; it is mixed with no small degree of shame and vexation at having been the dupes of their own malice and cupidity; for, disguise it as they may, the real object of their pursuit is a mere question of loss and gain. The good effects of the embarrassment under which these bag-men labour, in giving an account of their 'out-ride,' are, that the truth will now and then peep through the vast farrago of falsehood with which they endeavour to smother their disappointment. 'Many of those,' says Harris, 'who crossed the ocean with the absurd ex-

 pectation

pectation of finding the vast western continent similar in soil and climate to their little garden, England, have been surprized at meeting with rocks, forests, and swamps there.' Not exactly so, Mr. Tell; they were prepared for the rocks, and forests and swamps; their surprize was occasioned by the discovery of the delusion which had been practised upon them, by the exaggerated statements of the 'many advantages' which you and your fellows held out to them; but which they now perceived, to their cost, had no existence. Such persons are, and justly may be, 'surprized,' as well as 'discontented;' nor is it at all to be wondered at that as many of them as have the means should think themselves but too happy to 'return,' even with the certainty 'of meeting the demands of tithes and taxes,' to the 'little garden,' which, after all, is still found preferable to the swamps and prairies of the Wabash.

The object of Mr. Welby's 'Visit to North America,' was partly the same as Mr. Tell Harris's—'to inquire into the truth of so inviting a prospect as that held up by Mr. Birkbeck and some others, and in part to relieve the mind from evils of a domestic nature.'—'He took in his hand,' he tells us, 'the flattering accounts in print, in order to compare them with his own actual observations, with the intent either to add his confirmation to the favourable side, or otherwise to exert his utmost to undeceive the many of his countrymen misled by specious reports.' The result of *his* observations is, that 'the North Americans possess a fertile country and a fine climate,' (we cannot say much about the climate) but he 'laments,' in somewhat an odd phraseology, 'the apparent presence among them of a huge portion of blind conceit in their own superiority, and also the absence of the very essential christian principle of good-will and benevolence.' Though Mr. Welby has not always the happiest way of expressing his meaning, he appears to see things in a pretty correct light, and is tolerably free from prejudice; though he too, occasionally, talks nonsense about the taxation and oppression of England.

Mr. Richard Flower's 'Refutation,' Mr. Benjamin Flower's 'Notes and Preface,' together with the 'Letter' from Mr. Birkbeck so pompously announced, help us very little in forming a just estimate of the state of things among the Backwoodsmen; that little, however, speaks volumes when we find that the 'refutation' of misrepresentations is chiefly, we may say wholly, directed against a writer whose name is synonymous with falsehood, and who is feebly encountered after all.

The fourth and last article is an impudent attempt, we conceive, to foist into public notice, under a spurious title, namely, that of an *Englishwoman*, a most ridiculous and extravagant panegyric

negyric on the government and people of the United States; accompanied by the grossest and most detestable calumnies against this country, that folly and malignity ever invented. An Englishwoman, with the proper spirit and feeling attached to that proud title, would blush to be thought the author of such a work. We will not, we cannot possibly, believe that one so lost to shame exists among us; and are rather disposed, therefore, to attribute it to one of those wretched hirelings who, under the assumed names of 'travellers,' 'residents in France,' 'Italy,' &c. supply the radical press with the means of mischief. Our first conjecture, indeed, on opening the correspondence, was that we were indebted for it to the consistent Mr. Walsh, who, finding that his former work had made no converts on this side the Atlantic, (with the exception of our northern brethren, to whom the subject endeared it,) had attempted to revive it under a more taking title. A regard to justice, however, compels us to add, that the perusal of a very few pages convinced us that the calumnies are too stupidly outrageous to come from him; and, to say a bold word, we know of no other American that could justify even a guess. Such, however, as the Correspondence is, we must proceed with it. We can smile at the bloated vanity which proclaims a Solon and Lycurgus to be mere simpletons in legislation compared with a Jefferson; and Hannibal a bungler by the side of a General Jackson, whose most glorious achievement, we believe, (before his unparalleled campaign in the Floridas,) was that of the murder of two unarmed Englishmen: nay, we can hear without much impatience, that the American government is the perfection of all human institutions—that justice is cheaply dealt out with such an even hand to high and low that slavery even ceases to be a curse—that a spirit of universal benevolence pervades all classes of society—that poverty is unknown, oppression unfelt, and dishonesty unpractised—but when we are told, 'that the people of the United States are far superior to the English in all intellectual endowments; in the decencies of life; and in their general conduct towards each other and to strangers —that they have not, like us, *disgraced* themselves with an established church, supported by penal laws, the work of statecraft and priestcraft united'—in short, that 'relief from all the evils which the old governments of Europe have inflicted upon the poor and industrious is only to be found in America'—it becomes a duty to rise up and expose the fallacies, in order to check the ruinous consequences which they are but too well calculated to entail upon those credulous people who are liable to be deluded by them.

A single extract from the Letters of the pseudo-Englishwoman will

will be sufficient to show the general feeling by which the writer is influenced towards England. In speaking of the affair of Frenchton, on the river Raisin, a story is told of the massacre of 'a detachment of the choicest sons of Kentucky, by the Indians *under* Colonel Proctor, after a surrender by capitulation on honourable terms,' which concludes thus:—'The British commander marched off his troops, gave his prisoners in charge to the savages, and left them, with the wounded and the dying, to be tomahawked and roasted at the stake.' A more infamous and detestable falsehood than this was never fabricated. Colonel Proctor left no prisoners in the hands of the 'savages'; and every one of those who were captured by the abused and plundered Indians themselves was brought by them to head-quarters, and taken the utmost care of until the whole were given over to their own countrymen. A *detached* body of Indians, indeed, falling in with some of these 'choicest sons of Kentucky,' did, we believe, tomahawk a few of them.—And why? Let the Kentuckyans themselves answer the question: it has, in fact, been answered by one of their own writers, and stands unrefuted to this hour. These 'choice spirits' had seized a party of Indians but a few days before, the greater part of whom they not only *scalped*, according to their common practice, but coolly and deliberately amused themselves *by cutting razor-strops from their backs* while alive!*

The overflowing rancour which uniformly characterises this writer's notice of the English, is exchanged for the most abject sycophancy whenever America is mentioned; the violation of truth and decency is always the same, in both cases. She is not afraid to assert (p. 346) that, 'during the late war, a British deserter was never knowingly employed on board an American ship'! Now there is not a fact on record more notorious than that of the establishment of an organized system at all the American ports for the purpose of inveigling men from our service to man their ships of war. It is known—that this system of seduction was even extended to the crews of boats sent on shore with flags of truce—that the men thus obtained were triumphantly paraded through the streets with bands of music—and that the several collectors of the customs were always at hand to furnish them (for two or three dollars) with 'certificates of citizenship.'

* 'The *Federalist*.' See No. XLI. p. 155. We have every reason to believe, exclusive of the authority of the Federalist, that this infernal fact is true to the letter. Why should it be thought incredible of the *gougers* and *gander-pullers* of Kentucky? We have piles of their own papers before us, and we read in them that public subscriptions are raised in order to bestow rewards for bringing in Indian scalps (provided both ears are on); and it is but a step from a scalp to a razor-strop, both of them, no doubt, considered as trophies equally glorious.

citizenship.' Of the innumerable facts which lie before us, we will trespass on the reader's indulgence for one or two only; and this for the sake of putting beyond question the habitual disregard of truth by this abandoned prostitutor of the name and character of an 'Englishwoman.'

When the Chesapeake was taken by the Shannon, six and thirty of her crew were recognized as British subjects: many of them were tried and convicted as *deserters*, and one was hung at Spithead! When the United States captured the Macedonia, that vessel had a very considerable number of deserters from our service on board her: and the court-martial which tried Captain Carden for the loss of his ship, applauds 'the steady allegiance of the Macedonia's crew, and the attachment to their king and country manifested in resisting' (it is the language of the court-martial which we are using) '*the various and repeated temptations held out to them to seduce them from their duty.*' Thus, too, the officers of the Constitution, after the capture of the Guerriere, tried every art to inveigle the men into their service. 'I was shocked,' (says Captain Dacres, in his address to the court-martial,) 'to find, when taken on board the Constitution, so large a proportion of that ship's company British seamen; many of whom I recognized as *having been foremost* in the attempt to board.' Need we say more?—Yes, one word we will yet add. The American captain, as we have just seen, deliberately put forward the English *deserters*, to destroy their brethren. Captain Dacres, when he went into action, had on board the Guerriere seven Americans, who had served under him for many years. Before a shot was fired, he ordered every one of them to go below, and not, on any account, to fight against their own countrymen! What does the 'Englishwoman' think of this?—but we will close with something more to her liking. Captain David Porter, (the hero of the Marquesas,) who commanded the Essex during the late war, called all hands on deck, one morning, to take the oath of allegiance to the United States. On the name of John Erving being called, he told the captain that, being a British subject, he could not take the oath; upon which 'this boast of the American navy' had him stripped naked, tarred and feathered, rowed ashore in a boat stern-foremost, and turned adrift in that condition.

It is not for the sake of renewing old grievances, or of exasperating new ones, that we repeat these facts; but for that of putting down calumny, and preventing unprincipled scribblers on either side the Atlantic from sacrificing the loyalty and honour of the British character to the basest of passions.

We now return to Mr. T. Harris, whom we left in the midst of

of his raptures at 'the gentleman-like manners of the custom-house officers of New York, and the air of independence' of the people, which, 'by those,' he tells us, 'who are accustomed to, and pleased with, the servility of behaviour apparent in the lower orders of European countries, would be termed impertinence.' We understand pretty well, we believe, what this language means, and are not therefore surprized to find that Mr. Welby, who also landed here, was not quite so much enraptured with it. Upon entering the boarding-house to which he was recommended, and inquiring 'for the landlord, a young woman, who was sweeping the floor, slip-shod, desired him to walk into a room she pointed to, where she said he might *wait for further orders.*' This 'first striking specimen of the effects of freedom without refinement,' as he calls it, was not much weakened in its effect when, on civilly requesting the ostler to call him early next morning, he was told, with that 'air of independence' which is so agreeable to the feelings of Mr. Tell Harris, that he might call himself and be d—d!' The pseudo-Englishwoman, however, has no complaints on this score. She every where procured 'civilities and services' for a 'kind thank-ye,' and this, she says, was all that was expected. Mr. Welby was then out of luck, for he met with nothing but 'a most unconciliating manner of studiously avoiding common civility.' Nor was his predecessor Fearon much more fortunate: he found 'common civility,' in fact, so rare a commodity, that he could not purchase the chance of one of those cheap *thank-ye's*, from a little ragged republican, for less than half a dollar—and went without it after all.* But the unbought grace of civility is not the only distinction of this proud city, it is also pre-eminent for honesty: a girl put down her basket by the side of the pavement to point out the way to the 'Englishwoman,' *and it was not stolen!*—hence New York is incontestably proved to be 'quite as civil as any city in England, and perhaps a little more honest.' It is also the seat, she tells us, of 'cheerful and enthusiastic patriotism:' on this point let us hear Mr. Welby.

'Time alone can wear down their heterogeneous habits into a national character, which many other causes, besides those now enumerated, may at present unite to oppose: the effect is an evident want of energy,

* From Mr. Fearon's avowed hatred of England, he anticipated a cordial reception in America, but he was everywhere disappointed. Such was the want of discernment, however, in this earth-born race of republicans, that they actually appeared to value the poor man as little for his hostility to his own country, as for his devotement to theirs. 'Our heart,' as Antient Pistol says, 'is fracted and corroborate' when we read the pathetic remonstrances which he makes to them on this barbarous injustice. 'Even those,' he says, 'who professed republican principles at home, (a sin which might at least, one should think, be forgiven in the United States,) are *treated with scorn, as outcasts.*'

of

of heart and soul in every thing animating to other nations. I am just returned from witnessing the celebration of the anniversary of their Liberty,—such a festival might well be expected to call forth every spark of enthusiasm; but, even then, not an eye either of spectators or actors glistened with joy or animation, the latter seemed walking to a funeral; the others contemplating the melancholy ceremony! Nothing could dispel the illusion but the gay clothes of the female spectators, to which their countenances in general bore a strong contrast.'—*Welby*, p. 28.

This is not the only amusing specimen of American 'enthusiasm' which Mr. Welby witnessed at New York and elsewhere, particularly at Philadelphia, where he followed a triumphant procession (with insignia and military music) of one-horse carts, loaded with 'a magnificent and splendid exhibition' of carcasses, 'such (says the hand-bill) as were never in one day exhibited for sale in any city in the world!' at which 'not even a smile was to be seen; but all passed by with the quiet and order of business: the spectators seemed to be calculating how much the meat would sell for, or taking in large draughts of conceit upon having the honour to attend the best beef *in the whole world!*' —p. 198.

Our traveller is not quite so much enraptured with the incomparable sweetness and beauty of Philadelphia as the pseudo-Englishwoman or Mr. Tell Harris; but we must hasten from the ugly straggling pollards, the green stinking puddles, and the 'putrifying carcasses of dead dogs' which offended him, and, 'under the influence of a burning sun, fully explained the fevers and agues so prevalent in that city,' to accompany him into the interior.

In proceeding through Lancaster to Chambers-burgh, over wretched and dangerous roads, Mr. Welby had the misfortune to break a buckle of one of the traces; happily (he says) a blacksmith resided near the spot,—but he refused to mend it, 'though night and a thunderstorm were fast approaching.' Tying up the harness therefore as well as he could, he proceeded with his party to a tavern in which they hoped to find shelter; but were repulsed from the door. The thunder was bursting in tremendous peals over their heads, and the rain pouring in torrents, when they reached another of these hospitable buildings erected for the accommodation of travellers! and into this, dreading another repulse, they bolted without asking leave: they found themselves in the tap-room, in the midst of 'ill-looking people, drinking whiskey and smoking.' On expressing a wish to be shown into another room, 'the *brute* landlord, (our traveller in his impatience sometimes loses sight of his politeness,) notwithstanding the

the storm, told us we had better drive on to the next town, if we disliked his accommodations.' They rather chose, however, *in such a night*, to take up with the bugs and fleas, and filth at hand; 'though they were obliged to wash themselves out of doors, as not a person in the house would condescend to bring a little water into their room.' Mr. Welby, who records these petty annoyances, is by no means a person who delights in grumbling, except, perhaps, against his own country; and though he calls these people, in his spleen, *a set of clothed savages*, who have succeeded to the native savages of the soil; yet he talks, not very intelligibly indeed, of a probability that they, in their turn, will give place to a third, of some intellect and refinement; 'themselves driven from their paternal hearths by the insolence of an aristocracy, the intolerance of a state religion, or the craving demands of an extravagant government:'—but whether these abominations, which he has conjured up, are to be of domestic or foreign growth, our wandering Solon has not enabled us to decide.

At Pittsburgh, the 'Birmingham of America,' the 'young Manchester' of the young Columbia, as the pseudo-Englishwoman calls it, he found 'trade on the wane.' 'I met every where,' he says, 'grave, eager, hungry-looking faces, and could perceive as well as hear complaints of a general want of employment.' Mr. Tell Harris informs us, on the other hand, that 'speculation, like magic, raised the various manufactories of glass, iron, lead, and linen, whose chimneys, like so many volcanoes, send forth their darkening volumes, and frequently obscure the town from view.' This emphatic person, we fear, is here indulging in that American figure of speech, which Mr. Morris Birkbeck has named 'anticipation,' but which we thought would more correctly be expressed by the 'future subjunctive.'* We now suspect, however, that when applied to the 'young Manchester,' the tense which best suits it is the preterpluperfect indicative:—the myriads of hammers which thundered on the ear of friend Morris, are no longer heard; the water-wheels have lost their motion; the smoke from the thousand chimneys has ceased to 'obscure the town'—and, with the fire itself, has been consumed and burnt out, in 'anticipation,' probably, of Michael Angelo Taylor's bill for the removal of such nuisances. The simple truth is, and the speculators (most of them Englishmen, we believe) have found it out when too late, that America is not yet in a condition to become a manufacturing nation. The rhapsody about grave senators and representatives of congress weaving their own webs, and wearing clothes of home manufacture, in

* Quarterly Review, Vol. XXI.

which

which the spurious Englishwoman luxuriates, is sheer dotage, and those worthy statesmen whom she holds forth as splendid instances of true patriotism and political economy are, in fact, the dupes of their own prejudices. When they have found leisure to shake off their blind animosity against England, they will discover, (in spite of a thousand such ignorant bawlers on 'political economy') that we can clothe them both in woollens and cottons of their own growth, full fifty per cent. cheaper, and infinitely better, than they can hope to make them at 'Young Manchester' or elsewhere.

On crossing the Ohio into the free state of that name, Mr. Welby made sure (he says) of meeting with something more suited to his taste; but things, on the contrary, appear to get worse as he proceeds; and he now discovers, for the first time, that 'freedom without honesty is not worth a rush.' It was not necessary, we think, to travel quite so far for this maxim, important as it is: now he has learned it, however, we trust he will not fail to inculcate it among the farmers of his neighbourhood. How little was this simple man acquainted with the true character of democracy! Instead of that improvement which he expected, we know not why, in the rustic hospitality and civility of the people, as he removed from the great towns, he found little but 'rogues and rudeness;' and upon one occasion, when his waggon was overturned and he applied to some countrymen passing with another waggon, for assistance, 'the human brutes refused it (he says) without *first* being paid for their trouble.' Mr. Welby should have taken the lady of the 'cheap civilities' into the waggon with him.

At Chillicothe the squire grows facetious, and informs his readers that Watson's hotel should be called *hot-hell*, 'for the beds swarm with bugs, and the thermometer is at 86° in the shade.' He still however consoled himself with the hope that the Illinois and the 'English settlement' would set all right; but while thus indulging in day-dreams, a severe blow was given to the sanguine expectations he was forming of this western paradise, by 'a party on their return from it to New York.' These poor people informed him that they had purchased a large tract of land in the state of Illinois, and settled upon it the preceding summer; 'since which period they had lost eight of their number by dysentery, fever and ague; and the remainder had determined to quit the purchase, and return with the loss of all their time and nearly all their money.'

The impression on our traveller's mind, after traversing the state of Ohio, one of the most flourishing in the United States, was not of the most favourable kind. 'Instead of a garden,' he says,

says, 'I found a wilderness; land speculators have got a considerable part into their baleful clutches, to make their market on the wants of the poor settler.' The roads are worse than if left in a state of nature; for what with the stumps of trees, rocks, loose stones, and deep gullies, the strongest carriages are soon jolted to pieces; in consequence of which, at every two or three miles are perched (and they are the only dwellings) a blacksmith's shop and a tavern; 'if but a nail be wanted, the smith will not open his mouth to the utterance of any thing below a dollar,' and the tavern-keeper 'charges an *elevenpenny bit* for two cents *worth* of whiskey.' The better part of the population, he tells us, pass their days at taverns or boarding-houses in the idle games of shuffleboard and ninepins; 'these slaves to sloth and worshippers of an idle deity of independence, will sit lounging against the wall with arms across, smoking cigars; or you will see the female part, lolling out at their windows, gazing at nothingness.'

In his passage through Kentucky, he met,—for the first time, however, in his travels, with a decent inn, and enjoyed an *elegant* supper at the *Blue-licks*, which, it seems, is become a watering place for invalids. But even here, our squire was a little disturbed at the rude and boisterous manners of a young fellow who sat opposite to him without a coat, and in a dirty shirt; but the idea of a 'rough and tumble,' and the probability of leaving an eye behind him, coming across his mind, he thought it advisable to put up with the vulgarity. We think so too.—'Look, said one of these "rough tumblers" to a Pennsylvania gentleman, look at that fellow, he has not his match in the country: see what a set of teeth he has! a man's thumb would be nothing to them.' And he was told of another who had been so *milled* in a rough and tumble, that a compassionate bystander said to him, 'you have come badly off this time, I guess.' 'Have I,' replied the fellow with a triumphant grin, 'what do you think of this?' holding up an eye which he had just taken out of his pocket!

Matters do not mend with Mr. Welby as he proceeds westerly. He sees little to admire in the agricultural science of the people; and expresses a doubt whether even the Romans themselves had much occasion to boast of their being obliged to make a general of a ploughman. The spurious Englishwoman, on the contrary, is in raptures with the Cincinnati, who, according to her, spring up in America like mushrooms. 'There agriculture assumes all her ancient classic dignity, as when Rome summoned her consuls from the plough.' 'I have seen,' she says, 'those who have raised their voice in the senate of their country, and whose hands have fought her battles, walking beside the team, and minutely directing every operation of husbandry, with the soil upon their garments, and their

their countenances bronzed by the meridian sun.' Beautiful! We have read something not much unlike it of the unfledged agriculturists of Hoffwyl, who, likewise, study philosophy and natural history at the plough-tail! It is true enough, we believe, that generals, colonels, senators, judges, and, for aught we know, divines, may be seen following the plough in America; and it is equally true that these 'high-minded independents' are sometimes condescending enough to accommodate travellers with 'a mouthful of whiskey, for an *elevenpenny-bit*.' But there is nothing new under the sun!

'*Welford.* What room fill you in this house?

Sir Roger. More than one—I am a bachelor of arts, and I inculcate divine service within these walls.

Wel. But the inhabitants of this house do often employ you on errands, without any scruple of conscience?

Sir Rog. Yes; I do take the air many mornings on foot, three or four miles, for eggs. But why move you that?

Wel. To know whether it might become your function to bid my man neglect his horse a little, to attend on me.

Sir Rog. Most properly, sir.'—*Scornful Lady.*

'I asked,' Mr. Welby says, 'a little shabby barefooted boy, who had served me as a guide, if he belonged to a woollen manufactory? 'No,' he replied, 'I go to school; my father's a *squire*.' 'And pray what is a squire? what does he do?' 'Oh, he attends sessions, trials, and hears causes.' 'And what may your father do at other times?' 'He *assists* Mr. —— at the tavern there in the bar.'

But our traveller had a practical proof of the 'classical dignity' of these fighting and philosophical Cincinnati, at a beggarly hamlet in the Indiana territory, called *Hindostan!*—for your true republican, like your *parvenu*, magno cognomine gaudet.

'Here, at a miserable log tavern, kept open (and to all the winds) by a colonel, the entertainment both for man and horse was the worst we had lately met with—the hay it was pretended was too far off to fetch; and a few heads of Indian corn was all we could procure for the horses. For ourselves, after a miserable meal, we found a bed laid in an out-house, which also served for lumber-room and larder. All this travellers must learn cheerfully to bear, but another evil, which too frequently follows, the high charges, it is not so easy to pay with good humour: in this case I ventured, as I had hitherto done with good effect, to reason against one or two of the items in a quiet delicate way fit for the ears of an independent; but here it did not succeed, for my colonel turned upon his heel, saying, if I objected to his charges he would take nothing at all, and away he went. I had a great mind to take him at his word on account of his treatment; but after waiting for his return some time, with my horses at the door, I at length left with the colonel's lady more than sufficient to defray the proper legal charge according to the rate made out by their magistrates,

to which however few of them pay much attention: well, we then drove on, but had not got to the river side before a lad was sent after me with the money, for the Colonel had in fact been hiding to see what I would do, and coming out from his hole to hear what had been left for him, preferred venting his spite even before his money. I now determined to see how this would end, and therefore put the money into my pocket, drove down to the river side, and leaving my name and address at a store there for him, crossed the ford and proceeded. An hour or two after, my gentleman passed me on horseback, pale, "spiteful and wrathful," and we kept a good look out, a little apprehensive of being *rifled at* from behind the trees; so we got the arms out ready; and drove on with circumspection to the town of Washington about eighteen miles from Hindostan. Here he had collected more people than I should have supposed possible in the short time, and had prepared his dramatis personæ, one of whom came immediately to arrest me; with this fellow I went to attend another whom they called a squire, a whisky seller. At this respectable tribunal of the wilderness I stated my case with some difficulty from the noise and opposition, and expecting as much justice as I found, the 'Squire said the bill must be paid without referring to the rates; and as curiosity not resistance was my object, I at length paid it, with about a quarter dollar, no great fee, for his worship. Upon this, the Colonel was so elated with his victory, that, to shew his generosity, he said, he would treat his friends with half a dozen of wine and give the amount of his bill away; being satisfied with "shewing *the Englishman* that he was not to be imposed upon;" and it was in fact this rancour against an Englishman, (not the first time I heard, it had been shewn by him in the present way,) and which indeed is very general, that had actuated him from our arrival at his log palace.'—p. 84—86.

This 'being *rifled at*' is no joke; and the very idea had so powerful an effect on our Lincolnshire Squire, that, in one place, he paid thirteenpence-halfpenny for wiping his boots, and in another, ten dollars (two guineas and a half) for eight horse shoes; and he felicitates himself on his prudence in doing so, having afterwards learned from Mr. Flower, that at the very spot where this last event took place, a few of the inhabitants gaily proposed to make a party, and go and *rifle* neighbour ———; 'they went to the field, found the poor old man at plough, and, with unerring aim, laid him dead on the spot.'—p. 95. No inquiries are made into trifles of this kind here; every man takes the law into his own hands. 'Such,' says our traveller, 'is the state of things in this western paradise!' 'Let no one,' he adds, 'who may already possess the comforts of life, seek fortune, freedom, or bliss, here; for if he does, the chances are great that he will lose them all.' Should he even be lucky enough to make an eligible purchase of land, he is by no means sure of securing it for his own use. There are a set of 'independents' in the United States, known by the name

name of *Squatters*, who are in the habit of *planting* themselves on such spots as take their fancy, without any very particular inquiry as to whom the land may belong; and the legitimate proprietor must be very careful how he reclaims it from these free and easy gentlemen, lest he should be *rifled*.

'An instance of this lately occurred in a distant part of Pennsylvania: a proprietor having heard of several settlers upon his land without purchase or permission, mounted his horse, and journeying to his allotment soon came up to a good log house; a Squatter was at the door, and the owner, by way of entering into conversation with him, observed that he had erected a comfortable dwelling there; to which the other assented.—"But, my friend, I am told that you and several more have built here without any title to the land, and the owner is coming to remove you." The man, who had his rifle in his hand, immediately pointing to a pig at a distance took aim and shot it dead; then turning to the alarmed proprietor told him, that if the owner should ever come to disturb him, he would serve him as he had served that pig.'—(*Welby*, p. 165.

We now return to Mr. Tell Harris, who, in spite of every indication to the contrary, is strongly disposed to find all things as they should be. In this happy country, he says, 'the effects of education and intercourse are every where apparent, in an expansion of intellect, and ease of expression, instead of the coarseness of speech and manners observed in a large proportion of the English population.' We shall see these 'effects' presently as represented by himself; for, happily, all these disgusting reptiles leave a slime behind them by which we can retrace and examine their real qualities. But we may form some estimate of the value of any thing asserted by Mr. Tell Harris, from a previous part of his work: the slaves, he assures us, are treated with the greatest humanity in every part of the United States, and are 'in more comfortable circumstances than the poor peasantry of our own country;' yet in the very same page we have the following account of an auction of these unhappy beings, which he witnessed at Fredericsburgh.

'Persons from different parts of the country were assembled, and various merchandise exposed, as hats, cloths, cutlery, glass, and other wares; a number of negroes, male and female, of different ages, appeared for sale; the auctioneer, descanting on their good qualities, pointed out their several excellencies of form and stature, and then recommended the bystanders to judge for themselves: one little creature, on being handled to ascertain her soundness and strength of muscle, seemed, by her playful attitude and smile, to suppose them playing with her; but in attempting to follow the hand, whose aim she thus mistook, she was roughly forced back by the auctioneer's hammer to the stand, to await the deciding bid.'—p. 49.

And,

And, in the next page—

'I have before mentioned the migratory disposition of the Americans; we are continually passing families, sometimes in large bodies, removing with their furniture and negroes to the Alabama. The condition of these negroes is frequently pitiable: where they have betrayed any intention of running away, they are chained to the waggons; when there is a gang of from twenty to a hundred, the poor creatures are arranged two abreast, secured by a long chain that passes down between them, and in this manner are driven forward; all prospect of escape being cut off, by the loaded rifles on either hand.'—p. 50.

Again,

'The farther I proceed south, the more obvious are the evils of slavery; few places of public resort where are not posted up handbills, describing the persons of runaway negroes, with offers of reward for their apprehension. One of these, under the seals of two magistrates of Newbern, Craven county, after commanding the two described slaves to surrender themselves to their master, directs the sheriff of the said county to use all means for their apprehension; and should the poor wretches not return immediately after publication of the said notice, sentence of outlawry is pronounced, and any person is permitted to destroy them in any way he may think proper.'—p. 57.

These are the 'comfortable situations of the slaves in North America, so much superior to those of the poor peasantry of England!' and yet in witnessing and describing these accumulated miseries inflicted on a helpless and unoffending race of human beings, Mr. Tell Harris has not a sigh to heave or a groan to utter; he sees nothing reprehensible in that state of hopeless slavery and degradation which makes the Negro an outcast of society—nothing in that line of demarcation which is completely drawn between him and all others of his fellow-creatures, even in the punishment of his crimes. The poor Negro is doomed to suffer the last sentence of the law with an horrible aggravation of pain, and frequently expires under the most excruciating torments. Two instances are given by Mr. Welby, one so recently as 1820, in which several Negroes were condemned by 'the most free, the most enlightened, and the most humane people on earth,' to be *burned alive;* and the sentences were carried into effect, without one effort to palliate their rigour.—And yet we are told by the spurious Englishwoman, that 'the virtuous Americans are shocked at the idea of the punishment of death, even in its mildest form,' and she has the audacity to talk, in the same breath, of the 'bloody statutes of England'! This rancorous impostor can whine over the execution of a blood-stained pirate, and vaunt of his ascending the scaffold 'with the majesty of Kemble in Coriolanus!' yet has not a tear to bestow on the inhuman cruelties inflicted, before her eyes, on the Negro race; but, on the contrary,

trary, stands forth the unblushing apologist of the Americans for tolerating Negro slavery. We cordially agree with Mr. Welby, that such scenes as he has described, 'sanctioned by cold blooded sentences from a misnamed bench of justice, prove this new continent to be some centuries behind in civilization.'

The *free Negroes*, Mr. Tell Harris says, are 'a profligate and abandoned' set, 'much upon a level with the *low* Irish.' The 'low Irish' are much obliged to Mr. Tell Harris; but the enlightened people of the Missouri seem to be of the same opinion; their legislature having enacted a law which prohibits *free people of colour* from going into, or residing within the limits of that immaculate State: they have no objection, however, to *slaves* of any colour; and they have them of all shades, down to the clear white; for, incredible as it may appear, white men may be, and are, sold by auction, and even purchased by the blacks, 'so like the *low* Irish'! We state this on the authority of an American paper, now before us. 'WHITE SLAVES.—Two *White Men*, lately convicted of vagrancy in *Christian* County, Kentucky, were *sold* for three months. The bidders were *two blacks* and a white.'

Our readers shall now see what Mr. Tell Harris means by the 'effects of education' and the 'expansion of intellect,' which we noticed above.

'Edgefield court-house has to record some of the most horrid instances of depravity, that have perhaps ever disgraced the human character. Here is nothing to engage attention, at least of a pleasing nature; and the sight of one or two victims to the brutal practice of gouging is sufficiently sickening to stifle the wish for any intercourse with a people capable of, or even winking at, such a practice. The manner of their executing this horrid act is, by one of the parties throwing the other to the ground, when, by dexterously entwining the fore-finger in a lock of hair to give it the effect of a fulcrum, and using the thumb as a lever, the eye is scooped out.'—*Harris*, p. 64.

We will also indulge them with an illustration of 'that elegant turn given to society,' and 'that suavity of manners which are the distinguishing characteristics' of those 'agreeable assemblages' usually met with at an American tavern or boarding house.

'The manners of a tavern company are not engaging, nor would their avocations permit much sociableness were they even so disposed. They consist of doctors, lawyers, merchants, clerks, mechanics, &c. summoned three times in the day, by the tavern bell, sounding twenty minutes preparation for meals; Negroes are stationed at each door of the dining-room, and when the second bell announces that all is ready, they turn the key, and escape as for their lives,—a general rush is made by the hungry company who were eagerly waiting outside, and without ceremony they commence a general attack upon the smoking board. I found it vain to contend for my share with them, and therefore pru-

dently gained admittance privately first: still I found it necessary in some measure to imitate their unceremonious manners. The titles which the landlords of the Globe Inn, where I now am, bear, sound unusual in such a connection to an Englishman, and I find it difficult sometimes to address them without a smile: one of them is *a general of brigade*, and *a member of the legislature;* his partner is *a colonel*, and *sheriff of the district;* their bar-keeper is distinguished as *major;* and the superintendent of the negroes, or head waiter, is a *captain:* so, if it be the prerogative of high rank (as many on your side of the water imagine) to have titled attendants, few have been more honoured than your humble servant.'—(*Harris*, p. 66.)

Thus does this poor driveller, whose intellect is barely sufficient to enable him to play the knave, falsify his own statements at every step of his progress. Notwithstanding, however, that he has not the sense to conceal the malignity of his feelings or the mischief of his intention, in venting his vulgar and impotent abuse against all that is high and holy in his own country, it may still be worth while, as the truth will occasionally peep out, to follow him to the swamps of the Wabash, where he arrives by a somewhat different route from that pursued by Mr. Welby.

He has little to say, till he gets to Washington, where his ideas of American patriotism and republican simplicity are somewhat shocked, on learning that the Capitol was built of blocks of marble imported from Italy, and supplied with furniture from France; a piece of coxcombry which he does not seem to have expected on the part of those 'sages who compose the most enlightened government on earth.' In passing through Virginia, some Negro plunderers 'remind him, for the first time, of the dangers of travelling in England'—from Tythe-barn Street, we presume, to Salt-house Dock. At Petersburgh, every thing was as it should be; the women all elegant and blooming, the men all dressed alike, and in such a manner 'as becomes true democrats.' Mr. Welby tells a different story of this place; here, *he* says, 'the tailor, hatter, boot-maker, give to our modern republican his rank; and the cut of his habiliments defines the circle in which he moves, and in which he must continue to move.'—We have no doubt that Mr. Welby is right: there is, in fact, as 'unbending an aristocracy' in America, as in the most formal courts of Europe.

The farther Mr. Tell Harris proceeds to the westward and southward, the more difficult he finds it (even with the help of some desperate fibbing) to make out a tolerable case for those who may be disposed 'to fly from the oppression of an overbearing aristocracy.' In addition to the misery of travelling in an old carriage, 'with springs of hickory-wood, and horses fitter for the currier than for harness,' he meets with rattle-snakes, and alligators, and dead carcasses, and putrid smells; butcher's meat not

not fit for any creature but a dog; cows that give only a quart of milk a day, and, worst of all, with dreadful agues and fevers which carry off a great part of the population. In the midst of these growing miseries, however, he tries to comfort himself with reflecting, that the sallow and sickly looks of the inhabitants are *not worse* than those of 'the half-starved cotton-weavers in Manchester, and the neighbouring manufacturing towns.'—p. 68. But Mr. Tell Harris shall tell his own story here, too; and then let our readers determine of the justice of his comparison between 'Manchester and the neighbouring towns,' and the country in which he is now travelling.

'The aspect of the country from Fayetteville southward, does not improve; and the wan languid countenances of the inhabitants is a distressing evidence of the manner in which disease has sported with its victims; scarcely a house that I entered between Cape Fear river and the Great Pedee, a distance of about seventy miles, but one, two, or three, of its inmates had sunk beneath the pestilential blast, leaving the remainder so debilitated as to resemble moving spectres more than human beings. The chief of the journey lay through what is called the Pine Barrens; being large tracts of sand, producing pitch pines, with little or no undergrowth; nearer the rivers, some variety is met with, as the oak and cypress; and in these swampy situations the constant humidity produces a moss that gradually covers and destroys the tree; this is gathered, cleaned, and sent to the northern states, where it is used as a substitute for horse-hair in mattresses, chairs, &c. The dismal appearance of these swamps, whose trees seem to be thus mantled with the emblems of death; the dark sluggish streams tinged by decayed roots, and ruffled only by the alligator and the frog; together with the stillness that prevails; lead my recollections to the descriptions of the fabled Styx and Lethe.

'The condition in which I found the family of an innkeeper, a few miles from the Pedee, will give you some notion of the devastations of the fever in this part of the continent. He had advertised his house with all its conveniencies, for travellers, about a fortnight before; having passed a number of houses, where unfortunate strangers had shared the fate of others, and been carried out unheeded and unknown, we came to this man's,—but not to witness the usual activity of an inn; on our knocking, and then opening the door, a faint voice was heard from a bed near the fire, requesting us to give him a little water: here lay the poor man, with his remaining child, having lost in that short time his wife, two sons, and one daughter.'—(p. 60.)

Would it be believed that amidst these agonizing scenes, this callous-hearted radical (for he is one of that pernicious set) meets with numbers of his fellow countrymen in distress, (seduced from their hearths and homes by the flattering reports of wretches like himself,) actually soliciting aid to support a miserable existence, and to enable them to retrace their steps; and that he insults their

distresses by a brutal remark that 'they deserve no commiseration, unless it be for their ignorance and misery, which reduce them far below the negro slave in the scale of reason!' We only laugh at the driveller when he raves about the 'moral, physical, and intellectual strength of the American population, while that of Europe 'is continually exposed to the machinations and caprices of a few despots, who live but for themselves, and look upon the mass of people over whom they rule, as brutes created for their pleasure;' but we confess that our indignation is roused, when we hear these unfortunate victims of artifice and lies stigmatized as 'brutes,' because they desire to return from this land of deceitful promise to the abode of their fathers, and 'to the country where a portion of the population arrogate to themselves the distinctive title of *higher orders*.' Nothing indeed appears to give this man more uneasiness than the dread he is perpetually under of meeting any thing that wears the semblance of aristocracy; on one occasion he is almost thrown into a fever by observing at a tavern in the Indiana country 'two very elegant and accomplished females,' sitting near the head of the table, while a hatter and a carpenter were shoved down towards the lower end; but he derived (as he tells his correspondent, who is every way worthy of him) some consolation from thinking that 'the line of life' of the former was known only by his blue hands, and of the latter 'by the appearance of a square and saw peeping out of the pocket of a handsome blue coat.'

In the midst of this 'Paradise of fools,' near the banks of the Ohio, a Lancashire farmer was accosted by some of Harris's party, with 'You are travelling, stranger, I guess?' 'Whoy aye,' was the answer. 'I'ne bought a bit o' lond like, dane th' river—a terrible thick wooded kuntry this, for sure; I dunnert know ha ever th' owd woman 'll stond it.' We suppose she'll 'stond it' like another 'owd woman,' from the same county, who, with her husband, had settled near Duck Creek. This good woman, it seems, was 'an instance, among multitudes, of discontent with present circumstances;' 'she had no market, she said, to go to now with a basket of butter and eggs on her arm, and with the results of their sale, to call at the draper's and grocer's.' But, says our Lancashire traveller, 'her husband checks her with, Whoi, Margett, I dunnot know what you would hev; we'en no rent to pay, no toithe; and as for th' tax, we'en no raison for t' spaik.' No, no, Mr. Harris, you do not here *tell* the whole truth. It was not merely the want of a market, though that is something, which made the poor woman dissatisfied with her condition. Is the grief and anxiety of mind nothing, we would ask this heartless democrat, at the moment of separation from one's native country and connections? is it nothing to take leave for ever of the friends and companions

companions of one's youthful days, and to bid a lasting adieu to all those scenes accompanied with so many delightful associations and recollections?—and for what? To replunge into that state of savage life from which we happily escaped so many centuries ago;—to forego all the comforts and all the blessings of civilization; to be set down for life in the midst of a lonely and pestilential wilderness, surrounded with disease and death;—to be devoured by fleas, and bugs, and mosquitoes within doors, and to live in the constant dread of snakes, scorpions, and scolopendras without;—to meet the face of strangers only;—to linger out days and weeks and years without friends, without society, without the enjoyment of a single comfort;—to listen in vain, every Sabbath morning, for 'the sound of the church-going bell,' and, what is not the least of evils, to be deprived of those consolations in affliction and in the hour of death, which the due attendance on divine worship, and the conversations of a religious life never fail to afford—these, surely, are something; but even these are not all: there are other distresses and disappointments constantly preying on the mind, which, though unknown and unfelt by such avowed infidels as the 'Englishwoman,' and the writer before us, are constantly haunting the imagination, and filling the pious recollections of the poor emigrants.—'America (says Mr. Welby) is not yet their home: they talk little of it, but much of Europe.'

We have now brought our two travellers to a spot in the western territories of North America which has been raised into some notoriety by the characters of the persons who first established themselves in it,—'the swamps of the Wabash;' or, as Messrs. Birkbeck and Flower are pleased to call it, the 'English settlements of Albion and Wanborough,' in the 'Prairies of the Illinois.' Of this western paradise, Mr. Tell Harris says very little, but that little from such a person speaks volumes. An examination of these settlements was the great object of his inquiries; to accomplish this he travels several thousand miles at a considerable expense, and at no little inconvenience; and having reached the blissful spot, he dispatches all he has to say upon it in a single page! All we learn from him on the subject is, that Mr. Flower derived his 'supplies of grain, flour and vegetables from Harmony,' and that 'Mr. Birkbeck was busily employed in making brick, to replace his present log buildings.' Mr. Welby, however, makes some amends for his silence. This plain country gentleman has nothing to conceal; he is wofully disappointed, but he tells the truth. A tedious passage through 'wood, bog, gully, and stump,' through 'long grass and brushwood,' brought him to this far-famed 'settlement.' The log-house tavern, at which he alighted, was not calculated to raise his ideas; it had no stable, and what

was

was worse, not a drop of water even to moisten the Indian corn for the horses. Mr. Morris Birkbeck, (the very Axylus of the new world,) who had plenty, refused to let him have as much the next morning as would serve for breakfast—'he made it, forsooth, a general rule to refuse every application.' Mr. Flower, however, was more civil, and supplied him from a well which he had recently dug. 'The people,' says Mr. Flower in his Letters, 'like the Israelites, murmured at us, the town proprietors, as much as ever that stiff-necked people did at Moses. I had no rock to strike, or power to raise water by miracle of any kind, and therefore applied industry and perseverance to make up this deficiency, and offered to supply them with fine spring water at a *quarter dollar per barrel.*' To cross the Atlantic, and the Alleghany mountains, for the sake of purchasing water at the rate of thirteenpence halfpenny the barrel for half the year, and being drowned by inundations the other half, does not appear to us, the most agreeable mode of laying out time and fortune, to say nothing of the wisdom of it:—but to return to Mr. Welby.

'The landlord did all that lay in his power, but our own fare proved little better than that of our horses, which spoke volumes on the state of the settlement; some very rancid butter, a little sour bread, and some slices of lean fried beef, which it was vain to expect the teeth could penetrate, washed down by bad coffee sweetened with wild honey, formed our repast. We asked for eggs,—milk,—sugar,—salt; the answer to all was "We have none." The cows had strayed away for some days in search of water, of which the people could not obtain sufficient for their own ordinary drink; there being none for cattle, or to wash themselves, or clothes. After making such a meal as we could, and having spread our own sheets, I laid down, *armed at all points*, that is, with gloves and stockings on, and a long rough flannel dressing gown, and thus defended, slept pretty well.'—(p. 111.)

The 'town' of Albion, as it is proudly called, consisted of a few huts scattered here and there in the woods. We here, Mr. Welby says,—

'Visited a wheelwright; one of the many who had been induced by Mr. Birkbeck to emigrate soon after he himself left England:—The man's story is shortly this: he and his brother sailed for America; and were induced by Mr. Birkbeck's "Notes" to leave the eastern parts where good employment was offered to them, and to repair to the Prairies. On arriving, he found none of the cottages ready for the reception of emigrants, which *his reading* had led him to expect, nor any comforts whatever. He was hired, however, by Mr. Birkbeck, and got a log hut erected; but for six months the food left for his subsistence was only some *reasty* bacon and Indian corn, with water, a considerable part of the time completely muddy; while Mr. Birkbeck himself, at Princetown and elsewhere, did not, as he might have done, send him any relief.'—(*Welby*, pp. 112, 113.

And

And this is the mode in which Mr. Morris Birkbeck gets his work done! Thus is his well sunk, and his mill built! and thus is his house erected! 'I can get,' says this poor victim of Birkbeck's knavery, 'I can get *plenty of work*, but I am doubtful of any pay'!

Our Lincolnshire squire is justly indignant with this and several similar instances of bad treatment by friend Morris, and leaves him 'to settle with his *conscience* the bringing people out thus far by his misrepresentations to hopeless banishment; for (he adds) return they cannot, though they would be glad so to do.' Mr. Welby may make himself very easy with respect to this person's 'conscience,'

> ——————————— 'twenty consciences
> That stand 'twixt him and lucre, candied be they
> And melt ere they molest!'

Mr. Birkbeck, in fact, hunted through every shape, will always be found to settle at last in that of the hard-hearted, selfish, greedy, avaricious and unprincipled land-jobber. Our traveller's concluding remark is strictly just; and this it is which fills us with melancholy. There are thousands of our poor countrymen who have been seduced from their homes by these artificers of fraud, and have embarked their little all in their journey to these gloomy wilds, that are at this moment pining in despair, and hastening to a strange grave with broken hearts. They cannot return, and the land of their birth will know them no more. Happily their sufferings are not greatly protracted, for the climate is not congenial to their constitutions, and they perish 'before the moth.'

It would seem, however, that friend Morris is not altogether free from the danger of a reprisal from those he has deluded, and that the 'diseased, anxious looks, the despair and discontent, depicted in so many faces around him,' have that in them which it may be wisdom to dread.

'Our tavern-keeper, who was a very respectable farmer, left a good farm near Baldock in Hertfordshire, guided by Mr. Birkbeck's book, to find health, wealth, and freedom at Boulton-house Prairie: of the two first both himself and family were quickly getting rid, while they were absolutely working each day like horses, without one comfort left.—"How came you," said I, "to leave so good a farm as you had in England?" His answer was, "Mr. Birkbeck's book."—"You would be glad now to return?" added I. "Sir," said he, "we must not think that way; we have buried our property in getting here, and must here remain!" Such facts as these are worth a thousand flattering theories on the other side; and another may be here added,—perhaps a salutary caution to Mr. B. if this should be the first intimation—that the angry feelings of the poor people who had been entrapped by the deceptious colouring of his writings,

writings, flashed out in true English threats of tossing him in a blanket!' —(*Welby*, pp. 113, 114.)

Mr. Welby was determined not to leave this Eden without paying a visit to the founder of the colony, and for this purpose crossed the prairie; he looked around, but looked in vain, for those numerous snug cottages, with their adjoining piggeries, their cow-steads, gardens and orchards, which make so picturesque an appearance in the 'Letters from the Illinois,' or for those indications of ease, 'where the limbs of the poor emigrant find repose, and solace.' Little else met his eye than the humble primitive log-house, consisting, as he was told, of two rooms. A new house was erecting and one room in it was furnished, into which he was shown. On the entrance of the patriarch, our Lincolnshire squire very naturally endeavoured to turn the conversation to agricultural topics, by inquiring after the state of his corn crops, the success that clover and other seeds had met with here; but all in vain—he could not elicit a syllable from him on the subject.

'This was strange, but not so particularly unaccountable as at the time I thought it; for I afterwards learned he had not sown either one or the other, although he ventures to put forth this year in one of the American newspapers, what in charity we will suppose a day-dream—a pleasing mental deception, in the form of a letter, in which he expresses himself thus: (I quote from memory, having mislaid the journal)—"We have now about as many acres of corn sown as there are settlers, that is seven hundred.'

'Now, from the best inquiries I could make, there was not then two hundred and fifty acres sown in the whole settlement, and on Mr. Birkbeck's own ground not a rood! Therefore, it may be truly said, that the colony was still for its existence depending for bread upon the exertions of those who, from a distance of many miles, bought and brought corn and flour for the market.'—p. 118.

After this it is pleasant to turn to friend Morris, who, in one of his last 'Letters from the Illinois,' (as recent as May, 1821,) writes as follows:—

'The accuracy of my statements becomes daily more evident, and my errors are found to be on the opposite side to *exaggeration*; a style which I dislike: it is offensive to my taste, as well as my *moral* feelings. Is not a written lie to the full as abominable as one that is spoken?'—(p. 53.)

Undoubtedly.—But have we not heard all this before? Is it honestly come by? 'To speak the truth is my highest ambition.' 'All my statements have been verified to the letter.' 'Mind! it is I who have been right throughout, who tell you this.' Leaving the two worthies to settle the right of property in these notable professions, we proceed with our traveller.

Mr.

Mr. Birkbeck, as we have said, is the most notorious land-jobber on the other side of the Alleghany. Notwithstanding, however, the activity of his agents, ('jackals' the squire calls them,) who prowl about, in every direction, to discover and bring in purchasers, he has still thirty thousand acres on his hands. The 'Settlement,' it appears, had acquired so bad a name on account of the lawless and licentious manners of its inhabitants, as to make speculators shy of it; and he found, to his amazement, that his public derision and scoffing at all religion, even among the Americans, had operated to his disadvantage. 'When I was at Philadelphia,' says Flower, 'a lady of the society of *friends* addressed me most emphatically on the subject: "Wilt thou, friend Flower, take thy family to that infidel and wicked settlement in Illinois? How wilt thou answer to thy God for endangering the precious souls of thy dear children?"' Mr. Flower treated it lightly, but admits that he found it to be what the fair Quaker had described it, 'an infidel and wicked settlement.' 'When I arrived at Albion,' he says, 'a more disorganized, demoralized state of society never existed. The English played at cricket, the Backwoodsmen shot at marks, and the Sunday revels ended in riot and fighting.' Much to the credit, we hope, of his piety, certainly of his prudence, he induced a few of the better sort 'to meet and read the Scriptures, and offer prayer, in a poor contemptible log-house.' The good effect was very soon visible, so that 'many people here,' adds Mr. Flower, 'openly express their gratitude to me as the saviour of the place, which, they say, must have dispersed if I had not arrived.'

This speaks very little in favour of Mr. Birkbeck; and though we are in no great love with the 'reformed Unitarian liturgy,' (which is that used by Mr. Flower,) yet any form of religion which instructs man to worship his Creator with a devout, humble, and thankful heart, links together more closely the bonds of society, which infidelity and licentiousness have a direct tendency to dissolve. It is somewhat singular that friend Morris should not have the sagacity to foresee this. Now, however, either from a spirit of opposition to Mr. Flower, (for these two friends and fellow travellers are no longer one,) or from the discovery which we noticed above—Mr. Flower announces a piece of intelligence which he tells his correspondent 'WILL SURPRISE HIM.' 'Mr. Birkbeck has opened a place of worship at Wanborough; he officiates himself, and reads the *Church of England service*, so that Wanborough is the seat of *orthodoxy*.' Why Mr. Flower should say this we know not: it may surprise the unfortunate victims of this unprincipled man, who cannot yet have forgotten the following passage in one of his letters, in which, after ridiculing the

the idea of attachment to his country, he adds—'What is country? The soil?—Of this I was only a tenant. The government?—I abhorred its principles. The church?—*I did not believe its doctrines*, and had no reverence for the clergy:' but it could neither 'surprise' him nor his correspondent, who must have well known, that he acknowledged no God but *interest*, no worship but that of *self*; and that if these two objects were secured, it was a matter of perfect indifference to Mr. Morris Birkbeck whether he officiated as an 'orthodox divine,' or as an Imaun, Bonze, Lama, Fetish-man, or Mumbo-Jumbo. His fixing upon orthodoxy, however, has evidently nettled Mr. Flower, who adds, with a sneer, 'our *place* stands, as a matter of course, with him, in the ranks of *heresy*.' It would be well for Mr. Flower if heresy were the worst charge that could be laid to his *place*, but, unfortunately, it stands also in the ranks of presumption and uncharitableness. The brother of this man, who lingers in England, and who would be wicked if he had sense equal to his malignity, had represented, it seems, the death of a nephew, (Flower's son,) who resided with him, as 'a judgment for neglecting the advice of Cobbett!' The father takes fire at this 'impious' mode of accounting for this 'affecting visitation.' 'We see,' he says, 'or think we see, most plainly the phial of God's wrath pouring forth on guilty nations; and England, notwithstanding its pulpit flatterers, in the church and out of the church, is tasting of that wrath.' What with the 'orthodoxy' of the Reverend Morris Birkbeck, and the Christian charity of the meek Mr. Flower, it must be confessed that the spiritual concerns of the Wabash are in excellent hands.

There is a strange inconsistency in Mr. Flower's 'Letters.' In one of them he disclaims ever having held out any encouragement for emigrants to settle in the Illinois; in the very next, in order to induce them to flock to this 'land of Cocaigne,'* he condescends to

* We have some reason to think, that the tide of emigration to the United States has slackened of late, and that Canada, the Cape of Good Hope, New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land, are considered, as they unquestionably deserve to be, far more eligible for British settlers. By an act of Congress passed in the year 1819, the master of every ship arriving in any of the ports of America is compelled to deliver in a list of the age, sex and occupation of each passenger. An abstract from these lists appears in the 'National Calendar' for 1821, containing those from foreign countries, (chiefly Great Britain, Ireland, France and Germany), who arrived in the United States from September 1819 to September 1820. They consist as under.

1st, Useful productive class - -	1987
2d, Useful unproductive class - -	1730
3d, Ornamental and amusing unproductive class	148
4th, Women and children - -	3136
making a total of -	7001

In

to state what is palpably untrue; he says, for instance, that the capital (capital!) of the English settlement has a store (a huckster's shop) which supplies the people cheaply with all manner of luxuries; that bottled porter may be drank at the tavern in Albion,* as cheap as in London; that indeed every thing is so cheap here, that £100 a year would be affluence'—yet in the same breath we are told that 'females earn from six to eight dollars a week by their needles!'—how cheap must be the produce of *their* labour! We should be glad to know what Mr. Flower pays for those women whom 'his wife hires *by the hour*, because no servants are to be had;' or what possible advantage can be derived from high wages if the prices of every article of consumption are proportionably high? But there is a studied fallacy which runs through all the writings of these people. Mr. Flower, who talks of *dollars* as the children of El Dorado do of their diamond quoits, and who would be thought to fling them as carelessly about, knows that he could not, for his life, find a handful of them in the two 'townships' of the Wabash. The fact is, that specie is of the most rare occurrence in all the new settlements. The labourer, whatever number of dollars he may earn, receives *no* money, but an order for a specific article of food or clothing. In this there is no great evil, perhaps; but, at least, it should have been noticed. And the fact is, as Mr. Welby has stated it, 'that

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In the first class we find 806 farmers, 289 labourers, 114 carpenters, 33 coopers, 82 shoemakers, 55 tailors and 61 weavers. In the second 938 merchants, 350 mariners, 87 servants, 33 physicians, 76 clerks, 18 clergymen; and in the third class, 87 gentlemen, 49 ladies, 1 dancing-master, 1 rope-dancer and 1 showman.

In these it is observed that the merchants are mostly Americans; and when it is considered that in the number above-mentioned are contained persons from all the countries in Europe, and that the British in particular make New York the way to Canada, we have no doubt but emigration from this country to the United States, as before observed, is on the wane.

But we had another object in giving this document. If the reader will have the goodness to turn to No. LI. p. 158, he will find the Achillean argument with which Mr. Godwin demolishes, in idea, the system of Malthus, to be—that the population of the United States is not increased by propagation, but by immigration; which he states at 43,000 persons annually *from England alone:* taking credit for the moderation of his numbers, since Cobbett, whom he judiciously quotes, avers 'that within the last twelve months, 150,000 have landed from England to settle here:' a fact which is placed beyond all question, by the equally creditable averment of a Mr. Nile, that the British land on the shore of North America at the rate of about 3000 a week! It happens that the year fixed upon by Mr. Godwin, and his two respectable authorities, (1819,) is the one also adopted in the list presented to Congress:—and what is the real fact? Simply this, that instead of 43,000 immigrants from *England alone*, according to Mr. Godwin's statement, (for the others are beneath notice,) not more than seven thousand landed in the United States *from all parts of the world!*—that of these a very considerable number were natives of the country, and that no small part of the British merely put into the American ports in their way to our colonies.

* We intreat the reader to turn back to p. 91, he will there find a pretty full account of this 'tavern' and its keeper, and be enabled to judge for himself of the credit due to Mr. Flower.

terprizing spirit, for a general habit of industry, and a full share of shrewdness and intelligence; but we cannot discover that they have stepped a jot beyond the mark which, with the advantages they possessed, they ought, in fairness, to have reached, and which might have been justly expected from the descendants of a great, a virtuous, and a magnanimous people. It is their chief happiness (and let it be their chief pride) that in establishing their independence they had the fortitude to follow the British institutions, with the sole exception of the monarchical part of its constitution, which the wisest among them have ever since deeply deplored. Their legislative assemblies—their laws—their courts of justice, their acts of parliament to the very letter and form of expression—their language and literature, their weights and measures are all English—in a word, most of the good which they enjoy (and long may they enjoy it!) they derived from England; the bad is mostly their own.

None but the servile flatterer, or the sour and discontented sectary, in whose bosoms no spark of genuine patriotism ever glowed, would think of placing the people of the United States in competition with those of England. Every fact stated by these persons belies their panegyric, and proves—what they have not the honesty to confess—that in vain should we look for the arts, the elegances, the refinements, and general intelligence of this country among so heterogeneous a population as that of the United States, where, with the exception of a few cities and towns on the shores of the Atlantic, the inhabitants of which are mostly engaged in trade, a great part of the population is perpetually on the wing, confined to no fixed home, and changing their occupations with their places of abode. Among a people thus circumstanced, the refinements of intellectual and polished society are not to be found or expected; and whether they ever will exist under the present form of government, is a point on which our opinion is not called for; we are only endeavouring to expose the statements of those who publish them only to delude; but we have very little hesitation in repeating a conviction we have long felt, that as population becomes more dense in the Western States, the present republican form of government will be found inadequate, and that Old and New America will necessarily become at least two, if not more, distinct and rival nations; the result of which would, in all probability, be advantageous to both or all of them.

Meanwhile, England can well afford to part with her Fearons, her Flowers, and her Birkbecks. She continues, in spite of them, to make a steady progress in the general intelligence of all ranks of society, in the amount of her population, and with it, in the means

means of subsistence; peace, with her concomitant blessings, continues to spread her benign influence over the land, and all we want, as we have often observed, is thankfulness. Let it be recollected that, with all our drawbacks, (and many such there unquestionably are,) there is no country in the world where the mass of the people are so well fed, clothed and lodged, as in England; where life and property are so well protected and secured, and where real and rational liberty, the Englishman's birthright, is so fully and so effectually enjoyed.

ART. IV.—*A Geographical, Historical, and Topographical Description of Van Diemen's Land, with important Hints to Emigrants, and useful Information respecting the Application for Grants of Land, &c. &c.* By George William Evans, Surveyor General of the Colony. London. 1822.

WE turn with pleasure from 'the swamps and prairies' of the preceding pages, to a part of the globe, where, it is to be hoped, a better race from the same parent stock is about to spring up, than that of the 'back woodsmen' of North America. The fertile and beautiful island to which we allude, and which is here described, though very imperfectly, by the 'Surveyor General,' has already so far outrun the most sanguine expectations that could have been entertained on its first settlement, as to have nearly doubled its population and produce since the date of our former Article on the subject.*. To the farmer and the small landholder, who, from the exaction of high war rents, the depression of agricultural produce, improvident speculation, or any other cause, may incline to emigrate from the land of their fathers, —to the artificer, and indeed to all who can command a little capital and a good stock of labour, it will be found a land flowing with milk and honey. Free from those pestilential vapours that hover over the thick savannas of the American wilds, they will here have nothing to dread from fevers and agues, from venemous reptiles and insects, which make life one endless torment: they will have no woods to clear away before the ploughshare can turn up the ground; and nothing to apprehend from drought at one season of the year, and inundation at another, for the rains fall in due season, and the rivers, however swollen, keep within their banks. That these advantages are duly appreciated, we collect from the notice which has been promulgated by the Colonial Office, requiring a capital of not less than £500 as an indispensable qualification for permission to settle either in this, or in the

* i. e. in two years. See Quart. Rev. Vol. XXIII. p. 73.

parent colony of New South Wales. Whether this restriction be politic or not, it is not our province to inquire; but the conclusion to be drawn from it is, that the government no longer considers these establishments as the mere resort of felons. With the removal of such a stigma, however ideal, the reluctance hitherto felt by many, ceases; and the consequence has been an influx of a better description of people as settlers in both of them. This is clearly manifested by the notices which appear in every Newspaper, of ships clearing out, particularly for Van Diemen's Land, with respectable passengers. In fact, there is already established a society of individuals in that island, whose characters and situations in life will, in some degree, compensate for the loss of those connections which are left behind.

To the name of *Van Diemen's Land*, however, we strenuously object, as one to which it has a very slender title, either in justice or propriety; and which therefore we confidently trust will not, perpetually, be entailed upon it. Though we do not attach quite as much importance to names as Mr. Shandy, we nevertheless think that they are not wholly to be disregarded. As well might the land of Endraght, the land of Edel, De Witt's Land and Nuyt's Land, each of them small portions of New South Wales, confer their respective names on that whole, of which they form but insignificant points, as that of Van Diemen usurp the island of which we are speaking.

A very few words will be sufficient to convince our readers that no injustice would be done either to the memory of Tasman or Van Diemen, by a change in the name of the island. In 1642, Tasman discovered the south-western extremity of that land which he considered to be a part of what was then called the *Great South Land*, or *New Holland*. It never once entered into his imagination that what he had seen was a distinct island, separated from that *Land* by a strait of 100 miles in width. He could not venture to approach it, on account of the badness of the weather, and therefore stood out to sea; but he gave to the head-land, thus seen from a distance, the name of 'Antony Van Diemen's Land,' in honour of the Governor General of Batavia, 'our master, (he says,) who sent us out to make discoveries.' That name we would still retain for this point of land first seen by him, (beyond which it was, in fact, never meant to be extended,) and designate it on the charts as Van Diemen's promontory. Ten days after this, during which he never came in sight of land, he fell in with the eastern side of the island, and anchored in a bay, which he named Fredrick Henrick. While here, he did not even land; but his carpenter swam through the surf 'with the Prince's flag and a post, to set up as a memorial to the posterity of the inhabitants of *this country*.'

country.' Not a word further is mentioned of *Van Diemen's Land;* nor did he, after leaving this bay, see any more of it.

Our pretensions to the discovery of this island stand upon a very superior footing. Furneaux and Cook anchored in Adventure Bay, and the latter had communication with the natives. They both coasted along the eastern shore to the entrance of Bass's Strait; without suspecting however that it was a separate island. Subsequent to this, Bligh put into Adventure Bay, and planted many trees and useful seeds. Captain Cox wooded and watered in Oyster Bay; and in 1794, Captain Hayes, of the Bombay Marine, sailed up the river falling into Storm Bay, discovered by Dentrecasteaux, and named North river, but which Hayes called the Derwent. It was not known even then that this land was an island; that discovery was reserved for Mr. Bass, a surgeon in the navy, whose name the Strait deservedly bears. This enterprizing gentleman traced not less than 600 miles of sea-coast in a small decked whale-boat; after which, embarking with Captain Flinders, they discovered Port Dalrymple on the northern coast; then proceeding westerly, circumnavigated and partially surveyed the coasts of the whole island, which was immediately afterwards colonized from New South Wales and Norfolk island.

On all these accounts, then, a name less objectionable than that of Van Diemen, ought to be conferred on this island;—one more appropriate to the state to which it undoubtedly belongs; more suitable to its beautiful and varied surface, and its pleasant and healthful climate.—Comparing it with the mother country, to which it has many points of resemblance, we should say that South Britain, or Little England, would be a proper and significant name. Divided into two portions by its two principal rivers, rising nearly at the same place, on the same elevated level, and running in opposite directions like the Thames and the Severn, South Britain might probably be considered as most appropriate; and it is one that does not clash with any established nomenclature in the best charts and works of geography.

Among the many advantages which the settlers of this southern Britain possess over those of the western territories of North America, it is not the least to be free from the tomahawk and the scalping-knife, and from all collision with the rightful proprietors of the soil; and, above all, from the intrusion of those freebooters (of *rifle* celebrity) mentioned in our preceding article by the name of *squatters.* The Australasians had indeed their *bush-rangers* for a time, who stole their sheep and butchered their cattle; but by the care of an active magistracy and a vigilant police, the last of these marauders has, we believe, been extirpated. With regard to the Aborigines, it is difficult to say in what part of

one has been called the Tamar, and the southern the Derwent; and the northern half of the island watered by the former is distinguished by the name of Cornwall, while the southern half takes that of Buckingham. The Tamar is formed of the North Esk, the South Esk, and the Elizabeth rivers, flowing from the eastward, the Macquarie from the northern source, the Lake river, the Western river, and some minor branches from the westward. The Derwent receives the Jordan from the northernmost sources, the Shannon, Fat Doe, and other rivers from the westward. At the mouth of the Tamar in Bass's Strait is Port Dalrymple, forming an excellent harbour for ships of the largest size, on the eastern side of which is George Town. It extends upwards of forty miles, and is navigable for fifteen or twenty miles by vessels of a hundred tons and upwards. At the mouth of the Derwent is Bruny Island, to the east and north-east of which is the Adventure Bay of Cook, Storm Bay, and North Bay, and to the westward Dentrecasteaux's Channel, one of the most beautiful and magnificent harbours in the world; of this the Derwent itself is a continuation, navigable by the largest ships for at least forty-eight miles.

'D'Entrecasteaux's Channel, (says Mr. Wentworth) from Point Collins up to Hobart Town, a distance, following the course of the water, of thirty-seven miles, is one continued harbour, varying in breadth from eight to two miles, and in depth from thirty to four fathoms. The river Derwent itself has three fathoms of water for eleven miles above the town, and is consequently navigable thus far for vessels of the largest burden. Reckoning therefore from Point Collins, there is a line of harbour in d'Entrecasteaux's Channel and the Derwent together, of forty-eight miles, completely land-locked, and affording the best anchorage the whole way.'—p. 48.

On the right of the western bank of the Derwent, at the head of a fine cove, stands Hobart Town, which may be considered as the capital of the island. Among the numerous fish which abound in the Derwent, the black whales frequently come up as high as the town.

'The scenery (says Mr. Evans) along the whole course of this river is extremely beautiful, and in some places highly romantic and picturesque. Lofty perpendicular rocks; rich groves of evergreens; luxuriant meadows and pasture lands; with numerous neat farms in a respectable state of cultivation,—all tend to diversify the prospect along its banks. Ships of any size may find good anchorage in every part, from its southern entrance to twelve miles above Hobart Town. Indeed, whatever is connected with the Derwent seems to offer ample rewards to settlers in the parts which have not as yet been occupied.—p. 37.

Parallel to the Derwent and to the eastward is the Coal River, which

which falls into the North Bay. On each side of this river the country is equally fertile and beautiful; this indeed is the general character of the island, which is thus described by Mr. Evans:

'The surface of Van Diemen's Land is richly variegated and diversified by ranges of moderate hills and broad valleys, presenting the most agreeable scenes, and replete with whatever a rich soil and fine climate can produce. The hills, the ridges of which form irregular circles, are for the greater part wooded; and from their summits are to be seen levels of good pasture land, thinly interspersed with trees, the grass growing most luxuriantly. These beautiful plains are generally of the extent of eight or ten thousand acres; and this description is to be considered as common to the whole of the island.'—p. 27.

It is remarkable that the southern extremity of this island should terminate in a promontory, whose shape corresponds with, but whose height exceeds that of the Table Mountain of the Cape of Good Hope, and to which has been given the same name. The height of the Table behind Hobart Town, is 3964 feet; that of the Cape 3315 feet. The former differs also from the latter in wanting the fleecy cloud which so frequently envelops the summit of the other; and while that of the latter very rarely exhibits snow, the Table of the Derwent is covered with it for seven or eight months in the year. To the eastward of the Tamar is a considerable mountain named Ben Lomond, whose height has not been ascertained, and another called Tasman's Peak. There is also a lofty mountain on the north-western part of the island, and also a range of hills called the Asbestos Hills, from the great quantity of that substance found in them. In the south-west part of the island, at the distance of about 60 miles to the north-west of Hobart Town, is another range of hills called the Western Mountains, whose height is computed to exceed 3000 feet.

In the midst of the last mentioned range is a large lake, which was visited for the first time, in 1817, by Mr. Beaumont, the Provost Marshal of the island. This lake, from which it is supposed the principal branch of the Derwent flows, he describes as a beautiful sheet of water, upwards of fifty miles in circumference, with its banks moderately clothed with wood. About the middle of the island are the salt-pan plains, on which are several small lakes, the waters of which are strongly impregnated with salt, and from which many tons of this article are annually extracted. On all the lakes and rivers are black swans, ducks, widgeons, teals, and various other water-fowl in the greatest abundance.

No country on the face of the earth is blessed with a finer climate than this beautiful island; favourable to most of the useful productions

productions of the soil, it is at the same time salubrious, refreshing, and, in every respect, delightful. It is, in fact, England with a finer sky, with less of its winter frosts and of its autumnal and spring moisture: all the fruits and vegetables of an English kitchen garden are, without difficulty, raised here.

Plenty of timber trees, of the same species as those of New South Wales, and which have been enumerated and described by Brown and Labillardière, are found on the banks of the Tamar along the shores of Dentrecasteaux's Canal and the Derwent, and in almost every part of the island, but not so thick as to obstruct the labours of the agriculturist. The wild animals are the same as those of New South Wales, consisting chiefly of the kangaroo, the opossum, the wombat, the squirrel, the bandycoot, the kangaroo-rat, &c. Horses, asses, horned cattle, sheep, goats, pigs, dogs, cats and rabbits, together with all kinds of European poultry, have been introduced with success.

Among the mineralogical productions, Mr. Evans enumerates copper, iron, alum, slate, limestone, asbestos and basalt, together with cornelian, crystal, chrysolite, jaspar, marble, and a great variety of petrefactions. Iron, in particular, is said to be most abundant near Launceston, on the Tamar, where there are entire mountains of this ore, and so rich as to have yielded 70 per cent. of pure metal. This, with the coal, which is also said to abound, cannot fail, as population increases, to become a source of wealth to the inhabitants.

A country such as this, needs only to be known to invite settlers, and fortunately there is no want of room for them. 'Large tracts of land,' says Mr. Wentworth, 'perfectly free from timber or underwood, and covered with the most luxuriant herbage, are to be found in all directions, but more particularly in the environs of Port Dalrymple.'

'These tracts (he continues) are invariably of the very best description, and millions of acres, which are capable of being instantly converted to all the purposes of husbandry, still remain unappropriated. Here the colonist has no expense to incur in clearing his farm: he is not compelled to a great preliminary outlay of capital, before he can expect a considerable return. He has only to set fire to the grass, to prepare his land for the immediate reception of the ploughshare; insomuch that, if he but possess a good team of horses, or oxen, with a set of harness, and a couple of substantial ploughs, he has the main requisites for commencing an agricultural establishment, and for insuring a comfortable subsistence for himself and family.'—p. 28.

Here too the farmer may with safety plant himself by the margin of the navigable rivers without incurring the risk, as in New South

South Wales, of having the fruits of his labour swept away by an inundation. Neither have the harvests here ever failed from want of rain, as has frequently happened on the larger island. Barley and oats produce most abundantly, and the wheat is superior to that which is grown on New South Wales; so greatly indeed that the difference of price which it bears in Sydney market will generally pay the expense of transport thither; and the average produce is generally greater, with the exception perhaps of the flood-lands on the banks of the Hawkesbury and Nepean.

The natural grasses afford an abundance of pasturage at all seasons of the year, and supersede the necessity of making provision for winter provender in the shape of hay or other artificial food; and (notwithstanding the greater severity of the winters) every description of stock attains a larger size here than in the neighbourhood of Port Jackson. The only advantage which the large island seems to enjoy over this, consists in the fineness of its wool and the great excellence and variety of its fruits; particularly the grape, which promises to yield as good wine as any that is made in France, Spain or Portugal. The temperature of Van Diemen's Land is not sufficiently high for the cultivation of the vine; but by the introduction of the Merino sheep the wool has been already so much improved as to leave no doubt it will soon become a valuable article of export to the mother-country. Mr. Wentworth supposes that, twenty years hence, this single article will raise the colonists of New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land, to as high a pitch of happiness and prosperity as is enjoyed by any portion of His Majesty's subjects in any quarter of the globe; and that they may be enabled to ship for Great Britain, every year, at least to the value of a million sterling.

The exports at present consist of cattle, sheep, wool, flour, corned meats, hams, tongues, dried fish, hides, tallow, barilla, bark for tanning leather, seal skins and oil, whale oil, and spars. The markets hitherto opened to the colonists are England, the Cape of Good Hope, Mauritius and the East Indies. They have also sent considerable supplies of butcher's meat, corn and potatoes to Port Jackson.

Of the flourishing and highly improving state of the colony no stronger testimony can be adduced than the Report of Governor Macquarie, who visited it in the winter of last year. He states that the wretched huts and cottages of which Hobart town was composed in 1811, were now converted into regular and substantial buildings, many of them two stories high, spacious and not deficient in architectural taste; the industry, enterprize, and respectability of the inhabitants, appear to keep pace with the growth

growth of their town; and their substantial comforts are rapidly multiplying under the judicious arrangements of the Lieutenant Governor Sorell, under whose administration almost the whole of these improvements are stated to have taken place.

He was no less gratified at the rapid improvements effected at George Town in Port Dalrymple, which, at the date of our former Article, had been merely marked out; but where he now found quarters for the civil and military officers, a commodious parsonage house, a temporary chapel, a gaol, a guard-house and a residence for the commandant completed, together with a large school-house nearly finished. The troops were well accommodated, and the convicts were living in neat huts, with gardens adjoining, sufficiently large to supply them with vegetables in abundance. 'The situation' (the governor observes) 'of George Town is not only beautiful, but also admirably adapted for all the purposes of trade, being situated on the banks of a river navigable for ships of large burden, and but a short distance from the sea in Bass's Strait; and has the advantage of a plentiful supply of fresh water from springs in its immediate neighbourhood.'

From George Town, the governor proceeded by Launceston across the island to Hobart Town, and marked out the sites of four new townships, all seated in the midst of extensive tracts of rich land, and forming a regular chain of stations between Hobart Town and George Town, by which the communication between these places will be rendered both safe and convenient. Before this, indeed, Lieutenant Jeffreys had traversed almost the whole extent of the island, from Hobart Town to Launceston and Port Dalrymple, a distance of one hundred and twenty-five miles, in a barouche, with three and sometimes four horses in hand, in which extent, he says, 'there were not twenty miles of what could be called a road; the rest being a beautiful level pasture, with but few trees to obstruct either the passage or the view.'

Governor Macquarie concludes his Report with expressions of the great gratification which he experienced throughout every part of his tour, arising from the happy situation of the people, the fertility of the soil, and the beauty of the country at large, which at no very distant day must, he thinks, be raised to the proud distinction of being one of the most valuable colonies belonging to the crown; a period which, he further observes, will be hastened by the recent influx of several respectable free settlers, with considerable property. He subjoins the result of a census taken some little time before his arrival, which is—that the population of Van Diemen's Land amounts to 6,372 souls, exclusive of the civil and military officers; and that it contains no less than

28,838

28,838 head of horned cattle; 182,468 sheep; 421 horses; and 10,683 acres of land in cultivation.*

With such an island in our possession, not one hundredth part of which has yet been granted away, it may perhaps be worth consideration whether some facilities might not be afforded to such of the labouring poor with their families, as should be willing to avail themselves of the offer. We speak with some hesitation on so nice a point; but by opening the colony to persons of such a description the necessity of sending out so many convicts would be superseded; and the whole of those who have offended against the laws of the country might, perhaps, be disposed of, with greater utility to the public and no less to themselves, on the unlimited parent colony of New South Wales. The vast range of country recently explored between the Hawkesbury and the Hastings has all the appearance of being extremely fertile, and every where well watered by numerous rivers, some of which are supposed to be navigable by small craft to a considerable distance from the sea coast. Here then there is ample scope to try the experiment of compelling the convicts to support themselves by their own labour; which, while it would free the nation from a large expense, would, by suitable encouragement, contribute to the comfort and advantage of the criminal, and consequently to his reformation, which we believe is rarely effected under the present system.

* We stated in the outset of this article that the population had been doubled nearly in the course of two years. The following comparison of a census taken from the books of the general muster in October, 1818 and 1820, will show that this is nearly the case.

Abstract of the General Muster-Books, taken in October 1818 *&* 1820.

	Acres of Land.				Horses.		Horned Cattle.		Sheep.		Number of Free Persons and Settlers.			Male Convicts.	Female Convicts.	Total of Population.
	In Wheat.	In Barley.	In Beans and Peas.	In Potatoes.	Male.	Female.	Male.	Female.	Male.	Female.	Men.	Women.	Children.			
Hobart Town, including that part called the county of Buckinghamshire.																
In 1818 . . .	2089	1254½	146	947½	97	106	4068	7019	20880	61989	640	333	483	1114	184	9744
In 1820 . . .	6883	409	949	484	158	143	8198	13733	44980	95477	766	300	759	1676	458	3018
Port Dalrymple, including that part called the county of Cornwall.																
In 1818 . . .	1888½	79½	51	41½	99	82	1288	2471	13180	31000	189	78	140	267	55	750
In 1820 . . .	2984	119	18	63	65	66	2703	4181	16600	29403	884	118	341	719	104	1460
As many arrivals have plundered and alone the last Muster, may be added	. . .	. .	. .	. .	. .	. .	. . .	. . .	. . .	. . .	130	90	60	320	. .	750
Grand Total in 1818	3976½	91[illegible]	1685½	989	196	136	6056	9490	43973	94000	829	411	653	1381	240	5494
Grand Total in 1820	9875	528	967	547	223	209	10904	17934	57580	124880	1111	530	1060	3107	570	6178
Increase in 2 years	5898½	314	918½	548	77	70	4848	8444	13713	40879	282	119	407	1726	130	6684

N. B. The Military are omitted in the Population Columns.

ART.

ART. V.—*Essays on Hypochondriasis and other Nervous Affections.* By John Reid, M.D. 1821.

THIS must be an interesting volume to a variety of readers; it is a selection of the most important particulars about nervous diseases which have occurred to the author, stripped of all technical expressions, and written in a style singularly striking and agreeable.

There are many persons not belonging to the medical profession who feel a strong interest about what are called 'the diseases of the mind'; these consist of literary men, especially metaphysicians, reading valetudinarians, who prefer a medical treatise to one of the Scotch novels, and men of all kinds belonging to the Society of Friends. As these are the persons of most influence among the members of our mad-house committees, it is peculiarly important that their opinions on these subjects should be correct. Now it is a favourite notion with them that insanity is a disorder in the mind, independent of any part of the body—that it requires mental remedies alone, and that the study and treatment of it is the province not of the physician, but of the moralist. On the contrary, we believe that a due consideration of the question, joined to attentive observation of the insane, will always lead to the conclusion that there are no moral diseases strictly so called; that, although attended by moral symptoms, they depend on physical processes, and that, as indigestion may produce that delusion called night-mare in sleep, so other conditions of the body may produce those delusions called insanity in the waking state.

Though the most striking symptoms of insanity are moral phenomena, they do not prove that it is a moral disease; for whether the operations of the mind are the functions of the brain, according to the materialist; or the actions of a spirit superadded to the brain,—still, whenever this organ is diseased, the most striking symptoms will be a disorder in the mind.

That there is often not enough of bodily disease to explain satisfactorily the mental disorder (because a person may be at the same time stark mad and in tolerable health) is only a plausible error, built on the erroneous supposition, that the bodily disease which most forcibly strikes the attention of the observer, is that which is most capable of disordering the mind of the patient. So far from this being true, when insanity arises from a blow on the head, disease in the brain, or child-birth, in which case the physical nature of the malady admits of no question, mental derangement is often the principal sign which manifests the existence of the bodily state on which it depends.

That moral management is sometimes the best remedy, nay, sometimes operates by intellectual processes;—as when insanity

is

is manifested by only one hallucination, and that one is dissolved by a joke, a trick, or an interview; or when the disease has been effaced by inciting the mind to natural and healthful occupations—is an argument that, at first sight, appears to have great weight, yet further examination will show it to be unsound. There are many states of mind, the undoubted consequences of bodily disease, which are nevertheless relieved by moral causes. A piece of good news will dissipate the gloom produced by a weak stomach, or an ailing liver; a torpor of intellect from ill health will be roused in conversation with an ingenious companion: examples are without end. The operations of the mind, the more they are moved according to intellectual laws, are less under the dominion of physical circumstances; so that one of the best ways to counteract the influence of the latter is to encourage the operation of the former. They are the weakest minds which are most easily overset by bodily disorder. Very old men, weak-minded women, and children, are made delirious by a degree of fever which would not affect more vigorous intellects.

There is another argument which is at first sight equally weighty, and at second sight equally unsound. We meet with men who entertain extravagant opinions on particular subjects; these have so forcible a resemblance to partial insanity, that it is common to say, 'they are mad on that subject.' These cases are known to be the result of intellectual processes, and it is concluded that insanity is brought on in a similar way. Thus the impression which evidence produces in the mind depends partly on its strength, and partly on the frequency with which it is contemplated. A weak reason repeated often convinces as much as a strong reason repeated seldom. 'Constant dropping wears away stones' is not only physically but morally true. Some one has said 'tell a man what he knows to be a falsehood every day for a year, and in the end he will believe it.' Here, then, are erroneous notions, totally independent of bodily disease, built up in the mind by intellectual processes, in outrageous absurdity nearly equal to the hallucinations of the lunatic. How like to those cases in which insanity is manifested by mistaken notions on only one subject! yet the similitude, however striking, is apparent only; for, not to mention that there is some little difference between the two absurdities,—of one who believes that our names influence our fortunes, and of another who believes that his legs are made of straw,—there is in the hallucinations of the insane not enough of time or peculiarity of habit to produce them by the intellectual processes above explained. Of the whimsical opinions of the eccentric the first idea may have been struck out in a moment; but it is only by slow degrees, by long continued habits, by returning to it again and again, and feeding it

it with every fragment of knowledge or thought which we pick up that it attains its full stature and strength, and acquires in the mind that disproportionate ascendancy which renders it at all comparable to the hallucinations of the lunatic. With the latter the process by which they are fabricated is very different. After exposure to any of the moral or physical causes which irritate or disturb the actions of the brain, the mind becomes confused and hurried, and in a few weeks, or even days, there sprout up the most absurd notions, which are totally inexplicable by previous meditation, and which the individual as firmly believes as his existence.

But though the above, we conceive, is the true theory of many of the absurd opinions of eccentric minds, yet we are far from thinking that it explains all eccentricities: there are met with in life many odd persons, who, in most of their opinions, are antipodes to common sense, fickle, full of self-esteem, sanguine, headstrong, untaught by experience. Inquire into their history, look closely into their actions and opinions, watch their career, and you will find them born of a mad stock, and, if they live long enough, and do not die of some other complaint, trace them ultimately to a straight waistcoat and a madhouse. It may be said, if the above account be true, and there is a moral as well as a physical eccentricity, it is probable that there is a moral as well as a physical insanity. We believe no such thing; strange habits by intellectual operations may produce great eccentricity of opinion and action, but they will never produce madness in the true acceptation of the word, till they have affected physically the bodily organization.

Not only are the reasons for the moral theory of insanity unsound, and the difficulties in the physical theory apparent only, but there is so much downright and positive proof that bodily disease can produce mental disorder in exactly that kind and degree which constitutes insanity, as to leave no doubt about its being the true explanation of this otherwise mysterious and inexplicable malady.

Our sensible impressions are caused by outward objects: joy and sorrow, by cheerful or depressing incidents; laughter and tears, by ludicrous and sorrowful ideas, belief by evidence; this is the case in health: but there are diseases of the body which are capable of raising such striking imitations of these mental operations that it is impossible to distinguish the spurious copies from the legitimate originals. Thus in fever, with delirium, the patient mistakes his ideas for outward realities. In diseases of the liver, the sufferer feels a depression of spirits like that from loss of property or loss of friends. Hysteria sometimes produces as much laughter as Cervantes, and as many tears as Sterne; even our belief is, in a great degree, under the influence of the body. In languid health, we have not

not that confidence in our opinions which we feel when more robust. On the contrary, wine dissipates the doubts of sobriety; and those who have frequently observed their own minds in sickness, must remember occasionally a distinctness of thought, and a confidence of belief which was completely dissipated after regaining their ordinary health. Our sensations, emotions, actions, and even convictions, are capable of being excited by morbid actions of the body.

There is, in sickness, a condition of mind bordering on delirium, in which the patient is delirious enough to afford an example of that state, yet collected enough to observe and reason about it, which comes nearer than any phenomenon with which we are acquainted, to an experimental demonstration of the double nature of our being, of the physical and moral impulses of our thoughts, which are here brought into contact and comparison. In this state, the ideas are moved, one minute by the will, the next by something *else*; one minute we can command them, another we feel them *slip* out of our grasp, and whirl across the mind with indescribable fleetness, guided, or rather hurried on, by some impulse strange to and stronger than ourselves. Insanity is a state in which the operations of the mind cease to be governed by intellectual laws, and become subservient to bodily impulses. The dominion of the organs is not the natural, but a diseased state; the physical theory of insanity, so far from leading to materialism, leads us just the other way.

This view of the subject removes all that mystery which is so perpetually felt in contemplating the subject. As long as we seek to explain, by intellectual processes, how this belief or that emotion got access to the mind, so long we 'find no end, in wandering mazes lost.' But as soon as we know that as illness may produce fretfulness, and liver disease low spirits, so there are morbid states of the body which are capable of producing emotions, convictions, and actions without the intervention of the moral causes which usually produce them, the mystery vanishes, and we can as readily explain how a lunatic should believe without any reason, as how a sickly child should be peevish without any provocation, or an hepatic patient low-spirited without any affliction. It is the only key to those strange cases where persons have been seized with an irresistible desire to destroy those who had done them no injury, for whom they felt no antipathy, or even who had been objects of affection. In these cases we believe that nervous irritation produces directly that thirst for blood, and that act of destruction which, in health, requires the recollection of injury and the passion of revenge. This state, which is morbid in man, seems to be natural in the instincts of animals in whom actions, which seem like

the result of thought and contrivance, are, in truth, the result of bodily sensations; so that insanity may be said to be the conversion of human into animal nature.

This view of the subject is not contradicted by the circumstance that there are singular states of mind, and that it is difficult to know to what class they belong—whether to moral eccentricity, to physical derangement, or lastly, what must not be left out of the account, to roguery.

We have been looking over the life and writings of Emanuel Swedenborg, and the conclusion to which we come is this:—that if allowance is made, first, for a credulous and fanciful intellect, (there is among sane men an infinite variety in the susceptibility of belief,) and secondly, for the use of allegorical instead of common language—if we had him alive, could catechise and cross-examine him about his statements, separate what was mere allegorical jargon, and what was mere matter of opinion, and get his actual experiences in plain language, much, if not all the mystery would vanish without resorting to insanity for an explanation. In the present age, philosophers credit nothing but what they perceive by sense, receive on satisfactory evidence, or infer by strict reason; all notions suggested by other impulses they view with doubt or disbelief. Wieland, in his Agathodamon, conjectures, that in the infancy of the human race, men did, as children do now, confound their past dreams with real occurrences; that when they had been dreaming of a dead friend, they would think that they had been with him, and that thus has arisen the belief in ghosts. Berkley was of opinion that the reality of things consisted not in their outward existence, but in being perceived. It is a common belief with religious enthusiasts that strong inclination is divine impulse. Now if from natural facility of conviction, or from religious hypothesis, Swedenborg believed that meditation carried to a certain intensity was reality, how easy for him to sit in his arm-chair, shoot his soul into Heaven; wander through its streets and squares; behold its lofty buildings and splendid palaces, roofed with gold and floored with precious stones, converse with its inhabitants dressed in white or shining, or flame coloured garments, and walk under trees with silver leaves, golden fruit, and rainbow flowers!

That the visions of religious enthusiasts are only intense musings is rendered still more probable by the accounts of other visionaries. St. Theresa flourished in Spain during the sixteenth century, and wrote her own life. It seems to have been spent in cultivating the art of musing; in which, the senses being closed, and the outer daylight excluded, the forms of the inner mind, like stars by night, become brighter and more visible. The whole life is a curious example of the extent to which this faculty may be acquired by practice,

practice, but we have room only for a passage to our present purpose. She thus describes one of her earliest, we believe her first vision.

'Being one day in prayer, it pleased our Lord to show me his hands only, and they had such an excess of beauty in them as I am not able to express. Within a few days I saw also his divine face. Afterwards he resolved to do me the favour that I might see him all. Upon a certain day of St. Paul, whilst I was hearing mass, all this most sacred humanity of Christ was represented to me as it uses to be painted after the resurrection. This vision, though it be imaginary, or representing itself by way of image to me, *was never seen by me with the eyes of my body, nor indeed was any other, but only with the eyes of my soul.*'

More easily disposed of are those cases in which parts, or even the whole, of a congregation have been thrown into convulsions by strong shocks from the well-charged battery of a fanatic and fiery preacher. That mental agitation should produce convulsive diseases is not wonderful, because not uncommon; and it is easy to explain how these should differ from other convulsions, arising from other causes. Opium, black drop, poppy, lettuce, henbane, hemlock, belladonna, and stramonium, are all narcotics, yet each affects the constitution in a way peculiar to itself. That the concentrated essence, the double distilled spirit of fanaticism should produce fits neither exactly like hysteria nor epilepsy, nor any thing but themselves, is neither surprizing nor inexplicable.

We have been the more particular on this subject, because we conceive that the moral theory of insanity is speculatively false, practically pernicious, and that it is the prevailing and influential belief not only of the amateur doctors of this science, but of a considerable part of the medical profession itself; and that though a large part entertain the opposite opinion, it is with them a gratuitous assumption, an empirical affirmation,—it is so because it is so; they give no account, or a lame one, of the faith that is in them. But we must now turn to Dr. Reid's book. As we have on former occasions expressed our sentiments about the management of the insane, we shall avoid those Essays which relate to this degree of the disease, and select those which treat concerning the fainter shades, which are commonly denominated nervous diseases.

The first essay considers the question how far nervous diseases can be resisted by the will. Patients are commonly told not to give way to their complaints, and Buchan concludes the treatment of hypochondriacism by advising the patient, above all things, to keep up his spirits,—as if the essence of the malady did not consist in an inability to do so. Dr. Reid however cites some strange in-

stances of the power of the will over the actions of the body, particularly the following extraordinary narrative.

'Dr. Cheyne, in one of his medical treatises, narrates a case, the accuracy of which is established by an irrefragable combination of evidence, of a man who could die to all appearance at any time that he chose, and, after having lain for a considerable period exactly as a corpse, was able, as it should seem, by a voluntary struggle, to restore to himself the appearance and all the various functions of animation and intellect. It is to be inferred from the latter part of the story, that the unnatural and painful exertions by which this person assumed the semblance of decease, produced at length a really fatal result. Death would be no longer mocked with impunity. The counterfeit corpse, a few hours after its last revival, relapsed into a state which was capable of no subsequent resuscitation. But the case is so interesting and remarkable, as to deserve our giving it in all the detail with which Dr. Cheyne presents it to his readers.

'He could die or expire when he pleased, and yet by an effort, or somehow, he could come to life again. He insisted so much upon our seeing the trial made, that we were at last forced to comply. We all three felt his pulse first; it was distinct, though small and thready, and his heart had its usual beating. He composed himself on his back, and lay in a still posture for some time; while I held his right hand, Dr. Baynard laid his hand on his heart, and Mr. Skrine held a clear looking-glass to his mouth. I found his pulse sink gradually, till at last I could not feel any by the most exact and nice touch. Dr. Baynard could not feel the least motion in his heart, nor Mr. Skrine perceive the least sort of breath on the bright mirror he held to his mouth. Then each of us, by turns, examined his arm, heart, and breath; but could not, by the nicest scrutiny, discover the least symptom of life in him. We reasoned a long time about this odd appearance as well as we could, and finding he still continued in that condition, we began to conclude that he had indeed carried the experiment too far; and at last we were satisfied that he was actually dead, and were just ready to leave him. This continued about half an hour. By nine o'clock in the morning, in autumn, as we were going away, we observed some motion about the body, and upon examination found his pulse and the motion of his heart gradually returning; he began to breathe gently, and speak softly. We were all astonished to the last degree at this unexpected change, and after some further conversation with him, and with ourselves, went away fully satisfied as to all the particulars of this fact, but not able to form any rational scheme how to account for it: He afterwards called for his attorney, added a codicil to his will, &c. and calmly and composedly died about five or six o'clock that evening.'

Dr. Reid concludes that if such facts are true, the vital actions of the body must be in some degree under the influence of the will, —that though it may be difficult to struggle against hypochondriacism

driacism when full formed, it may be practicable to resist its first approaches; and on this he builds his mental regimen of health.

'Cheerfulness and hilarity, when unprovoked by unwholesome incentives, undegraded by brutality, or untainted by licentiousness, instead of being interdicted as a crime, ought to be prescribed as one of the means of urging a lazy circulation. A man may be merry upon principle, and occasionally take a laugh, as others do a walk, for the benefit of his health. A celebrated Italian comedy turns altogether upon a stratagem to cure a hypochondriac by making him laugh. It is much in our power to look on the sunny side of things, instead of keeping the eye constantly fixed on the darkened hemisphere of human life. There is no faculty of the mind which it is of more consequence should be exercised and cultivated from the earliest youth than that of self-control. This power is to be improved by exercise as well as that of the memory or the muscles.'

In the art of procuring cheerful feelings, as in Franklin's art of procuring pleasant dreams, the secret is the same. We cannot procure happiness by an effort of the will, but we *can* by learning its causes, and exposing ourselves to their influence. The Great Artist of the universe works by second causes. A philosophic is better than an empiric art. As long as the afflicted continue to brood over their sorrows, no effort of the will can prevent their feeling miserable: but let them contrive not to brood over their sorrows, and relief comes quickly. In acquiring this power of regulating the feelings, there is nothing so useful as some favourite pursuit; but the best is a rational and cheerful piety. Even he who doubts the truth of religious hopes cannot doubt that they are the natural remedy for great affliction. Philosophy may be sufficient for the trifling ills of life, but in the hurricane of sorrow its 'still small voice' would be inaudible; there are times when the Laplander without his furs is better off than a sensitive heart that has been sent into this bleak world without the covering of religion; even Darwin, after explaining the pathology of sorrow, admits that 'consolation is best supplied by the Christian doctrine of a happy immortality.'

Dread of death, the subject of the next Essay, is a common symptom in nervous diseases, and is here considered with regard to its influence on health. In these cases it seems rather to spoil life than to destroy it. 'Not only the child, but even the young man till thirty never feels that he is mortal;' but after forty a man's thoughts are much occupied by the inevitable prospect, and most of us have our little corps of consolations to protect us from the fear of it. Those of authors come out in their works. One of the most remarkable is a little Essay on Death by Lord Bacon; not that in his Essays, but towards the end of his works, near his

will. We asked the curate of a London parish, who has great experience of death-bed scenes, how people generally meet their end? And the answer was, 'either they wish for it as a relief from suffering, or they are not conscious of it.' Even Dr. Johnson, who dreaded death so much at a distance, seems to have feared it as little on its arrival as other people; and we believe that to many persons with right views, who have had a liberal allowance of sickness and sorrow, death becomes an object not so much of apprehension as of curiosity and interest. This state of mind is not only necessary for our comfort during health, but for our safety during sickness. One of the ablest physicians alive once said, that in a dangerous illness, *cæteris paribus*, a Christian would have a better chance of recovery than an unbeliever; that religious resignation was a better soothing medicine than poppy, and a better cordial than æther; and Dr. Reid gives a similar opinion in the following well expressed passage:—

'The habitual horror which thus overshadows the mind darkens the little day-light of life. An indulgence in this morbid excess of apprehension not only embitters a man's existence, but may often tend to shorten its duration. He hastens the advance of death by the fear with which his frame is seized at its real or imaginary approach. His trembling hand involuntarily shakes the glass in which his hours are numbered.

'Contradictory as it may appear, there are well-attested instances of persons who have been driven even to suicide by the dread of dissolution. It would seem as if they had rushed into the arms of death, in order to shelter themselves from the terrors of his countenance.'

The next Essay is on the injuriousness of solitude in mental alienation. Burton concludes his Anatomy of Melancholy with these words: 'Be not solitary, be not idle.' Rasselas describes the hallucinations of the astronomer as growing stronger in solitude, and weaker in society; and Dr. Reid considers the *close* air of the metropolis with its excitements better than the *pure* air of the country with its dullness.

'The lamp of life burns to waste in the sepulchre of solitude. Misery ought, in a more especial manner, to shun that seclusion which it is too apt to seek. It is necessary to a pure relish for rural retirement, that a man should carry into it a mind unincumbered with painful remembrances, and unwounded by the infliction of any great calamity. How can he be expected to enjoy the vernal freshness of the fields, and the blue transparency of the sky, whose hopes have been prematurely withered, and whose moral prospects terminate in a clouded horizon? One reason, more important than his defect of sight, why the eloquent author of Rasselas felt so decided a distaste for country scenes, was perhaps the morbid melancholy, the radical wretchedness of his constitution. A wretchedness which originates in remorse tends still more completely

completely to paralyze the sensibility to all the fascinations of external and inanimate nature. This may be considered as one of the punishments which in the present world is inflicted upon moral transgression. Had our first parents been allowed after the fall to continue in the garden of Eden, the loss of their innocence would have robbed it of all its charms.'

In the choice of a residence for a low-spirited invalid, the question is where he will be the most amused. The country is a different place to one who has been brought up in cities, and to another who has been brought up in the country. The former finds, after a few days spent in exploring the neighbourhood and admiring the landscapes, that he has come to the end of his amusements. He has no new rides to take; the working people seem to sleep over their work, and the educated classes to be fifty years behind in knowledge. He gets tired of the spot, and longs for the metropolis, with its glittering shops, its crowded streets, its various physiognomies, its stimulating society, its ready access to knowledge, its 'full tide of human existence.' On the contrary, to him who has been brought up in the country, it supplies not only pure air and a week's amusement, but a constant succession of tranquil unwearing occupations. He can angle, shoot, hunt, botanize, and converse with the neighbouring farmers on scientific agriculture. To him the various physiognomies of the flowers are as exciting as the various physiognomies of men; an argument about drill and broad cast is as interesting as one on the influence of paper currency; and a gallop after the fox not only circulates his blood, but amuses his mind, as much as a walk through St. James's. To a man of sensibility, imagination, and rural pursuits, the country is any thing but dull. Goëthe represents his hero as recovering from a fit of melancholy in the country, and as being interested and elevated by the objects around him. 'I lie down in the tall grass near a falling brook, and close to the earth a thousand variety of grasses become perceptible. When I listen to the hum of the little world between the stubble, and see the countless indescribable forms of the worms and insects, I feel the presence of the Almighty who has created us, the breath of the All-benevolent who supports us in perpetual enjoyment.'

But better than a residence either in the town or the country is a tour. Rousseau says that the happiest week of his life was passed in travelling on foot in Switzerland. In after-life, whenever he travelled he was so much occupied in taking care of his luggage, and looking forward to his destination, that the journey itself afforded him no pleasure. Who has not experienced the same feeling? A few days in the country are delightful to every one, and a tour is a means of perpetuating the pleasure. Not to men-

tion the movement, with its novelty, its air, and its exercise, every village at which we halt is a source of interest; there is its geography to explore, the aspect of its cottages and villas, its groups of sun-burnt happy faces, and above all, there is its churchyard, with its quiet graves, and its epitaphs, which have not a depressing but a tranquillizing influence on the imagination and the heart.

The last Essay we shall notice is on *Intemperance.* Here are two truths which cannot be repeated too often; *one,* that wine is not nourishment; that it excites, not strengthens; that it is not diet, but medicine, to relieve or prevent languor, and to assist the stomach in digesting its food; the latter of which it oftener troubles than aids. The *other,* that intemperance is to be measured not by the quantity of wine, but by its effect on the constitution; not by cups, but consequences. Let no man fancy because he does not drink much that he is no sot. Pope said that to him more than one glass was a debauch, and every man who habitually takes more than his stomach can bear, sooner or later arrives at those miseries which he has so often read of as the effects of hard drinking. Every healthy toper is a decoy duck, and no more proves that health is safe in intemperance than an unwounded soldier that life is secure in a battle. 'Strength of nature in youth,' says Lord Bacon, 'passeth over many excesses which are owing a man till his age.'

In a collection of tracts 'on the effect of spirituous liquors,' by an eminent living barrister, there is a paper entitled 'the Confessions of a Drunkard,' which affords a fearful picture of the consequences of intemperance, and which we have reason to know is a true tale. The following are a few disjointed paragraphs, but they read as connectedly as the entire original.

'Of my condition there is no hope that it should ever change; the waters have gone over me; but out of the black depths could I be heard, I would cry out to all those who have but set a foot in the perilous flood. Could the youth to whom the flavour of his first wine is delicious as the opening scenes of life, or the entering upon some newly discovered paradise, look into my desolation, and be made to understand what a dreary thing it is, when a man shall feel himself going down a precipice with open eyes and a passive will,—to see his destruction, and have no power to stop it, and yet to feel it all the way emanating from himself; to perceive all goodness emptied out of him, and yet not to be able to forget a time when it was otherwise; to bear about the piteous spectacle of his own self ruins:—could he see my fevered eye, feverish with last night's drinking, and feverishly looking for this night's repetition of the folly; could he feel the body of the death out of which I cry hourly, with feebler and feebler outcry, to be delivered- --it were enough to make him dash the sparkling beverage to the earth in all the pride of its mantling temptation.'

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'O if a wish could transport me back to those days of youth, when a draught from the next clear spring could slake any heats which summer suns and youthful exercise had power to stir up in the blood, how gladly would I return to thee, pure element, the drink of children, and of the child-like holy hermit! In my dreams I can sometimes fancy thy cool refreshment purling over my burning tongue. But my waking stomach rejects it. That which refreshes innocence only makes me sick and faint.'

'Twelve years ago I was possessed of a healthy frame of mind and body. I was never strong, but I think my constitution (for a weak one) was as happily exempt from the tendency to any malady as it was possible to be. I scarce knew what it was to ail any thing. Now, except when I am losing myself in a sea of drink, I am never free from those uneasy sensations in head and stomach, which are so much worse to bear than any definite pains or aches.'

'At that time I was seldom in bed after six in the morning. I awoke refreshed, and seldom without some merry thoughts in my head, or some piece of a song to welcome the new-born day. Now the first feeling which besets me, after stretching out the hours of remembrance to their last possible extent, is a forecast of the wearisome day that lies before me, with a secret wish that I could have lain on still, or never awaked.'

'I can hardly think,' says Sir Thomas Brown, 'there was ever any scared into heaven;' he felt more tempted by the joys of heaven than terrified by the sufferings of hell. Dr. Reid advises that in endeavouring to reform a drunkard we shall tempt him by picturing the sweets of temperance, rather than terrify him by the miseries of perseverance in his habits. He recommends sudden in preference to gradual weaning.

'The habit of indulgence in wine is not more pernicious than it is obstinate and tenacious in its hold, when once it has forced itself upon the constitution. It is not to be conquered by half measures: no compromise with it is allowable; the victory over it, in order to be permanent, must be perfect; as long as there lurks a relic of it in the frame, there is danger of a relapse of this moral malady, from which there seldom is, as from physical disorders, a gradual convalescence. The man who has been the slave of intemperance must renounce her altogether, or she will insensibly re-assume her despotic power. With such a mistress, if he seriously mean to discard her, he must indulge himself in no dalliance or delay. He must not allow his lips a taste of her former fascination.'

'Webb, the celebrated walker, who was remarkable for vigour both of body and mind, drank nothing but water. He was one day recommending his regimen to a friend who loved wine, and urged him with great earnestness to quit a course of luxury, by which his health and his intellects would be equally destroyed. The gentleman appeared to be convinced, and told him that he would conform to his counsel, though he thought he could not change his course of life at once, but would leave

leave off strong liquors by degrees. "By degrees! (exclaimed the other with indignation,) if you should unhappily fall into the fire, would you caution your servants to pull you out by degrees?"'

But there are topers of opium as well as wine. A late fashionable physician used to carry in his pocket a gold box of quarter grain opium pills, which he would offer to a nervous person as we offer our snuff-box. Those who take opium without medical advice, and who are more numerous than is commonly believed, consist of several classes:—1st. Nervous invalids, who habitually, at least frequently, resort to it to quiet that tremulous susceptibility, which so distresses them. 2dly. The poor, who employ it as a cheap mode of producing intoxication. 3dly. Men who have to perform intellectual tasks before public audiences; as barristers, parliamentary speakers, preachers, lecturers, and college students going in for their examination, and who take it, like Turks before battle, to procure the composure necessary for intellectual warfare. The attention of the public has lately been drawn towards this subject by the singular narrative of an anonymous but powerful writer. It is long since we have passed an evening of such enchaining interest as that which we owe to 'the confessions of an English Opium Eater.' In this narrative, however, the pleasures of opium seem so much more tempting than the pains deterring, that the impression left on the mind is rather favourable to the practice. This depends partly on the circumstance, that pleasure naturally arrays itself in more impressive expressions than pain; the glittering strikes more than the gloomy; but there is another cause, which both the writer and his readers ought to know. Whatever wretchedness this habit may have inflicted on him, it has caused him less of suffering and more of enjoyment than it does to most persons. He seems to have been one of a happy minority on whom the first effects of opium are agreeable, and who are long before they reach the deadly dregs. Most persons must serve an apprenticeship of head-aches and sicknesses before they master the art of deriving enjoyment from this drug. We, too, have taken opium, and its effects are these:—1st. Relief from suffering, tranquillity, and then sound sleep. 2dly. A long day of sickness, as after a brutal debauch. At length this subsides, and leaves, 3dly. A state of composure and power, in which the intellect seems equal to any thing, and the feelings are lifted above the ills of life, —a pleasurable state, yet not unmingled with occasional repetitions of the past day's wretchedness; a poor compensation for the suffering which preceded it. This we know, from ample experience, is a more accurate representation of the effect of opium on most persons than that which it produced on the 'English Opium Eater.' Compared with pain or nervous irritability, the tranquil-

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lity of opium may be a pleasurable state; but compared with the fresh feelings of unsullied health, it is a hateful one. Opium eating is a practice which begins in sorrow, and ends in sorrow.

We have examined a sufficient number of these Essays to show our readers their character, and we have room for no more. The author's object, as will be readily perceived, is not so much to extend our knowledge of the pathology of these diseases as to select those particulars which seem most important, and put them in a striking shape. The audience he has in view are not so much medical practitioners as nervous invalids; these he lectures on the tendencies of their complaints, the habits by which they have been involved in them, and the mental and bodily regimen most likely to extricate them; and this with so much force and elegance of style, as occasionally to remind us of some of the best papers in the Rambler and Spectator.

Art. VI.—*Cases of Walcot* v. *Walker; Southey* v. *Sherwood; Murray* v. *Benbow, and Lawrence* v. *Smith.*

FEW things would more puzzle a literary foreigner, who should now, for the first time, visit London, than the disproportionate prices at which he would find different works of the same living author circulated. If he wished to enrich his library with Mr. Southey's poems he would be told that some were out of print, and that in the purchase of others he must pay for typographical luxury and valuable copyright. One of them alone would be obtruded on him in unlimited abundance, and at a price scarcely more than nominal. If he asked for Lord Byron's last tragedies, he would find 'Sardanapalus and the Two Foscari' an expensive purchase; but he would be stopped at the end of Piccadilly by a man offering him 5000 copies of 'Cain' at 6*d.* a piece. He would pay for medical books a price proportioned to their limited sale and laborious preparation; but in every obscure bookseller's shop he would meet with proposals for the publication of Mr. Lawrence's 'Lectures' at a price so low as to exclude all remuneration to the author, or implying a most extensive sale. If he asked for an explanation of all this, we doubt whether his original surprise would be diminished by the answer. He would be told that 'Wat Tyler,' and 'Cain,' and 'Lawrence's Lectures' were allowed to be circulated without restriction *because* it was supposed that their tendency might be injurious to the best interests of society—that 'Wat Tyler' was supposed to be an attempt to support the worst passions by the worst reasoning, and to inflame the idle and the abandoned into an attack on the property and the laws of the kingdom; the 'Lectures' to remove the restraints of religion by denying the

the possibility of a future state, and the credibility of a revelation; and 'Cain' to turn immortality and revelation into the sources of unutterable horror and misery by proving the malevolence of the Supreme Being: and that *therefore* 'Wat Tyler,' and the 'Lectures,' and 'Cain' were allowed to be disseminated to an extent which could not have taken place if their tendency had been useful, or barely innocent.

We fear we cannot make the subject intelligible to our lay readers without leading them through some dry legal details. The common law of England was the barbarous invention of a barbarous people, deeply versed in verbal subtleties and the exhibitions of puerile ingenuity, but very ill prepared for any speculation with a view to action, and least of all for that most difficult union of theory and practice, legislation. As the progress of general improvement disclosed its deficiencies, and made its faults more intolerable, some were remedied by statute; but the forms, the number and the composition of parliament, while they adapt it admirably to regulate the execution of laws, fit it ill to introduce or improve them. A more extensive remedy was adopted, to which custom has now reconciled us, but which is strongly marked with the rude character of the age in which it arose. The Court of Chancery, originally of very limited jurisdiction, assumed a control over the common law courts, supplied the deficiency of their powers, corrected the absurdity and injustice which often followed a literal adherence to their rules, and finally established, on mere usurpation, a system of jurisprudence which, if it had comprehended all property, instead of being confined within limits very capriciously chosen, had admitted oral testimony, had been administered by a greater number of courts, and had adopted in general a less dilatory mode of procedure, would have approached nearer to perfection than any with which we are acquainted.

One of the principal deficiencies of the common law courts is their wanting the power of prevention. When it has been established that an injury has been committed, they can direct the wrong-doer to pay damages to the sufferer. But their jurisdiction does not commence until the act has been done, and has been ascertained to be an injury; and a successful action at law will often be an inadequate remedy, often a nugatory one, and often, to use Lord Eldon's words in the case which is the principal subject of our remarks, 'a remedy worse than the disease.' The injury may affect a property, valuable, not so much from its intrinsic worth, as from the associations connected with it. If the tenant for life of the name and the honours of an illustrious family were to melt the plate presented to his great ancestor by grateful princes, his successor would be ill compensated by damages to the amount, or to ten

ten times the amount, of the ornaments destroyed. If he were to lay waste the woods on the family estate, and to become insolvent before the determination of the action, the award of damages would be an ideot's tale, full of gold and silver, signifying nothing. And lastly, where the entire injury consists in the aggregate amount of many independent violations of property, each requiring a separate action, victory would be more intolerable than even acquiescence. To remedy these inconveniencies, the Court of Chancery interfered, and on a statement that injurious acts were in progress or in immediate contemplation, enjoined, on pain of imprisonment, the party complained against to proceed no farther, until the nature of the acts in question should be ascertained, after which the injunction was dissolved, or made perpetual, as the acts complained of appeared justifiable, or the contrary.

Such was the origin of injunctions; an assumption of power which could not have been expedient, or even practicable, but for the deficiencies of the common law, or safe, but for the cautious wisdom which has eminently distinguished our judges in equity, but which is now perhaps the most useful branch of their jurisdiction. It soon became the only defence of literary property. The violator of that property never can have any character, seldom any fortune. He is, in general, a man who, having nothing to lose, seeks to gain by a robbery, which differs from other species of unlawful taking only in not being criminally punishable. Long before the action can be tried, the injury has been completed, and such a man is not likely to have property even to support the costs of an action, much less to pay damages. A book, therefore, which is unprotected by the Court of Chancery is practically defenceless. Unhappily that court is sometimes obliged to refuse its interference, and in the cases in which that interference appears to us to be peculiarly needed. The ground of its refusal is, that the jurisdiction of the court is confined to the protection of property, and that there can be no property in what is publicly injurious.

The latter principle appears first to have been applied to literary works by Lord Chief Justice Eyre. Dr. Priestley brought an action against the hundred for damages for the injuries sustained by him in consequence of the riotous proceedings of the mob at Birmingham; and, among other property alleged to have been destroyed, claimed compensation for the loss of certain unpublished MSS. offering to produce booksellers as witnesses to prove that they would have given considerable sums for them. On behalf of the hundred it was alleged that the plaintiff was in the habit of publishing works injurious to the government of the state; upon which Lord Chief Justice Eyre said, 'if any such evidence had been produced, he should

should have held it fit to be received as against the claim made by the plaintiff.*

Some years after, the notorious Dr. Walcot filed a bill against booksellers of the name of Walker, for an injunction to restrain them from publishing two editions of his works, upon a dispute as to the construction of the agreement between the parties. The defendants by their answer admitted that they had published, in one of the editions, some of the plaintiff's works, which they were not authorized to publish. As to that edition therefore they submitted.

The name of Dr. Walcot seems to have recalled Dr. Priestley to the Chancellor's mind, and in his judgment he observed—

'If the doctrine of Lord Chief Justice Eyre is right, and I think it is, that publications may be of such a nature that the author can maintain no action at law, it is not the business of this court, even upon the submission in the answer, to decree either an injunction or an account of the profits of works of such a nature that the author can maintain no action at law for the invasion of that which he calls his property, but which the policy of the law will not permit him to consider his property. It is no answer that the defendants are as criminal. It is the duty of the court to know whether an action at law would lie; for if not, the court ought not to give an account of the unhallowed profits of libellous publications. At present I am in total ignorance of the nature of the work, and whether the Plaintiff can have any property in it or not. But I will see these publications, and determine, upon the nature of them, whether there is question enough to send to law as to the property in these copies, for if not, I will not act upon the submission in the answer. If, upon inspection, the work appears innocent, I will act upon that submission: if criminal, I will not act at all; and if doubtful, I will send that question to law.'—*Walcot* v. *Walker*, 7 *Vezey*, i.

The next case, Southey *v.* Sherwood, gave a notoriety to the rule, to which much of the evil, that has since flowed from it, may be attributed. Our readers may probably recollect that Mr. Southey, when a very clever boy, and thinking on politics as those who are boys in mind, whatever be their age, generally think, wrote a factious poem called 'Wat Tyler.' His bookseller was too virtuous or too prudent to print it, the author forgot to reclaim it, and if he had remained in obscurity, the public would never have heard of it. But when the author had become one of the eminent men of the age, the person into whose hands the MS. had fallen, either to obtain the profit that must follow any work with Mr. Southey's name, or actuated by other motives which need not be indicated, thought fit, without his privity or consent, to publish it. Mr. Southey ap-

* This case is not reported, and the short note of it in the text is extracted from Sir Samuel Romilly's argument in Southey *v.* Sherwood, 2 Merivale, 437.

plied

plied to the court of Chancery for an injunction to restrain the publication, and the Lord Chancellor is reported to have pronounced the following judgment.

'I have looked into all the affidavits and have read the book itself. The bill goes the length of stating that the work was composed by Mr. Southey in the year 1794; that it is his own production, and that it has been published by the defendants without his sanction or authority; and therefore seeking an account of the profits which have arisen from, and an injunction to restrain, the publication. I have examined the cases that I have been able to meet with containing precedents for injunctions of this nature, and I find that they all proceed upon the ground of a title to the property in the plaintiff. On this head a distinction has been taken, to which a considerable weight of authority attaches, supported, as it is, by the opinion of Lord Chief Justice Eyre, who has expressly laid it down that a person cannot recover in damages for a work which is, in its nature, calculated to do injury to the public. Upon the same principle this court refused an injunction in the case of Walcot v. Walker, inasmuch as he could not have recovered damages in an action. After the fullest consideration I remain of the same opinion as that which I entertained in deciding the case referred to. It is very true that in some cases it may operate so as to multiply copies of mischievous publications by the refusal of the court to interfere by restraining them, but to this my answer is, that, sitting here as a judge upon a mere question of property, I have nothing to do with the nature of the property, nor with the conduct of the parties except as relates to their civil interests; and if the publication be mischievous, either on the part of the author or of the bookseller, it is not my business to interfere with it. In the case now before the court, the application made by the plaintiff is on the ground only of his civil interest; and this is the proper place for such an application. I shall say nothing as to the nature of the book itself, because the grounds upon which I am about to declare my opinion render it unnecessary that I should do so.'

[Here his lordship recapitulated the circumstances of the original intention to publish, the subsequent abandonment of that intention, the length of time during which the plaintiff had suffered the work to remain out of his possession without inquiry, and its recent publication by the defendants.]

'Taking all these circumstances into my consideration, and after having consulted all the cases which I could find at all regarding the question—entertaining also the same opinion with Lord Chief Justice Eyre as to the point above noticed—it appears to me that I cannot grant this injunction until after Mr. Southey shall have established his right to the property by an action. [Injunction refused.]'—*Southey* v. *Sherwood*, 2 *Merivale*, 435.

The notoriety which this case gave to the doctrine, soon showed itself in the multiplication of the copies of 'Don Juan:' a work which, if it had been the subject of copyright, would have been confined

fined by its price to a class of readers with whom its faults might have been somewhat compensated by its merits; with whom the ridicule, which it endeavours to throw upon virtue, might have been partially balanced by that with which it covers vice, particularly the vice to which the class of readers to whom we are alluding are most subject—that which pleads romantic sensibility, or ungovernable passion; to readers, in short, who would have turned with disgust from its indecencies, and remembered only its poetry and wit. But no sooner was it whispered that there was no property in 'Don Juan,' than ten presses were at work, some publishing it with obscene engravings, others in weekly numbers, and all in a shape that brought it within the reach of purchasers on whom its poison would operate without mitigation—who would search its pages for images to pamper a depraved imagination, and for a sanction for the insensibility to the sufferings of others, which is often one of the most unhappy results of their own, and who would treasure up all its evil, without the power of comprehending what it contains of good. 'Don Juan' in quarto and on hot-pressed paper would have been almost innocent—in a whity-brown duodecimo it was one of the worst of the mischievous publications that have made the press a snare. To restrain it under the existing doctrine of the court of Chancery was probably thought impossible, for we believe it was never attempted.

Most of our remarks on 'Don Juan' apply to the case which immediately followed, that of 'Cain.' The price, to which it was immediately reduced by piracy, was calculated to bring the unhappy opinions which it appears to inculcate as to the origin of evil, before thousands totally unfitted by knowledge and habits of thinking to grapple with its difficulties; and whom the dialogue and the appearance of verse, undramatic and unmetrical as they are, might lead to entangle themselves in a disquisition, in which they never would have engaged if the argument had been drily stated, or even if the work had been printed, as it well might have been, as prose. Lucifer's theory, however, is among the tritest common places of metaphysics, and certainly derives no additional strength from any dexterity with which he wields it. The proprietor's price was intended to confine the circulation among those to whom each side of the question is familiar:—that of the pirates, to diffuse it among readers with whom its impieties have all the force of novelty, and to whom the answers are unknown. An injunction was applied for, and the kindness of Messrs. Jacob and Walker, the able reporters in the Court of Chancery, has enabled us to give the following note of the Lord Chancellor's judgment.

'This court, like the other courts of justice in this country, acknowledges

ledges Christianity as part of the law of the land. The jurisdiction of this court in protecting literary property is founded on this, that where an action will lie for pirating a work, there the court, attending to the imperfection of that remedy, grants its injunction, because there may be publication after publication which you may never be able to hunt down by proceeding in the other courts. But where such an action does not lie, I do not apprehend that it is according to the course of the court to grant an injunction to protect the copyright. Now this publication, if it is one intended to vilify and bring into discredit that portion of scripture history to which it relates, is a publication with reference to which, if the principles on which that case at Warwick* was decided be just principles of law, the party could not recover any damages in respect of a piracy of it. This court has no criminal jurisdiction; it cannot look on any thing as an offence, but in those cases it only administers justice for the protection of the civil rights of those who possess them in consequence of being able to maintain an action. You have alluded to Milton's immortal work; it did happen in the course of last long vacation, amongst the solicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ, I read that work from beginning to end; it is therefore quite fresh in my memory, and it appears to me that the great object of its author was to promote the cause of Christianity; there are undoubtedly a great many passages in it, of which, if that were not its object, it would be very improper by law to vindicate the publication; but taking it all together, it is clear that the object and effect were not to bring into disrepute but to promote the reverence of our religion. Now the real question is, looking at the work before me, its preface, the poem, its manner of treating the subject, particularly with reference to the fall and the atonement, whether its intent be as innocent as that of the other with which you have compared it; or whether it be to traduce and bring into discredit that part of sacred history. This question I have no right to try, because it has been settled, after great difference of opinion among the learned, that it is for a jury to determine that point; and where therefore a reasonable doubt is entertained as to the character of the work, (and it is impossible for me to say I have not a doubt, I hope it is a reasonable one) another course must be taken for determining what is its true nature and character. There is a great difficulty in these cases, because it appears a strange thing to permit the multiplication of copies, by way of preventing the circulation of a mischievous work, which I do not presume to determine that this is, but that I cannot help: and the singularity of the case, in this instance, is more obvious because here is a defendant who has multiplied this work by piracy, and does not think proper to appear. If the work be of that character which a court of common law would consider criminal, it is pretty clear why he does not appear, because he would come confitens reus, and for the same reason the question may perhaps not be tried by an action at law, and if it turns out to be the case I shall be bound to give my own opinion. That opinion I express no further now

* Dr. Priestley's case.

than to say that, after having read the work, I cannot grant the injunction until you show me that you can maintain an action for it. If you cannot maintain an action, there is no pretence for granting an injunction; if you should not be able to try the question at law with the defendant, I cannot be charged with impropriety if I then give my own opinion upon it. It is true that this mode of dealing with the work, if it be calculated to produce mischievous effects, opens a door for its wide dissemination, but the duty of stopping the work does not belong to a court of equity, which has no criminal jurisdiction and cannot punish or check the offence. If the character of the work is such that the publication of it amounts to a temporal offence, there is another way of proceeding, and the publication of it should be proceeded against directly as an offence; but whether this or any other work should be so dealt with it would be very improper for me to form or intimate an opinion.' [Injunction refused.]—*Murray* v. *Benbow. Chancery. Feb.* 12, 1822.

Almost immediately afterwards, for this practice, like every other authorized mode of theft, vires acquirit eundo, followed the case of Lawrence *v.* Smith, which was decided soon after the publication of our last Number. Our readers may recollect that some years ago Mr. Lawrence published his Lectures on Physiology, in which, mixed with a great collection of valuable and appropriate facts, were some episodical theories on the nature of the soul, and the origin of mankind, which were supposed to lead to a disbelief in revelation. They were criticized, answered, written about and talked about, till the subject appeared to be exhausted, and the usual consequence of such profuse discussion followed. The topic was for the time worn out and forgotten, and the book withdrew into medical libraries, to be consulted only for medical purposes. But as soon as the nature of copyright was generally understood, persons, in the hope that the book was mischievous—that the private injury might be protected by being held to be also a public one—that they might steal with impunity, if what they stole and distributed were poison, proceeded to publish Mr. Lawrence's Lectures, some at a reduced price, and some in numbers, so as to enable an uneducated purchaser to possess, at a trifling expense, the parts which should be pointed out to him as most wicked and piquant. An injunction was in one instance applied for, and, as the Chancellor does not seem to have been then aware of the supposed tendency of the work, it was granted, as of course. A scene followed, unexampled we suppose in the administration of justice in this or any other country. An application was made by the piratical publisher, which Lord Eldon, when commenting on 'Cain,' appears to have thought impossible. He moved to dissolve the injunction, on the ground that 'the evil tendency of the work he was publishing was as clear as the sun at noon.' He was heard by

by his counsel to maintain that, 'his publication denied Christianity and revelation, and was contrary to public policy and morality, that it was more dangerous from the author's scholar-like command of language and his scientific mode of treating the subject; which acting upon undisciplined minds was calculated to bring them under its controul, and thereby work the greater mischief,'* AND THAT THEREFORE the restraint, which the injunction imposed on its dissemination, must be removed. We copy from the Times of the 27th of March, 1822, the following report of the Chancellor's judgment.

'The Lord Chancellor said that this case had been argued at the bar with great learning and with great ability. He would explain in a few words the principles on which his decision should be founded. On the observations which had been made upon the College of Surgeons, at the place in which these Lectures had been read, he would not touch; he would only treat the plaintiff as the author of the work. This case had been introduced by a bill filed by Mr. Lawrence, in which he stated that he was the author of this book, which the defendant had also published; and that he was entitled to the protection of this court, in the preservation of the profits resulting from its publication. Undoubtedly the jurisdiction of this court was founded on this principle, that where the law will not afford a complete remedy to literary property when invaded, this court will lend its assistance; because, where every publication is a distinct cause of action, and where several parties might publish the book, if a man were obliged to bring an action on each occasion, the remedy would be worse than the disease. But then this court will only interfere where he can by law sustain an action for damages equal to the injury he has sustained. He might then come here to make his legal remedy more effectual. But if the case be one which it is not clear will sustain an action at law, then this court will not give him the relief he seeks. The present case had been opened as an ordinary case of piracy, and he took it that nothing was then said by Mr. Wilbraham as to the general tenour of the work, or of particular passages in it. He (the Lord Chancellor) was bound to look, not only at its general tenour, but also at particular passages unconnected with its general tenour; for if there were any parts of it which denied the truth of scripture, or which furnished a *doubt* as to whether a court of law would not decide that they had denied the truth of Scripture, he was bound to look at them, and *decide* accordingly. There was a peculiar circumstance attending this case, which was, that the defendant possessed no right to the work, but said to the plaintiff—"This book is so criminal in its nature as to deprive you of all protection at law against others and myself, and I will therefore publish it." Now he (the Lord Chancellor) knew it to be said, that in cases where the work contained criminal matter, the Court, by refusing the injunc-

* See the reports of the speeches of Mr. Wetherall and Mr. Rose, the defendant's counsel, in the Times, March 25, 1822.

tion, allowed the greater latitude for its dissemination. But his answer to that was, that this court possessed no criminal jurisdiction. It could only look at the civil rights of the parties; and therefore, whether a different proceeding were hereafter instituted against the defendant, or the plaintiff, or both, was a circumstance with which he had nothing to do. The only question for him to determine was, whether it was so clear that the plaintiff possessed a civil right in this publication, as to leave no doubt upon his (the Lord Chancellor's) mind that it would support an action in a court of law. Now his lordship had read the whole of this book with attention, and it certainly did raise such a doubt in his mind. It might probably be expected, that after the able and learned argument which had gone forth to the world upon a subject so materially affecting the happiness of mankind, he should state his answer to that argument; but if he left these parties to a court of law—and he should leave them to a court of law—his opinion might have the effect of prejudicing the question to be there determined. All he would say, therefore, was, that entertaining a rational doubt upon some parts of the work, as to their being directed against the truth of Scripture, he would not continue this injunction; but the plaintiff might apply for another after he had cleared away that doubt in a court of law. Further than this, his Lordship would not interfere.—Injunction dissolved.' —*Lawrence* v. *Smith*. *Chancery*. *March* 26, 1822.

We have endeavoured to lay before our readers the whole of the authorities on which this doctrine rests, and we wish, as pointedly and as strongly as language will enable us, to disavow the intention of casting any blame, or the shadow of an imputation, on the great judge to whom the office of applying it has fallen. One of the peculiarities of the doctrine is, that where it applies, it must necessarily do mischief—to the author, if the work should ultimately be held innocent—to the public, if it should be proved criminal. But it is no longer the province of the chancellor to legislate; the maxims of his court are as fixed as those which govern inferior jurisdictions, and the common distinction between law and equity is now useful only as a means of technically classifying rules, all of which are laws, but are legal, or equitable, with reference to the court in which they are administered. To break in upon these rules, where he thinks them inexpedient, to administer the law, not as it is, but as he thinks it ought to be, to rectify it in one case by a conduct which unsettles it in all others, and thus to do particular good at the expense of general evil, is the besetting sin of every judge; and one of the first of Lord Eldon's many claims to our admiration and reverence is the firmness with which he has resisted a temptation, which must always be strongest in the most powerful mind. The rule, with all its practical evils and absurdities, is now part of the law of the kingdom, and it is only by an alteration of the law that it can be got rid of.

But,

But, before we suggest any mode of alteration, we must advert to the arguments which we have heard urged in its defence. They are two: one technical, the other founded on expediency. We will dispose of them in their order. The first is, that, admitting the incidental advantage that would arise from the protection from piracy of a work however libellous, such a protection cannot be afforded without violating the established principle of law, 'that there can be no property in what is injurious.' We will not answer the argument by one of its own spirit—by asking whether there is a more established principle of law than, that a man shall not profit by his own wrong, and whether this principle can be more violated than by suffering a defendant to plead in his own behalf that his own act is criminal; we will not answer the argument thus, because we think that, in legislation, all mere technical reasoning, all reasoning drawn from any source than that of the broadest expediency, is absurd and mischievous. We will answer that, if this is a case in which the general principle of law is injurious, it is a case which ought to be excepted from it. That what is on the whole most expedient shall be done, is the great principle of legislation, to which all other principles of law are subservient; and to support a maxim, which has been established only because it is generally useful, in the cases in which it is hurtful, is a puerile preference of the means to the end. To violate the spirit by obeying the letter is often the painful duty of the judge; to make the letter conform to the spirit is the privilege of the legislator. And the public suffers as much when the latter neglects his province, as when the former officiously intrudes on it.

The other argument in defence of the rule assumes more plausible grounds. It is said that, by destroying the profit, it prevents the publication of injurious works. Now, in the first place, if it were true that it destroys their profit, it does not follow that it will prevent their publication. The desire of obtaining notoriety, and of producing an effect, are much stronger motives to publication than the mere contingency of profit. And as the notoriety of the author and the effect of the work, instead of being diminished, are increased, by its piracy, the anticipation of piracy will, except in a case which we shall presently come to, leave untouched the strongest motives to publication; secondly, the profit will not be destroyed, it will not necessarily be diminished where the piracy has been foreseen. The publication is profitable to the pirate, or he would not undertake it: it must be more so to the original publisher, as he has the advantage of pre-occupying the market. But he must conform to the tactics of his enemy: he must protect himself from being undersold by reducing both the cost and the price of the work, and trust to a small profit on a wide sale, instead of a

profit greater in each individual instance, but not so often repeated. It is probable that his whole aggregate of profit may be as great or greater, though it will be obtained with rather more trouble. That this will be the mode adopted, where the nature of the work renders piracy probable, no one can doubt, and indeed it is proved by experience. Did the piracy of the two first cantos of 'Don Juan' prevent the publication of the remainder? No, it only reduced it from quarto to duodecimo, from two guineas to seven shillings. It is curious to observe how the indirect, as well as the direct operation of the rule is to diffuse the works which it affects to proscribe. But it diffuses only what it thinks poison, with the antidote it has no concern. A number of the Lectures may be bought for threepence: Mr. Rennell's answer, and our own critique, remain at their old monopoly price.

We must say that we do not fear evil from the circulation of any opinions, however mischievous in themselves, if nothing is done to prevent the equal circulation of the argument on both sides. Magna est veritas, et prævalebit, and the magistrate need seldom do more than see fair play, and let her fight her own battles herself. But if the law will interfere, and by its bungling hostility propagate the doctrine which it disapproves; if, while truth is locked up in highly priced quartos and octavos, falsehood is forced to spread itself in duodecimos and pamphlets; if, while the rights of literary property, rights on which the existence of literature depends, tend to confine the former among the opulent and well-informed, the latter is forced to seek for purchasers among the poor and uneducated, then indeed, as is so often the case where it impertinently intermeddles, the law will itself have created the evil, and turned what, without its interference, would not have done harm, and might have done good, into a source of great and imminent danger. We have heard it said that, in refusing the injunction, the court is merely quiescent: that, instead of an interference, its conduct is a cautious abstinence from interference. But this is one of the many cases in which a conduct, negative in appearance, is positive in effect. Any conduct of a court of justice, which places an individual in a different situation from that of all other individuals—which refuses to him a protection which it grants, as of course, to every other applicant, is a positive act of interference against that individual. When the law prohibited his righting himself by his own exertions, it virtually contracted to perform that service by its own instruments. To refuse performance of the contract, while the prohibition remains in force, is an act positive and penal. If we wish to see the operation attributed to the rule, even by those whose duty as advocates forces them to support it, we need only to look at the speech of the distinguished counsel for the

the defendant in the case of Lawrence and Smith. Mr. Wetherall 'expressed his regret at being forced to make the observations contained in his speech, but, unless this new school of infidelity were *put down*, its effect upon society would be most injurious.' For the purpose of 'putting down' the class of writers he alluded to, he called on the court *first* to decide the work to be libellous, and *then* to punish the author by depriving him of his copyright. He called on the court therefore to exercise that penal jurisdiction which a court of equity has uniformly disavowed, and never more pointedly than in the cases which we have been reviewing. And a jurisdiction, which the policy of the libel act denies even to a judge in a criminal court, and on a criminal process. The court

'——————— granted half his prayer,
And half the envious winds dispersed in air.'

It refused to decide on the nature of the work, but inflicted the punishment. It may be said that the law will again interfere through the criminal courts, and prevent, by punishment, the diffusion of libellous works. But even if subsequent punishment were a prevention, if it did not permit the intermediate dissemination of what it ultimately holds criminal, if the fire did not spread while water is coming in the broad wheeled waggon of the Court of King's Bench, we deny that it can be applied to most of the cases which fall within the rule that we are discussing; it has not, in fact, been applied to any one of them. Have the publishers of Wat Tyler, or Don Juan, or Cain, or Lawrence's Lectures, been punished?

The arguments to be drawn from the power of punishment apply in an opposite direction. Those who support the rule seem to argue, as if it were the only means by which the original publication of libellous works can be prevented. Do they forget that we have the Attorney-General and the law of libel? But the law will not punish till after conviction. And is it to be wished that a power should continue of punishing *before* conviction? of punishing, not because a jury has decided, or even the judge is convinced, that the author is guilty, but because the judge is not *sure* that he is innocent? because he has a reasonable *doubt*, whether the tendency of the work *may* not be injurious?

We have as yet kept out of view, what appears to us the most objectionable effect of the rule—its effect on the liberty of the press. As to works clearly mischievous, it is hurtful only by increasing their circulation. But it is much more hurtful by really possessing the power of preventing the publication of others which might be highly useful.

All error on moral or political subjects is in itself mischievous; but such is their difficulty, that no work of length on any of those

subjects ever was free from error; or, if it had been free, would have been thought so by those whose prejudices it contradicted. In proportion to the originality of the work will its apparent, and its real, errors be multiplied. It will oppose more received opinions, and its conclusions will want the qualifications, of which further discussion will prove the necessity; and, in proportion to the practical importance of its topics, will the injurious tendency of its errors be more glaring. In every original work, therefore, on an important moral or political subject, a judge must find passages which he thinks mischievous, or, which is enough for the rule, of which he is not sure that the tendency may not be mischievous. In proportion to its originality and importance it must be susceptible of this literary outlawry. We will not waste the time, or insult the understanding of our readers, by proving the utility of such works, or by showing that even the discussion of their errors leads to truths, which might not, probably would not, otherwise have been attained: we will only remind them that Godwin's mischievous fallacies suggested the theory of population, and that Locke's great work was intended as a confutation of his contemporary metaphysicians.

But the original writers on such subjects are generally men of education and refinement, and often men in situations and professions, in which a reputation, unassailable even by malice, is necessary for success. Such men would shrink from the possibility of suffering the stigma, which the disapprobation of the highest judicial authority would inflict on the tendency of a work, and the character of its author, and would prefer obscurity to the chance of having published what the court of Chancery would not protect. And let it not be said that works of real merit would be safe. In proportion to its real merit a book is likely to offend. The general mass of readers approve of nothing, in these subjects, but the truths and the falsehoods to which they have been accustomed. Perhaps the most valuable present which any living author has made to the world, is Mr. Malthus's work on Population. Yet how violent was the outcry on its first appearance; how plausible was much of the declamation against its principles; how much was that plausibility assisted by the manner in which those principles were at first stated, and how easily might a superficial reader have entertained a rational doubt whether the work might not be injurious? In fact, how many thought, and still think, it highly mischievous? And how could Mr. Malthus have foreseen what might be the opinion of the judge before whom the question might come?

We must add that, if this discretion is to be exercised, it is not to a great lawyer, even if he were not unfitted for it by his situation

tion as one of his Majesty's ministers, we would most willingly trust it. It is a trite remark, that the practice of the law is not apt to open and liberalize the mind exactly in the same proportion in which it quickens and invigorates the understanding; but there is one peculiarity attending an advocate's duties, which particularly unfits a man, whose habits of mind have been formed by them, for the office in question. His business is to discover all that can be said on his own side, and can reasonably be advanced on the other: but it is no part of his duty to collect and balance the whole effect of the opposite arguments, or even to decide between any two of them. He has to search, not for conclusions, but for premises. But to have to reason, without having to decide, is the very parent of doubt and irresolution. And in a case where the ordinary effects of doubt are reversed, where the onus probandi rests with the accused, and the judge, if he hesitates, condemns, no judicial fault can operate so unfavourably as an excess of caution. What answer can be made to the complaints of an author, who has staked his fortune and his reputation on a laborious work, and whose book has been rendered unsaleable, and whose character has suffered in the estimation at least of all the followers of authority, (a class that always comprehends the greatest number, and may in this case include the individuals on whom he is dependent,) because the ignorance of the judge, or his ingenuity in raising difficulties, made him doubt whether some parts of it, perhaps the most valuable and most original of the whole, might not be injurious? We do not think, however, that this fear will absolutely prevent many publications, but we do think that it will very much degrade their character. Men who have much at stake will avoid all questionable positions, and endeavour to write, not what they believe to be true, but what will fall in with the prejudices of those who may have to judge them: and English literature will be subject to an indirect censorship of the press, by so much worse than a direct one, as it is worse to be condemned by the doubt, than by the decision, of your tribunal.

If we have succeeded in proving the rule to be objectionable, it will be easy to apply the remedy. It would be sufficient if a short act of parliament were passed, declaring that the libellous character of the work shall never be resorted to in bar of any proceeding at law or in equity for the infringement of copyright. The effect of such an act will be to subject the piratical publisher of a work, whatever may be its tendency, to the three restraints which the law has imposed upon piracy—to an injunction, restraining him from persevering in his robbery; an account, at the suit of the person injured, of the profits he has made by it, and an action at law for damages. We at first thought of excluding the two latter remedies

remedies from the act, and merely proposing that the tendency of the work should be no bar to an injunction against its piracy. This would be a slighter alteration of the law, (and every unnecessary alteration of existing laws ought carefully to be avoided,) and would spare the prejudices of those, whom no incidental advantage can reconcile to the enabling a plaintiff to demand damages and an account in respect 'of the unhallowed profits of a libellous publication:' but it would leave these unhallowed profits where they ought still less to be, in the hands of the libellous pirate; it would leave in force the revolting anomaly, that a man shall defend himself by pleading his own criminality. And if these consequences were avoided, by directing the profits and damages to be applied to a public charity, it would still leave literature exposed to its present dangers, by leaving it still in the power, or to speak more correctly, making it still the duty, of the Chancellor to stigmatize works, by refusing to allow the original publisher to receive the benefit of an account from the invader of his property. We must observe that the act will not apply to works which have been declared libellous by a jury. The 60th Geo. III. c. 8, which directs them to be seized, an act which we trust will not be suffered to expire, operates as a perpetual injunction; and we hope that parliament will now exclude from the classification of publications this heteroclyte species, which is too good to be punished, and too bad to be protected, and give to authors the security enjoyed by all their fellow countrymen—that they shall be presumed to be innocent until they have been convicted of guilt by an appropriate process before a competent tribunal. The wording and the details of the act we leave to those better qualified than ourselves.

Art. VII.—ЗАПИСКИ О НѢКОТОРЫХЪ НАРОДАХЪ И ЗЕМЛЯХЪ СРЕДНЕЙ ЧАСТИ АЗІИ.

Notices of certain Tribes and Countries in the Central Part of Asia. By Philip Nazaroff, Interpreter to the Siberian Corps employed on an Expedition to Kokand in the Years 1813 and 1814. 8vo. Petersburgh.

THIS is the Expedition to which we alluded in a former Number;* and we then stated that an account of it was preparing for the press at the expense of that distinguished patron of science and discovery in Russia, the Count Romanzoff. By his kindness, we have been favoured with a copy of the narrative, an outline of which we hasten to lay before our readers; for though it has

* No. XLVIII. Art. III. p. 334.

failed

failed to answer our expectations as far as regards the geography and natural history of this interesting part of Asia, the seat and centre of the barbarian grandeur of the Sultan Timour and also of his predecessor Gengis Khan, yet it affords some little insight into the strength and character of the hordes of Tartars who now roam over a small but favourite portion of that once magnificent and boundless empire. The information which it contains, however, is so scanty, that, had it been conveyed in any language more accessible to our countrymen than the Russian, we should probably not have thought it worthy of a separate Article; as preparatory, however, to something more circumstantial relating to the same quarter, a few pages may not, perhaps, be considered as superfluous.

As Mr. Nazaroff has not accompanied his route with any chart, nor given a single latitude or longitude, and as his Russian orthography differs very much from the names on our maps, it is no easy matter to follow him; we collect, however, from his narrative that the present Sultan, or *Amir*, as he is here styled, of Khokand, is a pugnacious personage of the name of Valliami, who, though little more than twenty-five years of age, has already brought under his subjection the various tribes of Tartars dispersed over those vast plains known to the Arabs by the name of Mawn el-nahar and containing the once celebrated cities of Bokhara, Balk and Samarcand, a tract of country so fertile and beautiful as to have been pronounced by Abulfeda 'the most delightful of all places which God had created.' This central part of Asia is circumscribed on the north by the Algydim Zano mountains, (the rampart of the mythological Gog and Magog,) on the west by the Belur Tag, on the south by the Hindoo Koo, and Pamar Mountains, and on the west by the River Jihon and the Sea of Aral; comprehending all those populous tribes of Tartars known by the name of Kirghis, with the exception of one branch whose hordes occupy the country lying between the Caspian and the Aral; and they too, we have reason to believe, have recently submitted to the yoke of the conqueror.

The occasion of the present mission is thus stated. A deputation had been sent in 1812 from the Sultan or Khan of Kokania to the court of Petersburgh, which, on its return, halted at the fortress of Petropaulousk (marked St. Peter on the charts) on the river Ishim, and close to the northern range of the *Steppe* of that name. Here the principal persons caught a fever and died; the next in rank was a most depraved character, and frequented the company of profligate women, in whose society he formed an acquaintance with an exiled Russian soldier. This man, with the view of getting possession of the Tartar's money, enticed him one day to the Ishim to bathe, and, availing himself of the opportunity, murdered him and flung his body into the river. These untoward circumstances induced

duced the Russian commandant of the fortress to accompany the remaining part of the deputation with an escort, in order to obviate any unfavourable interpretation that might be put by the Khan on the unfortunate end of his two envoys.

Being well acquainted with the language of the Kokans, M. Nazaroff volunteered his services, and was accordingly dispatched by the commandant in May, 1813, with credentials and presents, in the name of the emperor, under the protection of a party of Cossacks; and at the same time an opportunity was taken of sending a caravan, or company of traders, to endeavour to open a commercial communication with the people. Having crossed the Steppe of Ishim, Nazaroff entered upon the possessions of the northern Kirghis, of whom he gives some little account. He describes them as consisting of three hordes, over each of which is a khan; each horde is divided into other portions, over each of which is a sultaun; and these again are subdivided into separate companies placed each under the controul of a bia or elder. Both the general government and that of the hordes are exceedingly despotic: their religion is that of Mahomet, and their laws are founded on the precepts of the koran.

The Kirghis are excellent horsemen; even children of four or five years of age manage a horse with great dexterity, and the women are not less expert than the men. Their horses are of the Arabian breed, fifteen or sixteen hands high, and in their predatory excursions will hold out for several days at the rate of a hundred miles a day. The hordes are honest, and faithful to their word among themselves; but hold it *no stuff o' the conscience* to plunder their neighbours. Nightly forays to drive off cattle are very common, and the women, on such occasions, armed with clubs and lances, take as active a share in any combat that may ensue as the men.

Marriages are contracted by the parents while the parties are infants; and such contracts are held sacred. At the marriageable age, which is very early, the young people have free access to each other. They have a tent set apart from the rest of the horde, to which the bride is brought every night for a fortnight before the marriage ceremony is performed, and left alone with the bridegroom; but such, says M. Nazaroff, 'is the native modesty implanted in the breasts of these savages,' (they are very far from being savages,) 'that no indecency or improper liberty is ever taken by the man.' On the day appointed for the nuptials, the relations meet, the mullah receives the declaration of the parties, unites their hands, and invokes a blessing and a numerous offspring; barrenness being, in their estimation, little short of disgrace.

M. Nazaroff and his party halted at a place called *Tur-Aigrak*, in

in Turkistan, near which was a lake about thirty miles in circumference named *Ketchubai-Tukurkar*. On a sloping bank of this lake they observed an extensive burying-ground, containing a multitude of square wooden tombs, some marked with spears as a memorial of the good horsemanship of the deceased, and others with the figures of hawks as a testimony of their skill in fowling. To this burying-ground the rich Tartars bring their deceased relations from every part of the Kirghis territory. In the winter months, when the country is covered with snow and no food is to be had for their cattle, they suspend the bodies, swaddled in thick felt, from branches of trees, and in the spring collect and carry them to the sanctified cemetery. 'Crossing the deserts of Tartary,' says M. Nazaroff, 'in the winter months, one frequently meets with these dismal objects covered with hoar-frost, and dangling, in all directions, to the chilling blast.'

The borders of this lake are the resort of various wandering tribes, who barter their horses, camels and sheep with the caravans, for clothing and other articles of necessity and luxury. While M. Nazaroff halted at this spot, one of the horde was condemned to suffer death. A halter was immediately thrown round the neck of the culprit, the end of which was fastened to the tail of a horse which, being mounted by a Tartar, set off at full speed, and continued galloping round the encampment till the life of the criminal was terminated. 'Having inquired into the cause of so excruciating and dreadful a punishment, I was surprized (he says) to learn that the sufferer's offence was that of stealing two sheep, whilst those who condemned him were at the very moment, under pretence of private quarrels with the neighbouring tribes, *lifting* whole herds of cattle, and exacting ransom for their restitution.'

The farther they advanced through Turkistan, now a part of Kokania, the more fixed the population appeared; the tents of the Tartars were exchanged for houses of stone, and fields cultivated with grain, among which towns and villages were interspersed, were seen on all sides. Every thing were the appearance of improved civilization. They had now reached the territory of Tashkund, which is watered by the Sur and its numerous branches. The khan sent his officers to demand the usual duties from the caravan, inviting them at the same time, in the most friendly manner, into the town of that name. He advised M. Nazaroff to proceed with his Cossacks alone to Khokand; not succeeding in this, he detained the caravan with a part of the Cossacks, at Tashkund, but graciously permitted the mission to set forward with the remainder of the escort, (about twenty,) which they did, without guides, trusting to the local knowledge of the Kokaners whom they had brought with them from Russia.

With

With the utmost difficulty they crossed the river *Tchirtchik*, on account of the rapidity of the stream and the large stones which it rolled down with it. This is one of the numerous torrents which fall from the lofty mountain named Kindertau, a prolongation of the Beloor Tag, and which swell the Sur, or Sihon. M. Nazaroff says that the roaring of this turbulent stream may be heard at the distance of fifteen versts, and that it is so tremendous that even the beasts of prey dare not approach it. The valleys of this range of mountains are inhabited, it appears, by little hordes of savage and uncivilized Persians of the East, who are named the Meu of the Mountains.

In perusing this part of M. Nazaroff's narrative, we were perpetually reminded of Sir John Mandeville's river of running rocks and lakes of sand, an account of which he may have met with in some oriental traveller whose wondrous stories have not reached our times; and the valleys of Kindertau, which M. Nazaroff calls 'a prodigiously high mountain,' may yet contain the descendants of the 'Old Man of the Mountain,' who, with his assassins, spread terror from the Hindoo Coosh to Mount Lebanon. Lawless robbers are still found in all the mountainous regions of Asia; but being more divided are consequently less formidable than the Ishmaelites of former times, who were destroyed by the Moguls.

Proceeding southerly, the mission passed the Khojund and the Sur-Darin, and arrived at the city of Kokand, the capital of Kokania, situated in the centre of those interminable plains, where Gengis-Khan was in the habit of assembling a general council of all the khans, governors, and military chiefs of his extensive empire, and where, we are told, were once assembled 500 ambassadors from the conquered countries only. It was here too that the magnificent feast was given by Timour on the marriage of six of his grandsons; where, according to Gibbon, following the statement of Sherefedden, 'the plain was spread with pyramids of meat and vases of every kind of liquor, to which thousands of guests were courteously invited;' where 'pearls and rubies were showered on the heads of the bridegrooms and their brides, and contemptuously abandoned to their attendants;' where 'a general indulgence was proclaimed, every law was relaxed, every pleasure was allowed, the people was free, the sovereign was idle;'—and where, we may add, on the authority of Clavijo, who was present as ambassador from Henry III. of Castile, the nine queens of Tamerlane caroused wine, handed to them by pages on their knees, in golden cups, till, in the courtly language of Bardolph, they became *fap, and conclusions passed the carrieres.*

On arriving at the gates of Khokand, the Cossacks dressed themselves in full uniform, and the whole cavalcade entered the city, marched

marched past the palace, and were lodged in a garden with one small pavilion in it. Two tents were immediately pitched for the Cossacks, and one for M. Nazaroff and his companion Beziuzikoff; the Kokaners were taken away, and a guard of fifteen men placed over the Russians, with orders not to suffer them to leave the garden.

During the night they had a visit from the vizier, who demanded what their object was in coming into Kokan? They replied, to bring home the Kokaners; to explain the unfortunate circumstances of the death of the two envoys; and to open a commercial intercourse with the country. The vizier then told them that provisions for themselves and their cattle would be daily sent to them, and without further explanation departed. The garden, while the Europeans were confined there, was crowded with spectators, who stood gazing at them from morning till night. This continued for eleven days, when the hour was announced for delivering their credentials and presents to the Khan. This short period of confinement showed the quantum of respect deemed necessary for the Russians, the time of delay being in the ratio of the rank and estimation in which envoys are held. When Clavijo and his companions arrived at Samarcand to pay their duty to Tamerlane, they also were lodged in a garden, and kept there as prisoners for eight days; on complaining of this treatment, they were told that Timur always made some delay in admitting ambassadors to his presence, and that the length of time was in proportion to the regard with which he viewed them; a custom it would seem which the Arabs have carried into Africa; for when Doctor Docherd had in vain solicited, for two years, permission to proceed from Bammakoo on the Niger to pay his compliments to the king of Sego, the sable monarch soothed his impatience by letting him know that the longer he delayed seeing him, the greater was his respect and affection; and that he had no occasion to fret himself, as a black ambassador, with a present of horses, had already been waiting there three years.

The distance of the garden from the palace of the khan was about fifteen versts, the whole of which was lined with cavalry. The two Russian envoys mounted their horses, but the Cossacks, four of whom, attended by a corporal, carried the box which contained the imperial presents and credentials, marched on foot, in two columns. Before they reached the outer wall of the palace M. Nazaroff and his friend were ordered to dismount, and were detained about half an hour, when the gate was opened and the former alone was conducted through a court-yard, at the extremity of which the khan was pointed out to him at a window. In proceeding towards the august presence, he was told that he must pay the same

marks

marks of respect as were observed towards his own sovereign; upon which he took off his hat, made a bow, and put it on again. The khan was seated on a lofty throne placed on an elevated platform covered with carpets, and on each side of him were ranged the viziers and principal grandees of the court. M. Nazaroff was directed to place his credentials on his head, and holding them with both hands, a common ceremony in the east, dictated probably by precaution, was conducted to the foot of the throne. Here he was ordered to fall upon one knee, when the khan took the credentials from his head and gave them to one of his viziers; he then stretched out his hand, which M. Nazaroff took in both his, after which he was led by two of the ministers to the door, keeping his face towards the throne. There were present on this solemn occasion ambassadors from China, Buckharia, and from the various surrounding petty states; for all of whom a dinner was prepared, consisting of coloured rice and horse-flesh; and this being finished, the Russians returned in procession to their garden.

Soon after this interview, it was announced by the secretary of the khan that the detachment would be sent back to Russia in the course of three days, but that M. Nazaroff must remain there till the following spring, when the caravan and certain deputies would be dispatched by the khan to inquire more particularly into the real cause of the death of his ambassadors. M. Nazaroff now began to suspect that he was a prisoner, and in a few days he was, in fact, removed from the garden, and lodged, with his corporal and four Cossacks, in the castle of the governor, with a guard over him. Here he remained twelve days, at the end of which he was brought before the great men of the court, and asked what compensation he meant to offer for the murder of the khan's ambassadors? If our envoy was somewhat startled by such an abrupt interrogatory, he was not much relieved when he was peremptorily informed that three alternatives would be submitted to him—to pay the money demanded by the relations of the deceased—embrace the religion of Mahomet—or be suspended on a gibbet, to which they at the same time pointed. 'I replied thus,' says M. Nazaroff,—'to pay an adequate sum of money is totally out of my power; to betray my faith and my sovereign I am not prepared; and as to death, I am not afraid to meet it, well knowing that my sovereign will amply avenge any insult that may be offered to my person.' 'Finding,' he adds, 'that I boldly replied to their questions, I was ordered back to my prison; and from this moment the governor of the castle treated me with the greatest kindness; but he apprized me shortly after that the khan had determined to send me into exile.'

Accordingly an invitation was one day brought for M. Nazaroff to attend the khan on a hunting party to a place called Marglaand, about

about 250 versts from Kokhan for this purpose. Two carriages were prepared to transport him and his Cossacks, accompanied by a Khergis officer and two drivers. Having passed a great number of villages, they entered upon an extensive desert. Conceiving it a good opportunity to come to some explanation with the officer, 'I rushed upon him,' says M. Nazaroff, 'with a drawn sabre, and bade him, if he regarded his life, to tell me where he was ordered to convey us.' He answered trembling that he had secret orders to convey us to the fortress of *Jarmazar*, on the Persian frontier; but that, if I preferred it, he would take us to Margliand, distant about 50 versts.' M. Nazaroff preferred the latter, and in two days they arrived at that place, where lodgings were ordered for them by the governor, who behaved with great kindness. Here they were kept for three months, when by the intercession of the vice-khan they obtained permission to return by a very pleasant and populous route to Khokand, whence they were dispatched to Tashkund, where the deputies of the khan to the Emperor of Russia joined them.

The result of this second mission to Petersburgh, was a determination of the Emperor Alexander to follow it up by a splendid embassy to Bucharia, as we have already mentioned.

This embassy, we understand, reached Bucharia in the end of December, 1820, after suffering considerable hardships from cold and want of water, in crossing the great desert which borders the Kerghis Tartar country to the northward, and which occupied them seventy-two days. It returned, *re infecta*, in March, 1821; but the party composing it were delighted with the people and the country, notwithstanding the jealousy of the governing powers. They describe the plains of Samarcand as beautiful and well cultivated; and Valliami's dominions as containing about three millions of inhabitants. This young conqueror appears to be eagerly and rapidly adding to his dominions; and though the state of the East is widely different from what it was in the days of Timour, and such as to check his career on every side, yet he may succeed in erecting a very considerable empire, from the shores of the Caspian to the confines of China Proper, and from the frontier of Russia to the Hindoo Coosh and the Himalaya; which, like all those that have gone before him, where every thing depends on the personal character of the sovereign, will, in all probability, again fall to pieces on his demise.

Art. VIII.—1. *De la Monarchie Française, depuis son Etablissement jusqu'à nos Jours: ou Recherches sur les anciennes Institutions Françaises, leurs Progrès, leur Décadence, et sur les Causes qui ont amené la Révolution et ses diverses phases jusqu' à la Déclaration de l'Empire: par Monsieur le Comte de Montlosier, député de la Noblesse d'Auvergne aux Etats-Généraux.* 3 vols. 8vo. Paris.

2. *De la Monarchie Française depuis le Retour de la Maison de Bourbon jusqu'au* 1r April, 1815: par le même. 1 vol. 8vo. Paris.

3. *De la Monarchie Française depuis la Seconde Restauration jusqu'à la fin de la Session de* 1816: par le même. 1 vol. 8vo. Paris. 1818.

4. *De la Monarchie Française au* 1r Janvier, 1821: par le même. 1 vol. 8vo. Paris. 1821.

THE first of these works, as we are told by the author, was undertaken by order of Buonaparte, then First Consul; and while Monsieur de Montlosier was attached to the Ministry for Foreign Affairs. The topics proposed by him were, 1st, The ancient state and institutions of France. 2. The manner in which the revolution emanated from that state of things. 3. The attempts made to overturn the revolution. 4. The success obtained by the First Consul toward that end, and the divers improvements which he effected in the social system of France. It was *bespoken* to be ready for the day on which the empire was to be proclaimed, i. e. about four months from that of giving the orders. But, like many other of Buonaparte's conceptions, this was impracticable; for though M. de Montlosier applied the whole of his time to the study of the subject, he could not bring his labours to a conclusión until four years had elapsed; when Buonaparte had forgotten that he had given any order concerning such a work. It was not printed at that time; but, in 1814, after the first restoration of the Bourbons, it was published, as the author says, 'tel que je l'ai composé pour Napoléon.' M. de Montlosier is no less known as a naturalist than as a political writer.* He was the defender of the nobility in the beginning of the revolution, and emigrated to England, where he became the principal conductor of the 'Courier de Londres.' But having contracted a strong admiration for Buonaparte, during a short visit which he made to his own country in 1800, and having, on his return to England, expressed that admiration rather indiscreetly, he received, it is said, a hint that his presence could be dispensed with, and returned once more

* See his 'Essai sur la Théorie des Volcans d'Auvergne, 1789.'

to

to France. M. de Montlosier is what would be there termed 'un homme d'esprit;' but he is deficient in judgment and sound sense; and though he may now and then strike out a luminous idea, and express it with energy, yet a strange jumble of notions, for the most part erroneous, nay often at variance with each other, renders his best reasonings inefficient. Such is the characteristic of the volumes before us; and whoever would form his opinion upon the French monarchy, from them, would be most completely led astray, even while he acknowledged the ingenuity of some of the views they contain. M. de Montlosier is, for instance, a wonderful admirer of the feudal system, not such as it was under Lewis XIV. when only some tattered remnants of it were to be found, after the devastations of Lewis le Gros, Lewis XI. the Cardinal de Richelieu, &c.; but such as it existed in the good old times, as represented by Geraldus Niger, and Obertus de Odo, with their learned commentator Cujacius; and, for this reason, he says, 'J'ai entendu parler un jour à l'assemblée nationale d'une terre classique de la liberté. Pour ce qui me concerne, je ne connois qu'une seule terre de ce genre: *La France antique*.' He allows, however, that the modern institutions of England are good; (vol. ii. p. 103,) but adds, in another place, 'tout ce qu'il y a d'important dans ce pays a été pris et calqué sur la France.' With the most complete servility, he says, we have repeated all the actions of the French. 'Reims avoit une sainte ampoule, l'Angleterre a voulu avoir une sainte ampoule. La France avoit un étendard de l'oriflamme, les rois François étoient oints et sacrés à la manière des rois d'Israel; l'Angleterre a voulu avoir un étendard de l'oriflamme, et ses rois ont voulu être oints et sacrés. La France a appellé les deputés des villes à ses assemblés générales; l'Angleterre les a appellés aussitôt. Les rois de France ont commencé à créer des pairs par lettres patentes; les rois d'Angleterre en ont créé en même temps.' In a word, there is not a single thing, our order of inheritance, our trade, manufactures, industry, liberty, for which, according to this learned representative of Auvergne, we are not indebted to France!

In a former article,* we endeavoured to show the inaptitude of the French nation for liberty, by examining some of the dispositions which have characterized them during the long series of their history, as manifested more in their actions, than in their words. We shall now pursue the subject in another mode, and attempt to paint the system of habits, customs, manners, which grew out of that disposition; and direct our attention most particularly to this question, whether these habits, customs and manners took a di-

* Quart. Rev. No. L. p. 534.

rection toward liberty, and prepared the way for good government, and constitutional rule; whether they can be considered as intermediate, in any degree, between the abuses and ignorance of the times which M. de Montlosier, in his ardour for feodality, considers as entitling France to be called the classic ground of liberty; and that species of freedom which the modern revolutionists attempted to introduce, or indeed any species of freedom;—and deduce, from that examination, whether (as far as habits and manners are concerned) the real tendency of the nation, in the violent and sudden change which it accomplished, was toward liberty; and whether that hallowed word, which resounded from every corner of the country, was the cause or the pretext for the organized insurrection, which lasted during the entire period of the revolution, however disguised under the various names which so rapidly succeeded each other.

The origin of French nobility, such as it existed before 1789, is lost in the darkness of antiquity; and, in this point of view, it was infinitely honourable: but, considered as a power in the state, it had little to boast of. It was older, perhaps, than the monarchy itself, but most certainly was prior to the Capetian race. From the hour of its establishment, to the day on which it was abolished by decree, it had undergone but little modification by law; yet the various inroads which were in fact made on its privileges, had so completely reduced it from its former splendour, that little remained beside a veneration for ancient usages and ideas. On the 20th of June, 1790, it stood upon the illusion of birth: but all that could support that prejudice, and give consistency to the body which confided in it, was lost. Let the nobility of France be considered as it may, at that epocha it had neither feudal power nor political influence. It had no weight of property to balance other forces; and after it had lost the consideration which extensive vassalage once gave it, it had no refuge but the court of the sovereign, where it sought to retrieve its lost splendour by receiving new importance from the favour of the monarch.

If the ancient nobility of France be measured by its own standard, and not according to the ideas which prevail in Britain, we are forced to confess that there was something abundantly splendid in the institution. Its origin went back to the fabulous times of modern history; and it reposed within a pale where kings could not enter. A title might be bestowed, letters patent might be granted, or a fief be purchased; but neither the seal of the monarch, despotic as he was, nor feudal prejudices which attached distinction to the soil, could raise the new acquirer of hereditary honours, to the level of the old possessor. However fallen into decay

decay the noble families of early times might be, however sunk their fortunes, the rust of antiquity, which nothing can imitate or replace, gave them value, as it does to many ancient medals whose legend is effaced. The name of Montmorency, without any title, was greater than the appellation of Prince could make it; and the whole house of Capet could neither illustrate nor debase it.

This independent greatness of the nobles, though derived entirely from opinion, fomented a jealousy against them in the breast of the monarchs; many of whom took measures to lower them. But what, more than any thing, contributed to deprive the order of respect was, the address of the Cardinal de Richelieu, who, by bestowing honours and recompenses upon such as, abandoning the castles of their ancestors, repaired to the capital, and consented to live in splendid servitude at court, rather than in needy grandeur in their fiefs, created an invidious distinction between the nobles of the provinces and of the town. The latter considered themselves as more immediately basking in the sunshine of royal favour; the former valued themselves still upon their priority, and looked with a contempt not quite exempt from jealousy, upon the new honours and dignities conferred on those who thronged round the sovereign. They intrenched themselves behind the antiquity of their privileges, and smiled when they were told that a courtier, whom, by descent they considered as hardly a gentleman, had been created a duke; while the nobility of the court availed themselves of the advantages of their situation to monopolize protection.

But, however this may have sounded in the rude times of feodality, the institution of nobility, as it stood in France, was the most injurious to the rights of men (we use not this expression in the sense of the French National Convention) that could be devised. It barred the door against preferment, and shut up for ever the temple of hope. Nothing could really ennoble men except what was quite out of their reach, the having been noble before a certain period. Their talents, their virtues, their actions, their services to the state, were in this respect held as nothing. The sovereign could not recompense them with a commission of nobility; and, in granting them titles, he only gave them a badge which made their want of gentle blood more noted.

The condition to which the French nobility were reduced after the many encroachments of royal power, while they themselves had not relaxed toward their inferiors, produced the most extraordinary political state that existed in any country of Europe. Of all the blood and muscle which once gave strength and life to feodality, not a particle was left; and all that remained was the mere phantom of what M. de Montlosier so much admires.

The nobles once had domains inhabited by men whom they governed; these were taken from them. They had the rights of holding martial festivals, of making war, of levying taxes, of coining; these were abolished. They performed in person the service of their fiefs; this was dispensed with. They were once tried by their peers; they were at length handed over to *roturiers*, who sat in judgment on them. They were proud of their exemption from paying tribute: taxes were imposed upon them; and after being the subjects of spoliation during many centuries, they were at last represented as spoliators by the revolution.

But though the encroachments of the sovereigns and ministers considerably facilitated the destruction of the nobility, it must be confessed that the nobles themselves had very much contributed to their own fall; or at least had left the breaches open by which they were successfully assailed. In the time of their power they never thought of granting immunities to their own vassals; and, in the next place, they never learned the advantage of uniting among themselves in such a manner as to present a compact body to the gradual encroachments of royal power, and give a chance of success to opposition. It is well worthy of remark that the vassals of the great feudataries never thought of claiming any liberties for themselves, and never united to make a stand against oppression; and that, in whatever degree of feudal submission the subjects of France are considered, they offer fewer examples of real resistance to unjust rule than the subjects of any other country in Europe. In England, for instance, the superior feudataries often united to controul the will of the sovereign, and generally called in to their aid their inferiors of every degree, terminating in the lowest order; to all of which they granted privileges in proportion to their claims and services: but in France no such thing took place. Every man for himself, every order for its own advantage, was the universal legend; and none had discovered the great spring of civilization, the consciousness of strength which rational beings derive from union. This fact has been commented upon by different writers, among others by de Lolme, the spirit of whose remarks is concentrated in the following passage.

'The feudal system prevailed throughout Europe, but instead of being established there, as it was in England, by dint of arms and all at once, it became gradually general through a long series of successive events. The German nations, which overran Gaul, were, in a great degree, independent; and after dividing the conquered lands, they separated. Thus the tenures were at first precarious, but dependent more upon the nation than upon the king; until Hugue Capet, in order to render the crown to which he had been elected hereditary, established the

the hereditaryship of fiefs, as a general principle; and the feudal system was completed in France. The lords who had elected Capet, became still more independent, and reserved the right of making war, not merely among themselves, but even against the king himself; so that his authority was almost nominal over the sovereigns, great and small, that swarmed through the country. But William the Acquirer, improperly called Conqueror, having subdued by arms the faction that opposed his succession, held its destinies more firmly in his hands, and divided the territory into smaller fiefs, the possessors of which were consequently more under his sway, and loaded with harder conditions of fealty. Thus the kingdom of France was divided into parts, strong enough to be independent, and rivals even with the throne itself; while the minuteness of the portions into which Britain was separated, promoted their union, as the means of resisting the sovereign. Hence, too, the great vassals of France were strong enough to injure their inferiors, and oppression descended in regular gradation through every order of society; while the English feudatories were compelled, by their own weakness, to look to the lowest of the vassals for assistance.'

From these facts, which are historical, De Lolme infers, that disunion and slavery ensued to France; union and liberty to Britain. Such, indeed, was the progress of events in each country; and, by this, the subsequent histories of both were modified, in so much that it may be considered as the means by which their present situation was effected. But they cannot be considered as the causes of French despotism, and of British liberty; and if we would really learn what these are, we must carry our inquiries farther back, and ask the reason why Hugh Capet and William of Normandy found it expedient and possible to act as they did in their respective dominions. Why were the German nations that overran Gaul so independent? Why, after settling there, did they split into such large fiefs? Why did the chiefs become so tyrannically, and the vassals so servilely inclined? Still why did no union ever arise among the French, while among the British it grew even out of division? Why did the clustered inhabitants of France sink down into solitary despondency and submission; while the scattered inhabitants of Britain rallied round one common standard, and supported it with the strength of all? Why did the former, the half of whose task was ready finished to their hands, not accomplish all—while the latter, who had every thing to begin, completed their work, and every day improved it? These are the questions which it is important to answer, if we would cease to mistake the means for the causes, and not raise a voluntary impediment in our way to truth. For our part, whenever we see a thing wisely done, we are inclined to attribute it to the wisdom of the agent, more than to the means he employs, which also we consider as a proof of his wisdom. The liberty of the British

nation we hold to be entirely due to their possessing, in a greater degree, the qualities upon which all liberty is founded—wisdom and virtue; and the union of the superior vassals among themselves, their good intelligence with their superiors, were the means which those qualities suggested to them as the most likely to secure the object they pursued. After all, the changes which these and all other governments have undergone, must be brought back to one single principle—the character of nations. The waters of the Niagara might as well be supposed to spring out of the rock down which they precipitate themselves, as the events of history to have no remoter origin than those which immediately precede them.

Nothing could be more vague and illusory than the pretensions of the French nobility, when deprived of the power and honours of feodality, and reduced to become the creatures of opinion. As individuals, they could do nothing. As a body, they had no consistency; and though really four hundred thousand persons, nearly one sixtieth part of the population, claimed noble descent, they certainly did not possess the hundredth part of the power and influence in France, which our handful of nobility enjoy in the political system of Britain; and they constituted no hierarchy in the state. If there was an order in France which, more than any other, had an interest in creating a representative government, that order was the nobility; for then, at least, if all could not sit in council, all would have had their delegates, and a living body would have been formed out of the skeleton of feodality. But many private interests clashed to prevent their union, even to the last; and they remained insulated candidates for courtly favours, and rivals in the monopoly of fashionable frivolity, instead of giving up a part of their least valuable privileges, to secure what was most precious.

It must not be supposed, however, that after the loss of their ancient privileges, and when all that they had preserved of the feudal system was its vanity, the lot of the nobles was so exclusively favourable as their enemies would represent it. Those who remained in their provinces had little hopes of preferment, and were condemned to see their families outstripped in the career of honours, while they retained only the respect of their country dependents. Those who went to court were drawn into ruinous expenses, which they had no means of recovering but by soliciting places or pensions, or intermarrying with an order which they disdained, and which was jealous of them. The prejudices of their rank had shut up every road to opulence, and the only one left open to preferment was rather burdensome than lucrative. Since prejudice, then, had excluded the nobility from every occupation but one; since it had forbidden them the use of their faculties

culties and talents in the learned professions, and the exercise of industry in any of its various shapes, it was but a just compensation to monopolize for them the employment which it had thus set aside from the rest. The military was the career allotted to them, and the sword was the badge of honour which they wore exclusively. But such was the system, that it may be questioned whether the colonel of a regiment was more a gainer or a loser by his commission. The few who rose to rank in the army by their personal merits, as Cheyert, Fabert, and others, were exceptions to this rule, which was enforced with an injurious obstinacy, when the proposal made by Monsieur de Segur, then Minister of war, to annul the distinctions between nobles and roturiers in the army, was rejected—We may say injurious, because about that period the nobles were beginning to set aside the prejudices which previously had excluded them from other occupations in the realm; and it was but just, when they infringed the provinces of the other orders, that the other orders should be admitted into theirs.

According to the ideas then prevalent in France, the population was divided into something like the casts of India. The first great division was into noble and roturier—a word which, as Mr. Hallam well observes, it is a proud distinction for the British that we cannot translate. The nobles were subdivided, according to different views, into many classes, as the haute noblesse, and those who were merely gentilshommes; into noblesse de cour, and noblesse de province; noblesse d'épée, and noblesse de robe; noblesse des villes, and noblesse des champs; and to pass from any one of these casts into another, was nearly as impossible as for a Sooder to become a Cheteree or a Brahmin. Nearly the same feeling, too, prevailed in the French, as in the Hindoo casts; for each most cordially despised the other. From all this it followed that the titles were not the distinguishing marks of the rank which each person held, for there were Marquisses, Counts, Viscounts, Barons in every cast, because there once had been fiefs, and arrière fiefs, and feudal tenures, depending on each other, in various degrees. It was the name which indicated the nobility, as history recorded it to belong to an independent lord, or to a vassal of the first degree, or any degree of an inferior order. The title of Duke only was excepted from this rule; yet, even though certain privileges were annexed to it at court, with many things which might command respect, the Dukes of new creation—we allude to some made before the revolution—were far from standing upon the same grounds in the opinion of the highest cast, as the chevaliers of any house belonging to it. The degradation of the nobility, in the later times of the monarchy, was one of the sure means of increasing

increasing the power of the king, and confirming him in his despotism.

Although fourteen-fifteenths of the clergy were taken from the tiers états, yet the principal dignities and emoluments of the church were bestowed upon the youngest sons of nobles, who had little other provision, or who were prevented, by some bodily infirmity, from engaging in the more active employment of the army. But the whole religious establishment of the realm, and religion itself, were fast falling into contempt. The reformation had produced this effect in some of the countries in which it was not adopted; it gave rise to discussions, and shook the belief of many persons who, not allowed openly to profess their renunciation of the errors of the Romish church, revenged themselves by turning its tenets into ridicule, without daring to put any thing in their place. Many scandalous scenes had passed among the French clergy; and none, perhaps, more scandalous than the nomination of the Cardinal Dubois to the first dignities of the church and state. This man, one of the most profligate that ever existed, was actually married at the time he received catholic orders; but he suborned the witnesses, and contrived to have the parish registers, which might have deposed against him, destroyed. He received, in one day, all the sacred orders, from the lowest to the highest, which made the wags call the ceremony the first communion of the Abbé Dubois, and the Prince de Condé asked him whether baptism was not among the number? The absurd disputes between the Molinists and the Jansenists had also lowered all clerical parties, in the opinion of the public. Louis XV. had introduced the practice of bestowing bishoprics, and all ecclesiastical emoluments, upon the nobility, to the exclusion of roturiers; and Louis XVI. maintained the same custom. Thus a schism was introduced between the higher and the lower orders of the clergy, as of the army; and the largest portion of it was devoted to the interests of the third estate. When M. de Jarente was named to the ministry of the *feuille*, as it was called, he found the church scandalously divided between the Jansenists and the Molinists, and conceived that the best way to put an end to the disputes of both parties, would be to turn their attention to other matters. To this effect he inspired his prelates with political ambition; and gave them hopes of being employed in the administration of affairs. No sooner was this new career opened to them, than, with one consent, they gave up the study of theology, and applied themselves to political economy. Frequenting the little coteries, which were looked upon as the dispensers of reputation and the judges of merit, they affected a philosophical jargon; and, laying aside the austerity of manners which once

characterized

characterised them, became *petits maîtres* and libertines. To be considered as fashionable, in those times, it was indispensable to talk of the balance of trade, the repartition of taxes, agriculture, manufactures, &c. Thus the number of good prelates was diminished; clerical virtues became rare, and were to be found only in the country, and among the poorer curates of the third estate, who had not yet been seduced from their duties. Among the prelates of a higher order, there were no doubt many examples of piety; but we would ask the persons best acquainted with the morality of the clergy, previously to the revolution, how many were there among those who occupied the principal benefices of the church, and who were known to come under a fashionable description of men—for whom, as for as roturiers, we have no English denomination—in France called *des hommes à bonnes fortunes?*

The magistracy in France had produced many eminent men, particularly in the superior employments; and, upon the whole, this body yielded to no other in talent and virtue. The names of l'Hopital, Daguesseau, Lamoignon, would do honour to any country: but, whatever might be their merit, nothing could raise them, in the opinion of the public, to the same level as the descendants of the ancient feudal families. They formed an intermediate cast between the latter and the third estate; and, though the individual was respected more than if he had been a simple roturier, his family, unless noble before, as was sometimes the case, derived but little consideration from appertaining to the law nobility. This distinction, which was made between the very oldest of this cast, and the *noblesse d'épée*, must appear preposterous to us, who admit of no difference between a Wellington, a Nelson, and an Eldon, except the title which the King has granted them; and certainly was injurious to a profession, which, though not the arbiter of empires, we must set before the military; and it was felt severely by the lower orders of the bar, who lost no opportunity of revenging themselves. The applause bestowed upon Voltaire, for the part he took in obtaining the revision of the condemnation of Calas, became the signal for examining the decisions of many of the parliaments; which, in fact, had been most unjust and iniquitous, and some of them worthy of the most barbarous ages of persecution. One of these was the condemnation of the Chevalier de la Barre, '*véhémentement soupçonné d'avoir brisé le crucifix*,' which stood upon the bridge at Abbeville, and was found broken, without the slightest proof that he was the perpetrator of the deed. Another of the iniquitous trials, set aside about the same time, was the more celebrated one of the Comte de Lally, in the revision of which his son, the present peer of

of France, and one of the constitutional members of the first Assembly, displayed great eloquence. These examples of frequent error began to make the nation think that a revision of the whole criminal code was necessary; and in this they were completely justified. A similar rectification was indispensable in the civil code of a people whose constant practice, nay, whose duty it was to solicit the favour of their judges, and to make them presents; and who did not see how useless, or, when not useless, how unfair such a proceeding must be. Yet the ancient magistracy of France looked upon themselves as the models of equity.

The history of the French finances presents the most melancholy picture of public dilapidation that can well be imagined. It may indeed be summed up in three words: one of the richest countries in Europe has, by its own misconduct, been constantly one of the poorest. Louis XIV. had left in the coffers of the state between seven and eight hundred thousand livres tournois—about £320,000 sterling; and the state owed about 710 millions of the same livres tournois, near £30,000,000 sterling, in notes payable to the bearers. Beside this, the constituted debt paid eighty-six millions of interest; and the sum total of all amounted to more than three milliards, or about £130,000,000 sterling. The Regent, full of expensive projects and dangerous speculations, was not likely to ameliorate this state of financial distress, by any wise and honest measures; and the only expedient which his council could find was bankruptcy. This measure was proposed not only by men who were themselves faithless to their engagements, but even by the Duke de St. Simon, who was considered as the most conscientious man of those times; and who, fearing that the authority of the Duke of Orleans might be in danger from such a measure, proposed convening the states-general to obtain their sanction. The Duke de Noailles opposed this step, and the regent, not choosing to appeal to the states-general, declared against the bankruptcy. The only taxable property was the immense estates of the nobility and clergy; but these he dared not infringe upon, as his whole council were too jealous of the immunities of these lands, not to defend this which they held as one of their chief privileges. Three expedients were found by the Duke de Noailles; and they are sufficient to show the spirit of justice which governed the men who had rejected national bankruptcy, as contrary to the honour of the nation. The first was a new coinage, a measure which Louis XIV. had frequently employed. The value of specie had gradually encreased from 1689 to 1712; but had diminished after that year, till 1715. The interest of trade required a remedy to this disorder; and the simplest would have been to establish a scale of comparison, by

by which transactions might be regulated: but as a new coinage offered a gain of about one-fifth to the state, amounting, in all, to nearly three millions sterling, it was adopted. The entire profit, however, did not remain in the hands of the French government. Other nations bought up the old coin, and returned the new in its place. The second expedient was the Visa, or the verification of all demands upon the state, with the exception of the Hôtel de Ville. Many of these were rejected, as forged, or as spurious; and about fourteen millions sterling were thus erased from the public debt. The investigations which the Visa necessitated gave rise to the establishment of the Chambre Ardente a kind of tribunal, whose business it was to decide upon the frauds and peculations committed by a class of men called *traitans*, farmers of the revenues. This tribunal was as arbitrary as any thing that could be found in Turkey: but it was not the less a common resource in the administration of the French finances; and the Regent availed himself of the examples of Sully and of Colbert, the former of whom had recourse to it in 1604, the latter in 1661, the first year of his administration. The restitutions demanded by the Chambre amounted to more than 6,500,000 sterling; and many of the farmers-general were threatened with death. They implored the assistance of the nobles, who sold them their protection. The ladies of the court made a traffic of soliciting in their favour; and the public, as is usual on all serious occasions in France, consoled themselves for the venality of their superiors by circulating songs and epigrams against them. These arbitrary measures, thus softened by corruption and favour, brought in something less than one-tenth of the expected sum; £625,000 instead of £6,500,000. The finances however recovered a little; and the system of Law, (which we cannot now examine, and which was the cause of a prodigious number of those sudden and immoral changes of fortune, which always endanger the tranquillity of states,) as long as it continued prosperous, lent them its helping hand. After many variations and arbitrary imposts, Fleury, who was not exempt from intrigue, undertook his administration upon the principle of economy; and accordingly diminished the burden supported by the people, and concluded a more advantageous bargain with the farmers-general, who nevertheless made their fortunes. He determined the value of the old and the new coin, which had fluctuated during the preceding administrations; and in such a manner, that his successors never departed from his rule. He was seconded by Orry, the new controller-general; who opened loans to a considerable amount, and enticed the public, by tontines and lotteries, to advance their capitals. But Fleury was of too timid a character to take advantage of all the resources he had

had created; or, to speak more properly, of the resources which France afforded; and the bad effects of his circumspection were long felt.

The prodigality of Louis XV. to his mistresses became a source of new embarrassments. After the peace of Aix la Chapelle, it was found that the French debt had been increased by nearly £50,000,000 sterling, the average interest of which was 7 per cent., while in England interest had been reduced to 3 per cent. The expenses of the court, far from being diminished, had increased amid distress; and Madame de Pompadour, to whom sovereigns paid their court, would consent to no retrenchment. Machault, now controller-general, wished, however, to blind the nation; and, instead of the tenth of all revenues, as established in 1741, he levied but a twentieth. But as better measures were taken to secure the payment of taxes, and to make the privileged orders contribute their share, much was expected from the new mode. The parliament, however, refused to enregister it; the clergy exclaimed, and the Pays des Etats revolted; but the parliament, finding at length that the clergy were to be aggrieved, consented. At the breaking out of the Seven Years war, Lewis XV. held a bed of justice, and enregistered a tax of two-twentieths for the expenses of carrying it on. In 1759 the finances of France were in so deplorable a state, that no person could be found to take charge of them. At length Silhouette was entrusted with them, amid great hopes and enthusiasm. This new controller-general began by considerable reforms; but, such were the morals of the court, that while officers were deprived of their pensions, the parc aux cerfs*—that infamous nursery of debauchery—was furnished as abundantly as ever. Silhouette was soon compelled to have recourse to violent measures. He condescended also to imitate, awkwardly it is true, the financial system of England; but the credit of Britain even then was something too vast

* About the year 1750, a royal depository was formed in France, of so shameless a nature, that, to do it justice, and convey an adequate idea of it to English minds, words must be used which we could not dare to print. We will, however, transcribe the most temperate description we recollect of it; that given by Lacretelle: 'Quelques maisons élégantes, bâties dans un enclos nommé le Parc aux cerfs, recevoient les femmes qui attendoient les embrassemens de leur maître; on y conduisoit de jeunes filles, vendues par leurs parens, ou qui leur étoient arrachées. Elles en sortoient comblées de dons, mais presque sûrs de ne jamais revoir le roi qui les avoit avilies.—La corruption entroit dans les plus paisibles menages, dans les familles les plus obscures; elle étoit savamment et longtems combinée par ceux qui servoient la débauche de Louis. Des années étoient employées à séduire des filles non encore nubiles; à combattre, dans de jeunes femmes, des principes de pudeur et de fidélité. Il y en eut quelques-unes qui eurent le malheur d'éprouver une vive tendresse, un attachement sincère pour le roi. Il en paroissoit touché pendant quelques momens, mais bientot après, il ne voyoit que des artifices pour le dominer, et il s'en rendoit le délateur auprès de la Marquise, qui faisoit rentrer ses rivales dans l'obscurité.'

for

for the minds of his countrymen, who were more alarmed than encouraged by it. He ransacked private coffers to establish a public bank; and invited all good subjects to send their plate to the mint. He created new taxes, and promised more. All parties, orders and professions exclaimed against him, and he was dismissed. A third-twentieth was imposed, and it was found that, after all, one-half of the specie of the country had been carried out of it since the beginning of the war. Thus opened the campaign of 1760.

It was almost impossible in this state of things for any man to produce a permanent melioration in the finances of France. If a controller-general undertook to examine why the Royal treasure was exhausted, he was removed before he had time to carry his inquiries to an end. If he proposed economy, the court took alarm. If he talked of an equal partition of public burdens, he set in arms the parliament, the clergy, and the nobles. If he attempted to devise new taxes, the economists—a sect of political philosophers who began to abound about this period—impeached his projects. The only resource left to Silhouette was to anticipate the revenues of the coming year in order to pay the expenses of the present—a dreadful palliative! Yet it had been the common practice of Moras, Boulogne, and Sechelles, his predecessors; and even his successors, though aware of its danger, could not entirely refrain from it. During the war, the government, in order to allay the clamours of the people, had promised to remit the two additional twentieths; but this was impossible. A bed of justice was held; the tax was continued; and the parliament remonstrated in vain.

The attention of many was awakened by these increasing disorders; and the sect which we have just mentioned, under the name of Economists, began to speculate upon finances as a science. Thus it was that the philosophy of political economy is supposed by some to be of French origin. But the science itself arose in this country, both theoretically and practically; and, if no code of doctrine was reduced to print in England, at this period, it was because we possessed that application of it, which, in some degree, precludes the necessity of written speculations. This sect began by drawing invidious and humiliating comparisons between the financial operations of the two countries, one of which, small, not favoured by climate or natural exuberance, satisfied all demands, and bore the heaviest burdens, without apparent difficulty, and without a single breach of good faith. They carried their speculations still farther; and, as this was the age for eradicating prejudices of every kind, they discovered that finance and trade were not exempt from theirs, the most fatal of all to the happiness

happiness of nations. In their enthusiasm—which the novel discovery that prejudices and passions were injurious had carried to its height—they conceived the project of extirpating indolence, oppression, and poverty, from the surface of the globe. The principal leaders of this sect were Quesnay, a physician, and Vincent de Gournay. These men had set out from two different points, and had the satisfaction of coinciding in their principal conclusions; though with some slight difference of detail. The former considered agriculture as the source of all wealth; the latter, taking a more general and a correcter view of his subject, maintained that labour was the source of riches. Quesnay declaimed against the government, which pressed upon the proprietor and the farmer in many different ways, leaving them no certainty as to their revenues, and circumscribing the means they were to advance for the cultivation of the land. He was particularly adverse to all measures which prevented the free and entire circulation of the products of agriculture; but he injured his cause, and impeded the propagation of his doctrines, by proposing that there should be but one single tax; a tax upon the net produce of land. Neither proprietors nor farmers could comprehend how they were to be benefited, by being made to bear all the burden of public expense. Vincent de Gournay possessed a more comprehensive mind, and showed how every branch of industry contributed its share to national prosperity; far from imploring the protection of government, he only asked that it would remain a passive spectator of their progress. Thus the word liberty began to sound in every corner, even in the council of state; and, from political economy, it pervaded political authority. The speculations of this sect were not the causes of the revolution;—both proceeded from one common origin—but they were among the things which most materially helped it forwards.

The opinions of the Economists were developed by a young man of equal capacity and benevolence, Turgot. They were further promulgated by Lamoignon de Malesherbes and Trudaine; and, among the first effects they produced, was the free circulation of corn, not only from one province to another, but even its exportation, as soon as it had reached a certain price. The experiment showed the success which might be expected from the judicious adoption of their sentiments; for it proved the most powerful incitement to agriculture that had been given for nearly two centuries. Agriculture indeed became the ruling passion of the country, and petits-maîtres talked of rural economy; it must be confessed, however, that from that moment it began to improve.

All the projects and principles of this sect were of no avail against

against the weakness of the monarch and the corruption of the court; and the state of the finances was not benefited. Millions were squandered upon debauchery; and the sweat of the peasant became the means of giving lustre to immorality. In 1769 the deficit was one million and a half sterling. Credit was exhausted. The king's banker could not continue his payments; and anticipation had been carried to the utmost. The rejoicings at the marriage of the Dauphin, afterwards Lewis XVI. had cost £800,000; for Lewis XV., in all things the diminutive copy of his great grandfather, thought it necessary, in his inglorious pomp, to surpass the festivals which Lewis XIV. had given when returning from a victorious campaign with Turenne or Condé. The Abbé Terray, at that time controller-general, being asked by the king what he thought of the fêtes given at this marriage, answered, Sire! je les trouve *impayables!* and by this pun won the favour of those who bore the burden of the expense. Terray used all means to make the ministry of the Duke de Choiseul appear prodigal, and opposed his financial operations. He stopped the payment of all the anticipated orders; and had recourse to the same disastrous, immoral, and impolitic means, as the Regent formerly had employed: an ordinary and partial investigation of claims, fraudulent, or founded. This measure was countenanced by precedents, but opposed by the Economists, who alleged, in vain, that scrupulous honesty was the basis of British credit; and that, without credit, there could be no prosperity. In 1770, Terray accomplished his plan, and the rentes were reduced, some of them to four, others to two and a half per cent.; but the most favoured in appearance were still further diminished by other operations; and the annuities underwent proportionate curtailments. A war of discontent was waged among the various suffering parties; and paper bullets of the brain—consisting chiefly of puns and bons-mots—were abundantly shot off by and against the controller-general, no less a wit than a financier. One of the puns against him may be worth noticing, as the situation of the punsters was characteristic. In a most crowded theatre one of the spectators exclaimed, 'Que l'Abbé Terray n'est-il ici pour nous réduire au tiers!' No minister ever was more fertile in petty expedients, and in one day he published eleven financial edicts. All he effected, however, was to reduce the deficit to about one million annually, while the expenses of the court and of the king's new mistress, Madame du Barry, continued to be as exorbitant as ever. The permission to export corn was repealed. This produced a fluctuation in the price of that commodity, and much ill-will between neighbouring provinces; while it gave rise to an outcry against monopolists. In the midst of general distress, the

monarch of a nation, in which the nobility thought it derogatory to their order to have a merchant in their family, became a regrater, and speculated, for his own private interest, upon the misery of his people; unfortunately for whom, the speculations of the private man were in direct opposition to the benefit of the crown, the country, and the subject.

The nomination of Turgot to the place of controller-general was a subject of triumph to the Economists; and his letter to Lewis XVI. returning thanks for the honour conferred upon him, is a beautiful exposition of the purity of his intentions, and of his resolution not to swerve from them. The most eminent men of France rallied to his opinions, and did homage to his virtues. The public took part in the discussion of weighty concerns, to which they had been little accustomed, and the most important of these were unlimited freedom of trade, gradually introduced; the suppression of many unjust taxes, levied upon necessary articles of consumption, and, above all, the abolition of the gabelle, of statute-labour (corvées) and of feudal services; the conversion of the two-twentieths (tax on revenue) and the poll-tax into a territorial impost, to which both clergy and nobility should be subject; the equal partition of the land-tax, according to the cadastre; liberty of conscience; the recal of fugitive protestants; the suppression of monasteries, leaving the existing occupants the possession for life; the redemption of feudal duties as far as consistent with a respect for property; the abolition of torture, and a revision of the criminal code; a single civil code in place of the prevailing mixture of droit coutumier and Roman law; uniformity of weights and measures; the suppression of wardenships and privileges of corporations, and of all obstacles to the free exercise of industry; the abolition or modification of every thing which produced a difference of interest in the various provinces of the kingdom, &c. &c.

The measures of Turgot, far from being appreciated by the nation at large, raised a general clamour among all the privileged classes, which, though often divided among themselves, united to oppose them. Clergy, nobles, and parliament, finding themselves equally threatened, clamoured in concert. An insurrection followed, sad prelude of the scenes which were to ensue! and during it, the king showed melancholy symptoms of that misplaced benevolence, of that weakness which afterwards brought on the evils he intended to avert; and terminated in the ruin of his throne, the exile of as many of his family as were not, like himself, assassinated; and in the multiplied sufferings of his people. Turgot was dismissed. The office of controller-general was bestowed upon Clugny, who revoked every measure of his predecessor,

cessor, undid all that he had done, or attempted, and declared himself the partizan of the privileged orders. The only institution of Turgot's which he allowed to subsist, was a caisse d'escompte, the first essay of a public bank that had been ventured upon since the system of Law, and which nothing less than the reputation of Turgot could have maintained; as was sufficiently proved by the difficulty with which a capital of only £80,000 sterling was raised, under the new minister, to support it. Death put a period to his administration, in less than six months; during which, he found means to unite, in one single lottery, all the different lotteries of France, and thus diminished the numbers, but not the effects, of this desperate resource. At the death of Clugny, many intrigues were set on foot to procure the office of controller-general for persons attached to the different branches of the royal family; but the Comte de Maurepas, fearing the influence which this might give to others, kindled anew, in the heart of the sovereign, the desire of sound reform; and pointed out to him a man whom he represented as the partizan of Turgot, but who, to effect the same ends, would employ better means. This man was Necker; and the office of director of the royal treasury was accordingly created for him.

M. Necker has been so variously characterized by the different parties which have spoken of him, that he is among the men whom future ages will find the greatest difficulty to appreciate. Represented by some, as all goodness and talent, by others, as destitute of both, the materials for a just portrait are too contradictory to inspire confidence. For ourselves, we think that M. Necker was unquestionably a man of talents, but not of genius: that his intentions were honest; but that an inordinate vanity and ambition seduced him into experiments of which he could not measure the results. In this respect he was infinitely culpable; and though we acquit him upon the question of his intentions, we must condemn him in every other point of view. It is no excuse for a man who plays the game of an empire, and sets, upon a single cast, the happiness of millions, that he did not deceive others until he had been deceived himself. Now the ambition of Necker we hold to have been such, that he would not easily have turned aside from any project which promised to gratify it, however hazardous; and, while we call him honest, we must add, that a stricter conscience would have curtailed the gambols of his vanity. Neither in genius nor, in what depends upon genius, enlightened independent philanthropy, will he bear the slightest comparison with Turgot.

The day on which Turgot commenced his administration, he proclaimed 'no new loans, no new taxes;' and bold as the pro-

ject was, from a man who knew the annual deficit to be immense; yet it was not deemed altogether extravagant by his friends; and inspired confidence in the public. The principle of Necker was 'no new taxes, but many new loans;' and his rashness was held to be inexplicable. The details of his measures consisted chiefly in little stock-jobbing resources, which, taken collectively, were specious enough, and served to seduce the king, the country, and even foreign capitalists, into a persuasion favourable to his abilities. The difference in the accounts of all the controllers-general who had preceded Necker, showed how difficult it was to comprehend the real state of the finances; and, besides this, Necker was obliged to look forward to the expenses, which the war with England in support of American independence threatened to bring on—for in despite of professed friendship, and existing treaties, in defiance to the laws of nations, that war was already resolved upon in France so manifestly, that the historian of those times, Lacretelle, cannot conceive how it was that England did not sooner take umbrage at the preparations for it. Amid these difficulties, Necker remained calm and confident; found means, by petty but tangible reforms, to persuade the public that he was performing wonders; allowed himself to be cajoled by the court, when he proposed economy; and in fact did little more than diminish the expense of collecting the taxes: he was himself not disinclined to a war with England, because he flattered himself that it would be successful by sea, and that the revenues would increase with the increasing trade. A loan was raised with surprising facility, considering that public faith had been most flagitiously violated but six years before; and though the means he employed were not the most moral, the state found temporary relief from his measures. He was reproached, and justly too, with having played too largely upon private cupidity.

In the 'Compte Rendu,' Necker gives an account of the success of his administration. This work was published with the consent of the king, and was a complete innovation upon the customs of France. It was an approximation to our English practice, with the exception that the minister appeared paramount in the whole concern. He seemed indeed to be led away by extreme good faith, and the conviction of his own eminence; and his enthusiasm wore the appearance of wisdom. All the writings of Necker have the same character; now and then luminous, more frequently obscure, and generally ambitious, there is no possibility of wading through them; and such is his Compte Rendu. By the happy obscurity which pervaded the work, the sum total resulting from his various operations was completely disguised; but the seeming

seeming conscience with which his statement was made, redeemed that defect.

There was, however, an evident mark of bad faith in the conduct of Necker. He had originally declared himself the opponent of Turgot. He now had recourse to his principles, and avowed them; but not with the frankness and candour that became him; by which he ingeniously contrived to lose the favour of both parties. The privileged orders exclaimed against him; the economists were dissatisfied; and both helped on the dismissal, which at last took place: thus he reaped no greater advantage from having flattered the third estate, than Turgot had done from the attempt to relieve its distresses. The disgrace of Necker, however, was by many considered as a public calamity. He certainly had relieved the kingdom from some part of its financial embarrassments; but he had introduced the system of loans; a system which has no basis but integrity. He was succeeded by Joly de Fleury, who persevered in the same mode of administration, rendered more difficult as it is more resorted to; but to cover his loans, he was compelled to lay on new taxes. He again was succeeded by d'Ormeson, a man of no capacity whatever. The demands of the war went on increasing; and the caisse d'escompte stopped payment; when, to the dismay of every thinking subject of the realm, Calonne was named controller-general; the most flippant, vain and inefficient of all the frivolous beings that fluttered about the court; yet not devoid of what the French call *esprit*, which is generally the bane of good sense. He summed up in one system all the faults of all his predecessors. He borrowed, taxed, anticipated, proclaimed, with an intrepidity never seen before; and his very levity contributed to maintain the public credit. 'Laissez faire,' was his maxim; and his presence at the fêtes given at court, unlike that of former controllers-general, was the signal of hilarity. He found money for all occasions; for the extravagance and favourites of all the royal family. He would have been the minister born expressly for the French people, could gold have grown beneath his touch; for in his greatest distress nothing seemed impossible to him, and an air of gaiety covered all his penury. The gleam of prosperity which Necker had introduced, gradually disappeared; and the Notables were convened: a measure which Calonne had been some time preparing, and which he looked upon as a master-piece of policy; but which opened the most dangerous theatre for the French nation; a theatre which has always proved fatal to their tranquillity, without producing good; and in which they rarely met, under the pretence of deliberation, without quarrels, strife, and bloodshed.

The picture we gave of the states-general of France, in a former Number,* sufficiently proves this fact.

In this assembly Calonne disproved the statements made by Necker;—that a deficit of one million sterling annually had been converted into a yearly balance of half a million in favour of government, and that he had left in the treasury, when he finished his administration, money sufficient for the expenses of one year, with more bills and specie than it had been known to contain within the memory of man. The national debt, to which the American war had added, at least, £56,666,666 sterling, contradicted the specious account given by his predecessor, and made his statement impossible. The whole of the speech of M. de Calonne was an indirect censure of the Genevese minister. His conclusion was, that the abuses in the state were its best resources; and that reform would lay these at its disposal. Nevertheless the Notables declared themselves his opponents; and his brilliant levity was at last compelled to yield to their attacks. Unhappily there were in France minds which had wound themselves up to a scramble for the good things of this world, and to try what new lights they could strike out to their own advantage from a chaos of the eighteenth century. The spirit of inquiry which, in that country, has always been the spirit of fermentation, rapidly increased under their exertions; and the consequence was the revolution, with all its terrors and atrocities.

'A little learning is a dangerous thing;' but it is still more fatal to nations than to individuals. When any class of men in a community has taken the lead of the rest in mental acquirements, it becomes an easy task for them to gain an ascendancy, and to turn and twist the uninstructed to every good or evil purpose that may enter into the conceptions of the most learned. If there be any thing more dangerous to empires than ignorance, it is the disproportion of knowledge which makes the strong more strong, and the weak more weak; for it seldom happens that any other condition grows out of such circumstances, but an aristocracy of error. Now such was most especially the state of knowledge in France. It was confined to a few, and the uninformed were particularly devoid of instruction.

The peasantry of France, for ages before the revolution, received scarcely any education; and, what must not be overlooked, were not, like the peasantry of Great Britain, compelled, by the necessities of their situation, to constant exertion of intellect. Their minds were not roused to activity, either by nature or by art; and consequently, they had derived little benefit either

* No. L. p. 553, et seq.

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from meditation or tuition. The French peasant was moreover endowed with greater mobility of temper, and less practical wisdom to govern it; and thus constituted one of the aptest subjects upon which perverted knowledge could exert its malevolence, to rouse him to fury, to instigate and to misguide his passions. The past history of France, such as we saw it in a former article, extracted from the best authorities, amply justifies this opinion; and it is not less founded with respect to the years preceding the revolution.

But though the peasant and the lower classes had remained nearly stationary, yet ever since the brilliant æra of Lewis XIV. knowledge of all kinds had been increasing in France. The arts, sciences, and literature, had been cultivated with a success before unknown there; and the early portion of that reign was the epocha of more genius than ever appeared in that country. This splendid season however did not long maintain itself. A sudden decline took place; and, what might be considered as great, soon dwindled into the littleness of what was denominated bel esprit. But, at no time, had the influence either of genius or bel esprit spread itself very widely,—or passed much beyond the limits of the court, and its dependencies; and the advantage which devolved to the nation, at large, was more glory than solid improvement; and even of that, no small part was derived from the disproportion which subsisted between the acquirements of the learned, and of their admirers. It was, however, sufficient to ensure, to the former, a considerable ascendancy in the world; and they became the arbiters, the legislators, in many points, which seemed quite beyond the usual domain of letters or of science.

After the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, the political fermentation was considerable. It proceeded chiefly from the decline and weakness of Lewis XV. when every order in the realm attempted to obtain possession of power, especially the clergy and the parliament. The literati were tormented by no less an ambition; and applying to the affairs of state the speculative talents which penetrate so deeply into scientific mysteries, they hoped to become equal proficients in politics, and in physics. Generally endowed with ardent minds, goaded on by self-love, possessing great erudition, and the perseverance which restless ambition bestows; dexterous, as Frenchmen always are, they held in their hands many means of succeeding, at least partially, in their plans; and the diversity of the pursuits, in which they had been previously engaged, afforded them resources for every extremity. D'Alembert, Buffon, Condillac, Diderot, Duclos, Helvetius, J. J. Rousseau, are sufficient to prove that no branch of knowledge was

 without

without its representative, and that no part of literary profligacy was left unexplored.

But the ambition of these men was without the support which union and the esprit-de-corps confer upon constituted societies: hitherto they had been but detached skirmishers and freebooters; but a vaster project at length drew them together; and their aversion to religion, morality, and government, assumed the appearance of well concerted hostility.

The project of composing the Encyclopedia is said to have been first conceived by Diderot, and to have been imparted by him to D'Alembert. We have heard too that the preliminary discourse of which the latter assumed the merit, was, in fact, conceived by Diderot, who, too indifferent to reduce it to print himself, communicated his ideas in conversation to D'Alembert, by whom they were thrown into their present form. Be this as it may, Diderot was the soul of the undertaking, the first two volumes of which appeared in 1751. Many were the contributors towards its progress; and the unequal merit of the articles inserted, sufficiently showed the unequal capacity of the writers, who, notwithstanding, were selected from the most eminent men of France. The public applauded; the government was puzzled what part to take, and the contempt of all established principles made, to the full, as rapid a progress as the destruction of prejudices. The Encyclopedia, sometimes forbidden, sometimes applauded at court, underwent all the vicissitudes of fashion, before the vainest and most empty of tribunals.

Dreadful indeed were the impressions to which this work accustomed the French public. Irreligious doctrines began to prevail in the capital, which, in fact, was the sole efficient portion of the kingdom, in matters of opinion. La Mettrie, d'Argens, wrote in favour of atheism, and preached up immorality. The Abbé de Prades openly insulted Revelation, Christianity, and God.—A curate, named John Meslier, turned apostate, where men usually repent, on his death-bed, and declared his whole life to have been a scene of imposture.—Rousseau boasted of his meanness and debauchery, with an arrogance which his insanity can hardly excuse; and in language which unhappily cannot be too much admired. Voltaire darted his envenomed talons into the very heart of religion; and all who feared annoyance from their writings, at home, were sure to find protection from the atheistical monarch of Prussia, whose soul was a proselyte to every false doctrine of philosophism, but whose interest sometimes induced him to repress them; for he was not the less a tyrant for being a philosophist. In a few years the progress of infidelity was most tremendous, and the sophistry which it employed revealed its insincerity.

insincerity. Atheism sought to conceal its deformity under the most specious illusions of benevolence; materialism wept over the ills which it attributed to necessity; apathy predicted endless happiness for the human race, and the virtues of honesty, humanity, patriotism, all the warm feelings of the heart, were reduced to calculation: every thing, in a word, became perverted from its original destination. Between 1758 and 1770, a greater quantity of writings professing atheism were, notwithstanding a *censure* called rigorous, published in France, than have appeared in England since the art of printing was invented. But the exact sciences had been making rapid strides, and it was thought an unpardonable enterprize to check the ardour of a nation, that had shown itself so capable of acquiring knowledge, even though it applied its new-gotten means to the most pernicious purposes. A large tribe of minor talents followed these great masters of impiety. Their doctrines found means to pervade every branch of knowledge, and became mixed up with systems of astronomy, mathematics, natural history, &c.

Knowledge, however, had been little diffused during all this time; and the persons who had acquired it, were in a situation to use it as they pleased. They had knit themselves together, in such a manner as to form a body, almost an order, in the state; and they had worked their way into the dwellings of the great, without imparting any thing to their inferiors. It became fashionable to imitate their manners, and to catch something of their erudition; but the flippancy of courtliness was still held to be a prior duty; and above all, pedantry (sober wisdom) was forbidden. Thus the principal effect of all the philosophism of France was to fill the brilliant assemblies and coteries of the capital, with babbling discoursers on what neither they nor their hearers understood. The attacks upon religion had grown stale, and the subject had become indifferent: but the government and affairs of state were new themes; and these were canvassed, censured and reviled, with a liberty against which no human society could stand.

With respect to instruction then, the French nation, at the commencement of the revolution, may be divided into three classes;—the savans, the frivolous, and the ignorant—the first of which includes the learned of every description, literati, poets, philosophers natural and moral, mathematicians, &c.; each division of whom contained a large majority, devoted to the doctrines of the encyclopedists, and the supporters of infidelity.

Little did the great philosopher, who said that knowledge was power, foresee to what a melancholy extent the perversion of the one would be the abuse of the other; but the consciousness of strength always instigates men to the use of it. The encyclopedists

pedists felt their force over public opinion, at the same time that they felt their nullity in the state; and knowing that the same means which had secured the one, might correct the other, they set to work all their engines of constraint or seduction, of reason or sophistry. It was upon public opinion then that they began to operate; and by it that they hoped to obtain a permanent footing in the government, to the exclusion of all who did not adopt their sentiments. But the moment that they began to claim a greater share than was due to them, to aim at monopoly, to aspire after vengeance, they became as unjust as the privileged orders they opposed, and infinitely more dangerous; for they did not, like the old possessors of power, offer any guarantee for its fair exercise. It might, in theory, be maintained as a fortunate thing, could all aristocracy be reduced to the aristocracy of talent and wisdom; but the world is not yet ripe for such a system; and, until an aristocracy of virtue can be added to it, empires must be contented to require some other security,—a mortgage upon self-interest—from the rulers whom they entrust with their concerns. But the French savans had none to give. They possessed neither the solid stake of property, nor the ideal one of birth, ancestry, or rank. They had nothing but talent; a commodity to the full as saleable in the markets of treason as of loyalty. In short they began their game like men who sit down to play without money in their pockets, who may win, and who, should they lose, only risk a little corporal chastisement. An aristocracy of science would be a monster in politics.

Notwithstanding this, the encyclopedists, economists, savans, literati,—give them what name you will, made many proselytes. Some nobles went over to them, a few from philanthropy, but many more from the vanity of having given up their privileges in favour of the people. Their principal recruits however were among the classes who had more learning than fortune; and were too impatient to abide the usual dilatory modes of acquiring what they coveted. The underlings of the learned professions, the inferior clergy, men of law without clients, physicians without patients, artists of every description, persons whom the nobility disdained, yet caressed out of the vanity of bestowing their protection, thronged to their banners, and were the propagators of their opinions. It is easy to conceive that men, without a stake in the social system, should be so seduced; but had it not been for the American war, and the lessons learned in it by the French officers, who, out of hatred to England, and in hopes of vengeance for the peace of 1763, had fought in the cause of independence, so many of the nobility would probably not have seceded. Some of these were young. Liberty had sounded in their ears. Success had

had given brilliancy to their adventurousness. The subjects of an absolute monarchy delighted their countrymen, awake only to the loss which Britain had sustained, when discoursing on battles in which they thought her weakened; and, for a time, none foresaw the consequences which must accrue, even to the subjects of despotism, when they inhale the breath of liberty, deadly to all for whom it is too quick. There was, in the inconsiderate minds of these men, a mixture of hatred and admiration for this country; and, while they railed at us as the oppressors of America, they affected to imitate our dress, our customs, and our habits of thought. Every thing in France became English. Some affected even to copy an English accent in speaking their own language. Our very defects were aped. An economist would have thought his vocation incomplete, if he was not followed by an English groom. The embroidered coat gave place to a frock, the chapeau bras to a round hat, and the long-tailed charger to a British crop. It is difficult to say whether our wisdom or our folly were most the subject of French imitation. Every part of the nation was ripe for a change; and though the lower class was not absolutely dissatisfied, it was too inflammable not to catch fire from the first spark.

To oppose the projects of the philosophists there was little wisdom in the state; and there were many abuses which made reform desirable. But there was still less virtue than wisdom; and there was, beside this, a combination of persons and circumstances, the most apt that ever came together, to favour a violent and rapid change of all that was established and had lasted so many centuries.

The morals of France, never very severe, had long been relaxing; and those, whose interest it was to preserve them, yielded to the seductions of pleasure. Even supposing the reign of Louis XIV. to have been perfectly moral, the period which succeeded it would have been sufficient to corrupt any nation upon earth. Towards the end of his reign, three dauphins and a dauphiness died within a short time of each other; and the suspicions that the Duke of Orleans had been accessary to their deaths were such, that he was publicly hooted by the populace, when the funeral procession stopped before his palace. This prince was interested in their demise; but a stronger motive for accusing him was his well known depravity. The hypocritical decency which it had been thought necessary to assume at the period when Louis XIV. was compelled by age and debility to give up the gallantry which characterized his early amours, became useless under the regent; neither was its place supplied by any of the masks which debauchery is sometimes forced to wear. Every vice became

came barefaced; and those who felt no natural inclination to libertinism were obliged to affect it. Nothing but the history of the times can convey an idea of its disgusting profligacy; and, while the populace was insulting the ashes of the fallen monarch whom, when successful, they adored, the court, with still less decency, was hurrying on to its pleasures, without respecting the time of mourning, which even foreigners respected.

When Lewis XV. succeeded to the throne, it was hoped that the young monarch, whom his instructors had endeavoured to inspire with a love of virtue, would do much toward improving the morals of the court. The ministry of Fleury had a tendency to the same effect. Libertinism reassumed its mask; the arts of seduction were substituted in the room of avowed sensuality; and individual attachment, of indiscriminate profligacy. The economy of Fleury too had softened down the spirit of public cupidity, which had been increasing since the system of Law. But this appearance of reform did not last long. The true disposition of the king, and his love of pleasure began to show themselves, such as they ever afterwards proved, for the misfortune of his country.

Louis XV. had all the vices and littlenesses of his predecessor, without any of the factitious greatness which the vanity of the latter, directed to brilliant occupations, had created. The royal etiquette to which he was compelled was an annoyance to him, and in the midst of pomp, his longing was after his private apartments. He was not however influenced, in his taste for retirement, by any motive of employing his time to advantage, but by a selfish repugnance for the world, and the desire of indulging, unseen and uncontrolled, in voluptuousness. Weak, incapable of taking a decided part in any thing, even in his amours, he allowed himself many waverings and inconstancies, and was tossed about between the ardour of new desires, and the ascendancy of his accustomed favourite. Madame de Pompadour had acquired over him, not merely the power which superior beauty and accomplishments create, but the influence which artfulness, and the constant exercise of servile complacency, judiciously mingled with disguised authority, quickly and permanently assume over a weak and corrupted mind. She tolerated his amours, as long as she saw they were confined to passion; but she interposed her ascendancy the moment she could apprehend a rival, not of affection, but of power. The best method to make this system lasting, was to procure a rapid succession of the same seductions; and thus, whether by the sole wish of the master, or, as some have said, by the artifices of the mistress, the parc aux cerfs was established.—(p. 158.) We dare not proceed with the sequel of this reign, in which the monarch drained the lowest dregs of profligacy,

fligacy, and expired in the filth in which it had long been his delight to wallow.

The accession of Louis XVI. promised a different scene of morality at court. He had been represented by the debauchees of his grandfather's court as tyrannically austere, and by none more than by the favourite: he was, however, of a serious, gentle nature, and his timidity gave him an air of diffidence and reserve, because he was afraid of allowing scope to the benevolence of his heart. He was wrapped up in his royal consort, the daughter of Maria Theresa, who, young, beautiful, and thoughtless, ingenuously indulged in the vast store of pleasure with which her situation abounded. Her attachment to her husband was more respectful than ardent; and the etiquette to which she was constrained displeased her. If the king was found by his courtiers to be too grave, the queen was condemned for too lively a disregard to established forms, and too general a wish to please; but both were praised, and justly for their benevolence. Neither the one nor the other had formed an exact notion of the dangerous region which their presence enlivened; and, in a short time, they became exposed to the most malignant satire. Both were formed for a different period from that in which they lived. Louis was too weak, too timid, to take a decided part either for or against the innovations which time was gathering into a storm, at the verge of the horizon; and openly and boldly to support or to oppose the doctrines of the philosophistical theorists. Marie Antoinette, whom no adversity had taught, too lightly threw aside the ceremonies which constituted so large and so important a portion of the political institutions of France. She accustomed her courtiers to a good-natured but imprudent condescension, which often encouraged their ambition, and the natural consequence of which was disappointment mixed with discontent. If, upon the whole, the morals of this royal couple, and the example set by the throne, be compared with those of any preceding reign, they will be found to be infinitely better. But the seeds of immorality had been sown in the court, and beyond the court; and the actual monarch, with his queen, was destined to pay the forfeit which had been incurred by his ancestors.

How much more difficult is it for a monarch to reform a nation already corrupted, than to corrupt a people already so disposed to levity as the French! The example of Louis XVI. was not enough to produce an amendment, and the less so because it was not effectually seconded by the Queen. The morals of the court became less scandalous than they had been during the former reign, but we cannot say that they were much more pure. The result of all the efforts made to improve them was to give greater

greater refinement to corruption, to bestow on every vice its best ornaments, and to embellish, more than to correct, or even to conceal immorality. Every ingenious sophistry was resorted to to give countenance and support to every pernicious practice, in which the great and wealthy too often permit themselves to indulge without reflecting upon its consequences. As Montesquieu had, to the great annoyance of his countrymen, very justly observed, the principle of monarchies is not virtue, but honour; and honour is the most subtile sophist that ever undertook to make a bad cause appear the best, and give a varnish to the worst. It long had reigned in France. 'Tout est perdu hors l'honneur' said the monarch who refused to perform his treaties, and protested before a notary against fulfilling his obligations! By the perversion of principle, and the abuse of language, the oldest vices were tolerated, nay respected, if they but wore new names, and were clothed in new embellishments. Illicit love termed gallantry; seduction allied with the ideas of perseverance and success, of superior accomplishments and triumph; adultery united with constancy, nay often with variety, murder committed in defence of honour; dishonesty practised in obedience to the same divinity, were the dulcia vitia of the court and its dependencies. In a word, the only thing banished from good company, and those who copied its usages, was the deformity of vice, not its practice; and all that was necessary was to disguise it under elegant forms, to make it a welcome inmate there. The princes were young. The oldest brother of the king—now Louis XVIII.—was absorbed by study. The youngest, now Monsieur, Count d'Artois, followed the inclinations of his years, and was expensive. The king's aunts were more liberally treated by their nephew than they had been by their father. The Dukes of Orleans and Chartres possessed immense revenues, and were indirectly the causes of much expense at court. The two branches of Condé, less opulent, demanded frequent assistance of the crown. But all of them indulged in the luxury and frivolity of the times, and stood too high upon the pinnacle of fortune to regard the consequences which might accrue to meaner mortals, and finally to themselves, from their immoderate indulgences.

One of the scourges of the times was the influence which this elegant depravity had given to the fair sex in the most serious concerns, if, indeed, any concerns were considered as such by the French. Their ascendancy was so great, that the most important employments were filled up by persons of their nomination, who submitted even to be directed and commanded by them, and who repaid them by the most servile condescension. The fate of France, of twenty-five millions of subjects, peace or war, measures which

which involved the tranquillity of empires, hung upon the weak and capricious will of mistresses, whose only merit was dexterity at carrying on an intrigue, and blinding stronger minds against the access of truth. We have seen it admitted as an acknowledged fact, that the French women were superior to our countrywomen; and we could quote passages which attempt to explain the causes of this superiority. The discussions we have read upon this matter reminded us a little of 'the golden tooth,' and might have been spared, had the writers taken the trouble of merely ascertaining the fact—a fact which we most strenuously deny, and upon what we think most solid grounds.

That the women of France may have appeared superior to English women, in some points, we readily admit; but a little examination destroys the illusion. They appeared to be so, because they stood prominent upon a darker ground; but the entire picture was of a more dusky hue. They had many light accomplishments, to which they gave the utmost grace; and they most particularly possessed the art of displaying all they had acquired. Their study was always to catch some better light, some more favourable attitude for the exhibition of their charms. A grain of learning turned the balance between them and the males who surrounded them, more easily than a whole quintal could do between the men and women of this country; and they spread over an immeasurable surface, the little erudition they possessed. Besides this too, the number of French women who were remarkable, was extremely small. They inhabited the metropolis, the stage of France; they formed coteries, and were generally gallant. When learning became the faction, philosophers were, in spite of themselves, converted into hommes à bonnes fortunes, and obliged to have an attachment. But independently of the reputation of Voltaire, d'Alembert and Co. what figure would Mesdames de Chatelet, du Deffand, de l'Espinasse, &c. have made,—where would they rank among the celebrated females of Britain? and how many could we not quote infinitely superior to them in this country? But they were collected into one focus, where all the rest was fluttering twilight and uncertain dawn; and into that focus was brought every adventitious aid, every addition that could make it more remarkable. These literary coteries were something like the Academies and Institutes of France, which would give a very unjust idea of the true state of knowledge there, and particularly of its diffusion. The ladies of that country who, in sterling knowledge and acquirements, in true mental improvement, can be put upon a level with the general mass of our female population, may bear about the same proportion to the remainder, that their savans do to the very large class of those who are

are without information; and neither in the one nor in the other is there any intermediate degree.

From the situation of things which we have been attempting to describe, are we to infer that a revolution was necessary to reform the abuses existing in France; or that it had been better to allow them perpetually to continue, and apply no remedy to the disorder? Certainly the picture is bad, and the state of which it is a correct likeness is in a condition which calls aloud for relief. But a change should be attempted only where there is a probability of success, and in well weighing that most important of all questions, the whole prudence of the undertaking consists. Now, in this very bad condition, how great was the probability that reform was practicable; and that more good than evil would issue from the experiment?

When nations that have very long been free become suddenly enslaved; when they have been entrapped or surprized into despotism, some hope may remain of an efficacious regeneration. We repeat, suddenly; for when the progress of enthralment has been so gradual as to allow the possibility of perceiving it, little is to be expected; and slavery then stands upon its most solid basis—the want of national virtue. But when all the previous history of a people shows their little tendency to liberty, together with a constant inclination to every thing that is in opposition to it, no rational expectation can be founded that they will exchange their galling yoke for the sounder restraint of good government. To a nation that always has been free, the hour of its greatest degradation may be the preparatory season of its future good; but that hour must be short: to a nation that never has been free, every additional corruption rivets its chains. The one is roused by vice to indignation; the other sinks under its pressure and its allurements, and the worst is the forerunner of something still more deplorable. Oppression draws on oppression, and every attempt to remove it makes it more severe. The history of the world confirms this melancholy law in political philosophy, which Montesquieu first announced; that free nations may have a liberator; but that enslaved nations can know no ruler but one who enslaves them more deeply. The regular rotation of all who, in the midst of universal progress, while other nations have been gaining liberty, and every department of human knowledge has been advancing, have remained stationary in the career of legislation and policy, is from despotism to anarchy, and back again from anarchy to despotism. Certainly they who observed the revolution of France, upon these principles, might easily, at its first onset, have foretold the issue. But there is something so noble, so hallowed in the name of liberty, something so elevating in the contemplation of

of a people that seem to struggle for their rights, that error in this case is more amiable than truth; and well may the old and constant votaries of freedom, the first Christian nation by whom it was enjoyed, they who have taught it to the empires which they have created, be deceived by the generous illusions that all men are, like themselves, capable of possessing it without abuse. But though they may not have had sufficient experience of the difficulty of the undertaking, when it first was tried, yet surely years of ineffectual pursuit, marked by more misery than ever was summed up into the same space of time, are enough to open the eyes of all whose blindness is not caused by passion and prejudice.

One of the first prognostics from which unfavourable inferences of the French revolution might be drawn, was, that it did not break out at the proper moment; that is to say, when vice and the horror which vice should inspire, were at the highest pitch. Had the general indignation shown itself when Louis XIV., more occupied with his amours than with the care of his people, turned his thoughts toward his subjects, only to confirm his own despotism; when, yielding to the seductions of a very artful mistress, in his ripe age, after making dupes and victims of those whose affections he had really won, he revoked the humane act of Henry IV. and almost made a second St. Bartholomew; when a first, a second and a third time he ravaged the Palatinate, and carried his ambition as far as his means allowed; then, indeed, it might have been said that a sense of justice had roused the nation. But, on the contrary, the glory of his arms lulled them to obedience. Or, had the French rebelled even when this monarch, sunk in years, and worn out by his unjust aggressive wars, had become the drivelling tool of a hypocritical favourite, worn out like himself; then it might have been supposed that the lost splendour of their nation had given them better feelings. Had the orgies, the debaucheries, the profligate expenses of the Regent provoked their violent interference, still we might say they had just reason for revolt. Had they pulled down the walls of the only Christian harem that ever did exist—that in which Louis XV. at the expense of millions wrung from his impoverished people, treasured up the female virtue of his nation, for the purpose of polluting it; had they raged against his low and mean cupidity, which speculated upon public wants, to fill his private purse; or against his still more disgusting sensuality, that had subdued him to a common prostitute, to a Du Barry; we might have applauded their indignation, and conceived good hopes from their sensibility to ill. But it was not thus that they acted: many of these things they beheld with indifference; many with admiration. Not moved to anger while the extreme of vice was before their eyes, they felt the lesser evil

 when

when the greater was gone by. They exclaimed against the depravity of the court, when in the monarch they saw the model of conjugal fidelity; and in his consort, the unsuspecting openness, the unguarded candour which give assurance of the best intentions. They found that despotism was insupportable at the moment when it had ceased to be unlimited; they branded with the name of tyrant the only king, who during centuries had of himself proposed to mitigate his own authority; and they railed at the public burdens at the period of their least oppression. It is unfair to say, in this case, that it is the last drop which makes the cup overflow. The cup was full long before this period; and, if ever it should have overflowed, it was when the draught was nearest to the brim. Then, indeed, the torrents of fury which issued from it would have been natural. But the men who headed the revolution had no thought of this kind; neither was it the weight of real ills that made them complain. They found a king who was ready to grant them what was just and salutary; and they set no bounds to their demands. They saw him humane and upright; weak through benevolence; timid through the apprehension of not having the means to do good enough; fearful of not accomplishing his philanthropic intentions; and they marked him out as their victim. In the gentleness of his nature they saw nothing but an opportunity for wresting authority from his hands, and dividing it among themselves; of tearing the state to atoms, and of frustrating the good he was preparing for them. If, in the entire French nation, there was one man who, independently of his own private interests, and of his passions, meant well to his country; who had fairly studied the means of creating its welfare, and disposing it to a better series of ages than it ever had experienced; who had acquired the necessary knowledge to those ends, and was capable and anxious to practise them, Louis XVI. was that man;—and THEREFORE he was murdered.

ART. IX.—*Memoires of the last Ten Years of the Reign of King George II.* By Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford. From the original MSS. 2 vols. 4to. 1822.

THIS is the work to which we alluded at the close of our review of Lord Waldegrave's Memoirs, and of which we had formed such agreeable expectations. It costs us something to give up our prejudices and partialities; but we are bound in truth to say that our agreeable expectations have been cruelly disappointed. The topics, indeed, may be of greater importance, and the talents with which they are handled are not inferior to what we expected from Horace Walpole; but they are topics and talents of a kind wholly *different*

ferent from what we anticipated. The matter belongs rather to history than to memoirs; while, on the other hand, historical events and characters are disfigured and, we are sorry to be obliged to say, *traduced* with all the malignity of political party and of private enmities.

We have little or nothing to complain of as to Walpole's *facts;* they are for the most part well known, and are in general correctly stated; but we have to complain of the *suppression* of circumstances which ought in candour to have been given, and, above all, to deplore the injuries done to private character by attributing the lowest and basest motives to almost every person whom he happens to mention. By these means, and by the use of disparaging or contumelious epithets, he disfigures, and sometimes totally alters, the complexion of facts, and mixes truth and falsehood together in a confusion which it is very hard to unravel. The result is to represent all the public men of his day as the most infamous tribe of villains that ever existed. Satisfied as we are that most of these imputations are false or calumnious, we think it is our first duty to expose them; and, in a case where so much depends on the character of the narrator, to examine that character by such lights as may have survived the lapse of time and the original obscurity of the transactions. We are aware that we undertake no easy task. To make what is called an *entertaining article* out of such a book, would not be difficult—we should have little to do but to select, and we should, for *that* narrow purpose, probably select the very passages which we the most deplore: but as we are—above all things—anxious for truth and justice, we shall dedicate the space which is permitted to us, not to what may amuse a cursory reader, but what may do justice to public character, and to historical truth.

The history of the MS. itself is curious, and not wholly unimportant, in considering the character of the author. It was written at or about the time the transactions took place, viz. from 1751 to 1760; and in Walpole's will, dated 21st March, 1790, he states that there are in his library two chests, marked A and B,* of which that marked A, he desires may, immediately after his decease, be corded and sealed, and so kept till the Earl of Waldegrave, his niece's son, shall be twenty-five years of age. Under these provisions, the chest A was, in 1810, delivered to the present Lord Waldegrave, and found to contain, *inter alia*, these Memoirs. His

* Of the chest B, and of the other MSS. found in chest A, we have no account given in these volumes; but it cannot be unfair to state that they are said to contain much personality and indelicacy—so much, indeed, that the editor and proprietor of the present work are said to entertain great doubts whether these other MSS. are fit for publication.

lordship cannot be accused of too great haste in giving them to the public; he has literally fulfilled *both* the *Horatian* injunctions; the Memoirs were kept unexamined for twenty-five years, and unpublished for *nine years* more: and it is understood that, on the question of publication, his lordship submitted his judgment to that of Lord Holland, and that Lord Holland is the editor of the work.

Whatever may be thought of the Memoirs, it must be admitted that Lord Waldegrave has acted with strict propriety; and there are many reasons which must have pointed out Lord Holland as the fittest person whom he could consult. Lord Holland is the grandson of the only man to whom Walpole showed even the appearance of political attachment, and he is also one of those whom he the most cruelly traduces. Lord Holland's family has been connected with many of the persons mentioned in the Memoirs, and the society in which he has lived; and the family papers which have descended to him, have made him familiar with the more secret history of the two last reigns. In addition to this, Lord Holland is himself an author, and the more capable, therefore, of judging what might be and what might not be fit for publication, and of contributing that literary assistance which is expected from an editor.

Many persons have doubted whether these volumes should, under any circumstances, have been published; but although we may regret that they were written, we can hardly venture to dissent from the reasons which determined the publication. The editor has proved abundantly that the author intended that the Memoirs should be published,

'And the term fixed for opening the chest seems to mark the distance of time when he thought they might be made public without impropriety. Ten years have elapsed since that period, and more than sixty years since the last of the historical events he commemorates in this work. No man is now alive whose character or conduct is the subject of praise or censure in these Memoires.'—*Pref.* p. vii.

We do not think that this last consideration would *alone* have justified Lord Holland in lending a hand to the propagation of so much slander as this work contains: the reputations of fathers and grandfathers are dear to the children in any class of life; but in the higher orders, where the relationship is so notorious, and where the parent and descendants occupy the same public station, bear the same title, run the same race of public emulation, and aspire to the same offices and the same consideration, it is not very satisfactory to be told, 'To be sure your father is called a fool, and your grandfather a scoundrel, but they are both dead.' Lord Holland himself gives a practical proof of the insufficiency of this kind of consolation, for on one or two of the occasions in which Walpole imputes

imputes bad actions and worse motives to Mr. Fox, his Lordship's filial affection induces him to subjoin a note in his defence. His lordship also, on some occasions, feels it necessary to do similar justice to *other* victims of Walpole's malevolence; but, as often as he does, he invalidates the reasoning of this passage of his preface.

But Lord Holland's sanction of the publication may, we think, be defended on higher and surer grounds.

We may, in the first place, observe that the *postponement* of the publication would not have ensured the suppression of the work; and if the Memoirs were *ever* to come to light, Lord Holland judged rightly in thinking that the sooner they appeared the better; for much may be contradicted to-day which in fifty years would pass for irrefragable truth. The pain which persons may feel at finding their parents and friends traduced is in some degree compensated by the consideration that the calumny is made at a time when it is not altogether too late to question it, and that every year's delay would have added to the force of the falsehood.

If it be asked whether Lord Holland might not have been able to accomplish the destruction of the MS.—we answer, that we doubt, first, whether he *could*, and, secondly, whether he *ought* to have done so; and, thirdly, we know that the mere destruction of these Memoirs would not have entirely effected the intended object. It is no more than justice to Lord Holland (thinking as we do of the publication) to say a few words on each of these points.

In the first place, we doubt whether a family deriving, under Walpole's bequests, considerable property, could with propriety have suppressed the Memoirs bequeathed *in the same will* and with *as evident* an intention that the public should enjoy the Memoirs, as that his other legatees should enjoy Strawberry Hill. At all events *this* was no question for Lord Holland's decision; the question was—whether the Memoirs should be published *now*, by a person of known honour and integrity, with a corrective commentary and with the opportunity of explanation—*or* left to other times and other hands in which their malignity would be unalloyed. Besides these considerations, both the pecuniary and literary value of the MS. were, no doubt, taken into account. Lord Holland must have felt some difficulty in advising the suppression of that which has produced its proprietor 2000*l.*, and, much as his lordship must have blamed the personalities of the narrative, he could not but see that there were other parts of considerable literary talent, and of some public importance.

But there is still another and, we think, much more weighty consideration. *A large portion of the malignity has been already published*, and in a way which has given it currency without awakening suspicion or provoking contradiction: we mean in Walpole's

Correspondence. His letters to General Conway, Messrs. Montague and Bentley and some other correspondents, contain the scattered elements of the Memoirs. The characters of George II., the Princess Dowager, the Dukes of Cumberland, Newcastle and Devon, Lords Hardwicke, Mansfield and Bute, Mr. Pelham, Mr. Fox, Mr. Pitt, &c. are all marked with the same defamatory colours in the Correspondence as in the Memoirs; but with a very different result: the apparently candid and careless sketches made in the confidence of a private letter have produced impressions which will be, we trust, destroyed when the reader sees the whole malignity collected and embodied in such a *code of libel* as that before us. Such, at least, has been the effect on our mind. A great familiarity with Walpole's correspondence had, we confess, discoloured in our eyes most of the public characters of his day; and, neither seeing nor guessing any secret cause of malevolence, we gave credit to assertions which we are *now*—by the perusal of Memoirs—convinced to be either absolute falsehoods or gross exaggerations; and, however paradoxical it may appear, we think the characters of the many considerable persons whom he abuses will be cleared, *by this publication*, of some of the imputations which the world had previously believed.

In forming our judgment of this work, it is very important to compare it with the published correspondence, and we shall find that the Memoirs were written, like the letters, in all the heat and blindness of faction, and under all the excitements of party feeling, offended vanity, and personal disgust. There is abundant evidence, too, that he did not take the trouble of correcting even the most flagrant mistakes when once made; and yet, late in life, when Mr. Pinkerton expressed to him some intention of writing the history of the Reign of George the Second, our consistent chronicler dissuades him from undertaking such a work *too soon*.—'It should not,' he says, 'be attempted *impetuously*, or with *precipitation*,' (*Works*, vol. v. p. 657.) This advice is amusing from one who, we now find, had, thirty years before, written this same history with all the precipitation and impetuosity of a daily newspaper. But in truth, in all Walpole did there was a strong taint of paradox and affectation; and he wrote these volumes, as he built Strawberry Hill, chiefly for effect, and without much attention to plain truth and sober localities. His two strongest tastes were for antiquities and memoirs; and as his gothic propensities led him to turn a citizen's box into a half-castle-half-cloister, so he thought it necessary to enliven our dull English politics with the scandal of Bussi Rabutin and the *Fronde* of the Cardinal de Retz. His buildings and his writings are equally submitted to his little *Committee* of taste: Mr. Bentley with the same pencil designs gothic

gothic ceilings for his library and allegorical portraits for his Memoirs: and whether politics or a landscape was his object, whether he looked on nature, animate or inanimate, he delighted to contemplate her through *stained* glass. Had he even attempted to write with impartiality, we know enough of his disposition to be assured that he could not have attained it. His first care would have been that his work should be amusing, and scandal was, he knew, a more agreeable ingredient than mere truth;—' pour passer une soirée délicieuse—says a great observer of human nature—nous nous amusames à déchirer le prochain.'

Yet even in this view he has, we think, failed: some readers have pronounced the Memoirs to be absolutely dull; and every one will agree that, as matters of amusement, they are in no wise comparable to his Letters; in truth the subjects and characters are too historical; and the levities, and scandals—which amuse us in private Memoirs and familiar Letters—are sadly out of place when mixed up with debates in the House of Commons, proceedings of courts-martial and deliberations of the cabinet. Walpole, with his information and talents, would have made, *perhaps* a useful, *certainly* a most amusing book, if he had taken one of two courses:—if, in his maturer age, he had worked up his materials into an impartial chronicle, omitting the factious enmities of the moment, and not accounting for actions by the *motives* which, in the heat of party, men impute to one another so rashly, so boldly, and so falsely;—or, if he had written *Memoirs* of *his own* share in the transactions which he relates and of the motives and objects of *himself* and *those with whom he acted:* but unhappily he has confounded history and memoirs, and instead of his *own* and *his friends'* motives, which he *might have known*, he pretends to give us the motives of their antagonists only, which he *could not have known*—in short, he has written a party pamphlet in two quarto volumes, which affords us about as fair a view of the characters of individuals, as the Morning Chronicle of our day affords of Ministers, or the Courier of the Opposition.

The leading facts and the course of events related are, as we have said, generally correct, and may be found in our ordinary histories; most of the private intrigues are already known to the world by Dodington's Diary, Lord Waldegrave's Memoirs, and some similar publications. In the way, therefore, of historical information, there is little or nothing new to communicate to our readers; nor is it possible to reduce the 'farrago libelli' into any thing like a systematic exposition. We shall therefore endeavour to show not so much what is written, as the *spirit* in which it was composed, and shall select for observation those prominent features which give its peculiar character to the whole work.

We gladly begin this topic with praise—Horace Walpole is an old hero of ours, and we are pleased when he will permit us to continue to admire him. The best and most useful parts of these Memoirs are, his reports of the debates to which he was a party in the House of Commons, and particularly of some of the speeches of Mr. Pitt; and they are not merely so superior to, but so essentially different from any thing which we have in the way of Parliamentary Reports, that—for this reason alone, if there had been no other—Lord Holland might justify his share in the publication of the work. It was not till his late Majesty's reign that parliament connived at an avowed publication of its debates; but from the accession of the House of Hanover, some account of the proceedings of both houses found its way, though at long intervals and under different subterfuges, to the public.—Some good natured member furnished, or some discreet auditor in the gallery noted, the names, order, and votes of the speakers, and perhaps, now and then, some slight sketch of their respective arguments; and those outlines other ingenious persons were employed to fill up, or rather to swell out into a regular debate, which had, we presume, all the resemblance to what really passed, which might be expected from a portrait, the colours of which were to be laid on by a person who had never seen the original. This want of fidelity, as well as the delay of many months before they appeared, rendered these accounts of the debates very unsatisfactory, and we find accordingly that some members were in the habit of making notes of what had passed, either for their own use or for the amusement of their friends and correspondents. A comparison of some of these authentic sketches with the pompous reports of the periodical press, are to be found in the more modern editions of the parliamentary debates, and will serve to show how very unlike the reality the latter are; but nothing that we have met equals the brilliancy, vivacity and truth, of some few of Horace Walpole's reports;—they are, in general, very short, and of course imperfect as to the expression; but the object, the manner, the spirit of the speakers, are admirably preserved, and we very much doubt whether a detailed report, such as is now made diurnally, could give so strong an impression of the real course and effect of the debate, as Walpole does in a few lines.—*He* does all that can be done; he gives you the object of the speaker; his most prominent topics; when he can catch them, a few of the most prominent expressions; and the *effect* produced on his auditors, whether friends, antagonists, or neutrals; we select as an instance, not perhaps the best, but the shortest report which we have been able to light upon.

'Another election petition being in agitation, the house thin and idle, a younger Delaval had spoken pompously and abusively against the

the petitioner, and had thrown the house into a laughter on the topics of bribery and corruption. Pitt, who was in the gallery, started, and came down with impetuosity, and with all his former fire, said "He had asked what occasioned such an uproar; lamented to hear a laugh on such a subject as bribery! Did we try *within* the house to diminish our own dignity, when such attacks were made upon it from without? that it was almost lost! that it wanted support! that it had long been vanishing! scarce possible to recover it! that he hoped the Speaker would extend a saving hand to raise it: he only could restore it—yet scarce he! He called on all to assist, or else *we should only sit to register the arbitrary edicts of one too powerful subject!*" This thunderbolt thrown in a sky so long serene, confounded the audience: Murray crouched, silent and terrified. Legge scarce rose to say with great humility, "That he had been raised solely by the Whigs, and if he fell sooner or later, he should pride himself in nothing but in being a Whig."—vol. i. p. 353.

See what a picture is here—a thin and *idle* house—Mr. Pitt careless in the gallery—the foolish laugh below—the *start*—the fire—the thunderbolt in a sky so long serene—the confusion of the audience—the terror and silence of the bold and voluble Murray, and the deprecatory humility of the Chancellor of the Exchequer—all, all are painted with a spirit and a force, of which the ordinary style of reporting could not convey the slightest idea.

But here, we are sorry to say, our applause must end,—there is no other branch of the work which we can call valuable. There are indeed many striking passages, some interesting anecdotes, and a few curious facts; but these merits—and they are thinly scattered through a thousand quarto pages—are generally purchased at the expense of truth and justice; and in the following observations we shall be obliged to examine Walpole's own veracity and honour, instead of criticising his topics or his style.

We shall begin by selecting, as a specimen of the general tone of the work, a passage which may serve to show at once the merits and the faults of the writer:—the chief facts are true, the additional circumstances false; the style is clever and striking, and the slander bold, amusing, and atrocious.

'The king went again to see the princess, after the Prince's death, and settled with her the new governor and preceptors for the children. Lord North had lately been entrusted with the care of Prince George, with the promise of an earldom; an amiable, worthy man, *of no great genius*, unless compared with his successor. The Pelhams, who had now laid a plan of perpetuating that power, which by so many accidents had dropt into their hands, determined to beset the young prince entirely with their own *creatures*. Lord North was removed to make way for Lord Harcourt, *who wanted a governor himself*, as much as the Duke of Newcastle was likely to do by parting with Stone, who was to be the real engine of their policy, while Lord Harcourt, who was *civil*

civil and *sheepish*, did not threaten them with traversing their scheme, or teaching the young prince any other arts than what he knew himself, *hunting* and *drinking*. Stone, lately grown a personal favorite with the king during the journies to Hanover, was a *dark, proud* man, very able and very *mercenary*. The other preceptor was Hayter, Bishop of Norwich, a sensible, well-bred man, *natural son* of Blackbourn,* the *jolly* old Archbishop of York, who had all the manners of a man of quality, though he had been a *buccaneer*, and was a clergyman; but he retained nothing of his first profession, *except his seraglio*.'—vol. i. p. 74.

Here every creature that is named is marked with some contumely, and at this distance of time it is not easy to disprove such assertions; but let us examine them by such light as we have. If Lord North was a subservient blockhead, why should he have been displaced to make way for another?—the one fool would probably have been as innocuous to the Pelhams as the other; and it turns out that the change was for the worse, even in this narrow view; for Lord Harcourt was so little of a '*creature*' of the Pelhams, that, within two years, he resigned his place, and threw, by his decided conduct, his supposed creators into great difficulties. But 'the sheepish Lord Harcourt would teach the prince nothing but *hunting and drinking*;' these to be sure are no very valuable acquirements, but, at least, they were good old English practices; but lo! in a few pages after, Walpole describes this jolly fox-hunter, as '*minute and strict in trifles*,' and as teaching the prince nothing but '*to turn out his toes!*'—and some pages farther we are told that the sheepish, drunken, trifling Lord Harcourt, 'though little accustomed to speak in public, spoke in the House of Lords with *great grace and propriety*,' 'with *decency, consistency, and integrity*.'—p. 283. Writing, as we have before said, from day to day, and under the impulse of the moment, Walpole was unable, at last, to reconcile his discordant statements; the first character was written when the author was of a different *party* from Lord Harcourt, and the second when, upon that Lord's resignation, Walpole endeavoured, as we shall afterwards see, to make him subservient to his own factious views.

As to the accusations of bastardy and profligacy, brought against the bishop and archbishop; they were probably either the creatures of Walpole's own anxiety to draw striking characters, or the echo of some of those slanderous murmurs which always accompany

* Archbishop Blackbourn seems to have been a man of sense and wit, and a lucky reply of his contributed to the exaltation of the excellent Bishop Butler. Butler was living in great *obscurity* in a country parish. Queen Caroline one day happened to ask the archbishop whether the pious Mr. Butler was not *dead?*—'No, madam,' answered Blackbourn, 'but he is *buried*.' The witty reproach had its effect, and Butler became a bishop.

persons

persons who rise from inferior stations to eminence. This vulgar detraction Walpole delights to register against every body, but particularly against the heads of the church; and thus he furnishes Archbishop Blackbourn with a bastard. Thus Archbishop Stone was an ambitious priest, without either learning or sanctity, (p. 244. 386.) Archbishop Secker was a dissenter and man-midwife, and president of an atheistical club.* (p. 56.) Bishop Johnson of Glocester drank the Pretender's health on his knees, and was suspected of not confining himself to convivial treason. (p. 270.) Archbishop Gilbert 'was composed of that common mixture, ignorance, meanness, and arrogance.' (vol. ii. p. 194.) Of the credit due to these loose *insinuations* our readers will be enable to judge when they find how little Walpole's positive *assertions* are to be believed. He tells us, without any hesitation, that Bishop Hayter was a natural son of Archbishop Blackbourn's. Now, we have before us extracts from the registers of the parish of Chagford, in Devonshire, which prove that the Bishop, Thomas Hayter, was 'the son of George Hayter, Rector of this parish, and of Grace, his wife'! and that Thomas was one of a family of not fewer, we believe, than ten children.

In a similar style, but on a more extensive scale, the greater part of these volumes is employed in defaming the characters of every personage of every class of whom he has occasion to speak; of the thousand names which he mentions, one, and only one, (as the editor well remarks,) escapes vituperation,—that one is General Conway; if a new Horace Walpole were now writing, he might not want excuses for giving an ill natured explanation of this single exception; we only observe it, as the editor does, for the sake of proving, *by the single exception*, how general and *therefore* how groundless the author's invectives are.

Against all the rest of his fellow-creatures Walpole seems to have had the feelings of a tiger-cat, sometimes sportive, sometimes ferocious, always cruel. From the earliest periods of his Correspondence we find him inclined to scandal and satire, and such was the natural course of his pen; but, as we shall see by and bye, his

* The parents of Secker were dissenters, and he for a time pursued the *study*, though not the *practice*, of medicine and surgery—the third charge is a mere falsehood. There is in one of this prelate's sermons—that on *idle words*—a passage so applicable to our subject, that we cannot resist quoting it. 'One raises an idle story to divert the company at the expense of a person who, it may be, hath not given the least ground for it. A second catches what he hears; perhaps believes it too hastily; perhaps does not believe it, but tells it notwithstanding. A third fills it up with plausible circumstances: the general voice repeats it; and then what every body says passes for certain: if the composition be seasoned with a small spice of wit it is universally relished—but there is almost always at the bottom of this practice, a latent malignity of heart against our fellow creatures.'—*Secker's Sermons*, vol. i. p. 153. The whole discourse is well worth reading as an antidote to slander.

own little personal concerns embittered his temper in particular instances; and treating all men as he did, with levity or harshness, he distinguished those who thwarted his own private objects with scorn and hatred.

This virulent partiality is so obvious and so offensive, that Walpole himself, *towards the conclusion of his work*, became conscious of it; but instead of erasing his calumnies, or of honestly avowing his prejudices, he endeavours to conceal his malice under an additional show of candour, and to barb his shafts with new professions of impartiality. We shall lay before our readers, this specimen of jesuitical confession.

'Severity in some of the characters will be the most striking objection made to these Memoirs. His (the author's) dislike to a few persons probably sharpened his eyes to their faults, but he hopes *never blinded them to their virtues*—lest it should have done, especially in so inflammable a nature as his, he admonishes the reader of his greatest prejudices as far as they could have risen from any provocation. From the Duke of Cumberland, Mr. Pelham, and Lord Hardwicke, he had received *trifling* offence; to the two last he avows he had strong aversion. From Mr. Fox he felt coldness and ingratitude: by his uncle and the Duke of Devonshire, he had been *injured*—by the former *basely betrayed*—yet of none of these has he failed to speak *with praise* when he could find occasion. The king, the Duke of Newcastle, and others, who do not appear in this work with any signal advantage, never gave him *the most distant* cause of dissatisfaction.'—vol. ii. p. 335.

To this he adds a high encomium on his own good qualities, and he concludes by claiming for himself 'a great sense of *honour*'—'a most *compassionate* heart'—'great *humanity*'—'the praise of being a boundless friend—'a bitter, but *placable* enemy,' and—'above all, *one virtue he possessed in a singular degree—disinterestedness and contempt of money*, if he can call that a virtue, which was really a passion.'—vol. ii. p. 337.

Now this is the most artful and malignant mode which could be devised of anticipating the charges to which he knew he was liable, and of endeavouring to parry them by the apparent candour of an apology. But even in this defence, we can detect the cloven foot. Let us observe, in the first place, that this confession, such as it is, is extorted from him at the end of the ninth year of his libel; and, while the malevolence is worked into every preceding year, and every former page, the explanation halts after, and comes when it can do little towards removing the impression which the preceding volumes have made.

In the second place, he does not confess the important fact, that it was *after* his private differences with these persons, that he began to describe them in such defamatory terms.

Thirdly—

Thirdly—Having never *once spoken with praise* of any one of his characters, (except General Conway,) it is only an additional offence to say, that he was '*not blinded to their virtues,*' and 'spoke of them *with praise wherever he could.*'

Fourthly—It is false, that 'he never had the most distant cause of complaint' against the Duke of Newcastle, as we shall see by and by.

And lastly—We shall prove that the praise of '*honour,*' '*humanity,*' and above all 'DISINTERESTEDNESS' which he lavishes on himself, is wholly unfounded; that he was greedy and selfish in money matters; and that some of the enmities to which he so slightly and darkly alludes, most probably arose out of disappointed avarice.

It suited Walpole's purpose to hurry over this explanation in a few words, to omit all facts and dates, and to leave his reader as much as possible in the dark as to the extent of allowance or abatement which should be made in the several characters. But *we* must not pass over so hastily that which is the most important part of the whole inquiry.

Although he hints in the foregoing passage, that his aversion to Mr. Pelham and Lord Hardwicke may have arisen from *trifling offences*, he, in the general current of the Memoirs, conceals this personal pique, and labours to attribute his dislike of those ministers and of the Duke of Newcastle, to their having basely *betrayed* old Sir Robert. The passages in which this charge is made, are so numerous, that it is unnecessary to specify them,—but we think we can show that all this filial piety was a pretence to hide, under a more creditable colour, his own personal and paltry motives. It is hard, even at this day, to see all the springs of political intrigue which are at work amongst ourselves—how much harder must it be to detect those of the last century? Yet we think we shall be able to show, from authorities which Walpole himself could not question, that the fall of Sir Robert was not produced by *treachery* on the part of the Pelhams, or of Lord Hardwicke.

In the first place we may ask how (had the Pelhams been base enough to make such a calculation) could they have foreseen, in the beginning of 1742, that Sir Robert's fate was not to include their own? who could have guessed, beforehand, Mr. Pulteney's strange conduct, and the wonderful concurrence of events which, after a violent political storm, subsided in placing the Pelhams at the head of affairs? Let it be recollected (and Walpole himself is fond of telling a fact so much to the credit of his father's sagacity) that it was *Sir Robert himself* who determined that course of events, and who, as he emphatically said, 'turned the key of the closet on Mr. Pulteney': if, then, he was betrayed, it must have been by himself.

Secondly,

Secondly, we have the evidence of his family and friends, that he was lost by his own inactivity and timidity—in other words, the great minister was worn out with age and business. It is stated in that agreeable little tract called 'Walpoliana,' that

'The ill success of the Spanish war, the beginning of another in 1741 about the Austrian Succession, made his situation very perplexed and dangerous. The Prince of Wales joined the opposition, and spent large sums in elections. A near relation of Sir Robert's—viz. (his brother,) has told me, that the late king would not furnish money enough out of the Civil List to counteract their effect. It would perhaps have been the most prudent part at that time for the minister to have resigned: he was become unpopular throughout the kingdom, and his measures were unsuccessful. The person above-mentioned told me, that *he* then gave him that advice.

'I rather believe that he grew indolent and careless, after the death of Sir William Windham, and Lord Bolingbroke's retreat into France, and the triumphant manner in which he threw out the famous motion in 1741.'—p. 14.

And again—

'Sir Robert was well protected by his friends after his fall, particularly by Mr. Pelham, who had great affection for him, and soon succeeded to his power, with universal approbation. He maintained his old connections, and was often consulted by them. After having undergone more abuse than any minister ever went through, he outlived it all, and died both respected and lamented.'—p. 16.

The tract called Walpoliana, which has furnished these extracts, is a collection of anecdotes relative to Sir Robert Walpole, made by Philip, second Earl of Hardwicke, son of the chancellor, from the information of the Walpole family, and even of Sir Robert himself, who, it appears, after his retirement, admitted his young friend into his conversation and confidence—a fact totally inconsistent with any belief of his father's treachery. Nor can we omit to notice here, as a curious coincidence, that the son of Lord Hardwicke should collect memoirs of Lord Orford; and that the son of Lord Orford should collect memoirs of Lord Hardwicke; but still more curious and remarkable is the difference between the two works. Lord Hardwicke's tract was never published—Walpole's work was written with an intention of publication: yet Lord Hardwicke treats his subject with all the delicacy and favour which truth will allow, while Walpole distorts and outrages truth by the introduction of gratuitous indecency and malice.

But, in confirmation of these probabilities, we can produce Sir Robert's own authority. In a private and confidential letter to the Duke of Devonshire, dated 2d Feb. 1742, giving an account of his resignation, and the efforts of his triumphant antagonists to form a new ministry, he distinctly states that 'he HIMSELF *prevented*

vented the Duke of Newcastle's dismissal;' and he intimates that the object which made him desirous of keeping some of his own friends (viz. the Pelhams) in power, was to preserve a *whig* administration, (*Coxe's Life*, vol. iv. p. 256.)—so that the Duke of Newcastle's remaining in office, so far from being a proof of treachery, turns out to have been Sir Robert Walpole's own act, and a proof of special confidence and friendship! It would be, perhaps, unnecessary to say any thing for Mr. Pelham, because he might naturally be supposed to be included in his brother's acquittal; but we cannot conceal, on so important a point, this strong additional fact stated by Archdeacon Coxe, (vol. iv. p. 327.) that on the death of Lord Wilmington, in 1743, it was the influence of old Sir Robert which, '*to the surprize of all men, and of none more than of the Duke of Newcastle himself,*' made *Mr. Pelham First Lord of the Treasury.* We have reserved for the last an authority, not always trustworthy, but in this particular case conclusive,—*Horace Walpole's own!*—out of his own mouth we can convict him,

In 1767 he wrote a pamphlet called '*A Detection of a late Forgery called Le Testament Politique du Chevalier Robert Walpole.*' Amongst the errors of this fabricator he notices—

'that there is much discourse on Sir Robert's resignation, without a single hint at the *open, known, avowed* cause of it—the breach between the king and the prince—which Sir Robert never disguised.'—*Works*, vol. ii. p. 330.

And again—

'Sir Robert Walpole is made to complain of being abandoned by his friends. This is, for once, an undeserved satire on mankind—no fallen minister ever experienced such attachment from his friends as he did.' —*ib.* p. 332.

Here then we have, on the part of Walpole himself, a complete '*detection of his own* forgery,' and with the same stroke of the pen he overthrows the credit of *two* literary impostors, little thinking, indeed, that one of them was himself. We cannot conceive a fuller or clearer refutation of all suspicion of treachery on the part of his colleages against the old minister.

The truth seems to be, that age and its consequent timidity,—an administration which had lasted too long,—a storm of unpopularity artfully raised,—the decided opposition of the Prince of Wales—and the eagerness of the worshippers of that rising sun, which never rose—all contributed to render it impossible that Sir Robert could remain at the helm. Every body, *except the king*, and perhaps himself, felt the necessity of his retiring; and, as we have already hinted, he himself planned and executed what no one else could have thought of, much less effected—the disappointment of

of his antagonists, and the succession of his own friends. It is bad reasoning, and, as Walpole himself admits, a libel upon our nature, to suppose gratuitously, and without necessity, so horrible an agent as *treachery*—a *demon* should be no more introduced than a *deity*, 'nisi dignus vindice nodus.' But if even Sir Robert himself, and his brother, and his son, and his intimates, were all mistaken, and did not know who were their friends and who were not, Lord Hardwicke, at least, could scarcely be charged with his adherence to the Pelhams as a political crime—he was what Walpole is pleased to call *their creature*, and not Sir Robert's; and indeed Walpole, amongst his other oversights and inconsistencies, carries the chancellor's defence (though in very abusive language) farther than we should be disposed to do, *if* we believed, that he had abandoned Sir Robert.

'Sir Philip Yorke, Baron of Hardwicke, and Lord Chancellor, was a *creature* of the Duke of Newcastle, and *by him introduced* to Sir Robert Walpole, who contributed to his grandeur and baseness, in giving him an opportunity of displaying the extent of the latter, by raising him to the height of the former.' 'The best thing that can be remembered of the chancellor is *his fidelity to his patron;* for let the Duke of Newcastle betray whom he would, the chancellor always stuck to him in his perfidy, and was only not false to the falsest of mankind.'—vol. i. pp. 138. 140.

This passage is a true example of Walpole's manner: he is so anxious for an epigrammatic bitterness of expression that he does not observe that the *meaning* of his words blunts the point which he was anxious to sharpen. He wishes to fasten upon Lord Hardwicke an imputation of having betrayed his friends; and he is forced to conclude with a charge of his *undue fidelity to his patron.*

Having thus disposed—we trust satisfactorily—of the historical question as to the treachery of Sir Robert's associates, let us examine a little the real spirit in which Walpole treats the individual characters of his father's friends. Let us see whether he considered the *offences* against him too *trifling* to affect his impartiality;—whether he was as compassionate, as *placable* as he affects;—and whether he was that high-minded despiser of money which he boasts of being.

His greatest antipathy was, perhaps, against his *uncle*, old Horace Walpole—*he* certainly had not betrayed Sir Robert, but Walpole endeavours 'to *hint* up even to him,' and distinctly states, that *if* he did not betray, he joined the betrayers. The nephew's flattering picture of the uncle is the following, drawn in 1751.

'He was a dead weight on his brother's ministry; the first to take off that load on his brother's fall; yet nobody so *intemperately abusive* on all who connected with his brother's enemies; nobody *so ready to connect*

connect with them for the least flattery, which he loved next to money—indeed he never entirely forgave Lord Bath for being richer. His mind was a strange mixture of sense allayed by *absurdity*, wit by *mimicry*, knowledge by *buffoonery*, bravery by *meanness*, honesty by *selfishness*, impertinence by nothing. * * * * *.'—vol. i. p. 122.

The asterisks mark a discreet suppression on the part of the editor of something too gross to be copied.

In 1753, describing on some occasion 'the different manners of speaking ill,' he characterizes his uncle as speaking '*shamelessly*,' (vol. i. p. 411.); and in a long and laboured comparison between Sir Robert and Mr. Pelham, he artfully introduces abuse of both their brothers—

'Both were fortunate in themselves, unhappy in their brothers. With unbounded thirst for politics, the Duke of Newcastle and Horace Walpole were *wretched* politicians: each inferior to their brothers in every thing laudable; each assuming and jealous of their own credit, though neither the Duke nor Horace could ever have been considerable, but by the fortune of their brothers. The one childish and extravagant; the other (his uncle) a *buffoon* and *avaricious;* Horace sunk into *contempt* when his brother fell with honour; the Duke was often on the point of dragging his brother down, and was the object of all contempt, even where his brother had still power and honour. Mr. Pelham maintained his inferiority to Sir Robert Walpole even in the *worthlessness* of his brother.'—vol. i. p. 206.

and he concludes this passage with a formal French quotation:

'*J'aye dict le mot, pour ne frustrer la* POSTERITÉ.'

The next most prominent object of his hatred was the Lord Chancellor Hardwicke, from whom Walpole, as we have seen, confesses that he had received trifling offence—he has not told us what this was; but Lord Hardwicke continued, to the very last, the intimate friend of *old Horace;* and when we consider the bitterness of his hatred against his uncle, and his equal bitterness against the ministers, we may judge what the union of the two hatreds would be against the chancellor who had survived his father's power, and who had adopted his uncle's cause: accordingly there is no limit to the malignity with which he pursues this great magistrate. He attempts by turns to ridicule and to stab him, and in the eagerness of his revenge, and the variety of his assaults, he is not ashamed of the most audacious contradictions, and blinds himself to the most gross inconsistencies. One of these we shall particularly notice for the sake of introducing the candid and conclusive observation of the editor. In what affects to be a character of Lord Hardwicke, Walpole says,—'In the House of Lords, he was laughed at; in the cabinet, despised.'—vol. i. p. 139.

On this passage the editor remarks with great justice—

'Yet, in the course of the work, the author laments Lord Hardwicke's influence in cabinets, where he would have us believe he was despised; and acknowledges that he exercised a dominion nearly absolute over that house of parliament, which, he would persuade his readers, laughed at him. The truth is, that *wherever* that great magistrate is mentioned, Lord Orford's resentments blind his judgment, and disfigure his narrative.'—vol. i. p. 139. *note.*

Lord Hardwicke's character is now national property, and his reputation of national importance; and as long as our system of equitable law survives, his name will be reverenced by the people of England. We wish our limits permitted us to develope and refute at full length Walpole's complicated slanders; a few of the most prominent we cannot, in justice to the memory of so great a man, omit to expose.

The two points upon which the Chancellor is the most frequently and most virulently attacked, are the Marriage Act and Admiral Byng's case. In the former, the Chancellor is accused of 'meanness, obstinacy, acrimony, ambition, malice, insolence and cruelty,' and all for no other reason, than because he supported a wise and useful measure, with the original introduction of which he had no more to do than Walpole himself; and because he repelled with dignity a series of personal attacks, with which Walpole's friends had *wantonly* (as he himself confesses) *insulted* him. The bill itself, Walpole admits, was first moved by Lord Bath, who was struck with the immorality and injustice of the existing laws of marriage. Lord Bath, however, felt himself unequal to the preparation of so important a measure, and the twelve judges were, by a unanimous vote of the House, directed to prepare a bill—they did so, but after great delays, their draft was found incorrigible, and the Chancellor was at last induced to undertake to bring into proper form, the unanimous intentions of the House of Lords. The bill passed the Lords *almost without notice*, says Walpole, and came down to the Commons, where Mr. Fox (for reasons, which—not to imitate Walpole—we shall not attempt to explain) opposed it with great vehemence, and '*wantonly and unnecessarily* insulted the Chancellor.'—(vol. i. p. 304.) Walpole, at this period, was closely leagued with Mr. Fox, and found it a good opportunity to wreak on the Chancellor and the Pelhams the *secret malice* which, as we shall see by and bye, he entertained against them. Such was Lord Hardwicke's share in the Marriage Act, and such were the motives of Walpole's invectives.

When Walpole calls the chancellor 'a little lawyer who had raised himself from the very lees of the people,' (vol. i. p. 294.) we can smile at his low-minded spite, and bless heaven that we live

live in a country in which industry, talents, and integrity *can* raise their possessor, even from the lees of the people, to the highest offices of the state; but we confess that we feel something like indignation when we recollect that the penner of this aristocratical insolence had the still greater impudence of professing to be a republican, and a partizan of that very democracy on which he thus vents his lordly scorn. But the fact itself is false; the chancellor was of a gentleman's family, and if such adventitious aids were necessary to the fame of either Sir Robert or the chancellor, it would be easy to show that, though neither the Walpoles nor the Yorkes were *noble*, they both belonged to the *gentry* of England. Nor ought Mr. Horace Walpole to have forgotten that 'the rise of a little lawyer' to the bench and the peerage, is much less unusual than that 'a little' country gentleman, who had been expelled the House of Commons for peculation, should become a knight of the garter, an earl, prime minister of England, the arbiter of Europe; and should, notwithstanding a life of unbounded profusion, bequeath to his family princely incomes, the finest and most expensive collection of pictures in the world, and a palace which, even in that day, must have cost 300,000*l*. Far be it from us to detract from the merit of that great minister, for whose memory we have a sincere respect; but with regard to Mr. Horace Walpole, it is not merely fair, but necessary to show, by so strong an argumentum ad hominem, the inconsistency of his views, and the absurdities and fallacies of his statements.

Another of his imputations against the chancellor we shall notice chiefly for the purpose of introducing an amusing anecdote which we have found in the MS. correspondence of the celebrated Miss Catherine Talbot. On the change of administration in 1764, Walpole represents the chancellor as 'sullen and mortified, and as endeavouring to cling dishonourably to office, 'with the same spirit in which he had been always ready to torture the law to annoy his enemies,' (vol. ii. p. 94.) Yet Walpole himself is, a few pages farther, obliged to admit that Lord Hardwicke resigned honestly and honourably with his friends, 'though great endeavours were used by the new ministry to retain him,' (p. 106.); and we find in the letter of Miss Talbot's correspondent the temper in which the *sullen* and *mortified* statesman bore this voluntary fall.

'Dec. 1756. I have been a little puzzled with the name of *Lord Hardwicke*,—(he had been, always in public and private, called *Lord Chancellor*,)—but I think him so highly in the right to be called again by *that* name, that I would not give him back his *title of office* on any account. The person who seems least to have felt the change is himself, and, indeed, although I expected every thing good and great from his turn of

 mind,

mind, I hardly thought any one could have quitted a high station, and changed a life of business which had grown into a forced habit, for one of great leisure, with such thorough ease and cheerfulness. He seems very happy in his liberty; has dined about with his family, and visited like an idle man; was at the concert here, and in as good spirits as ever I saw him. He has, indeed, had the satisfaction of finding the regard formerly shown him was not paid merely to his place, since he was never so much visited or complimented as since he resigned. The only person who did not immediately acknowledge their former acquaintance was—*his old master*—(the king); and Lord Hardwicke was much diverted with the king's looking at him, the first time he went to the levee after giving up the seal, and knowing him no more, in a common coat and without the chancellor's wig, than if he had never seen him. The lord in waiting observing this, told his Majesty "*Lord Hardwicke* was there;" but this was a name the king did not know the sound of and had no ideas annexed to, and only brought out the usual cold question (most happily applied just then) of "*How long had his lordship been in town?*" His Majesty was himself amused with the oddness of his mistake when he found it out, which was not till he had retired; and he afterwards told Lord Hardwicke, at the drawing room, that having been used for above thirty years to see him in so different a dress—indeed never having seen him out of it before—he had not the least knowledge of him.'

We do not rest Lord Hardwicke's public character on such testimonies; it stands, as we have already said, on a higher and broader basis—the public reverence which for forty years was paid to his person, and for seventy years has been paid to his memory: but against the malicious tittle-tattle with which Walpole endeavours to malign his private life, we thought it right to oppose the evidence of others who knew him at least as well as Walpole, and who had none of Walpole's inducements to misrepresentation.

We now come to our author's enmity to the Pelhams, and we confess that we for a long while were not able to guess what had so sharpened his acrimony against them. We have shown that the allegation of treachery to his father was not true—that, on the contrary, Mr. Pelham had been Sir Robert's fast and faithful friend. There must, therefore, have been some *secret cause* of resentment on the part of Walpole himself; and we think that, in a corner of our author's numerous publications, we have found it, and that it affords an excellent clue to the discovery of Walpole's real character and motives.

We began by observing that it seems Mr. Pelham, as well as the chancellor, was, in some way or other, involved in the quarrel between the uncle and nephew; this we gather (amongst other proofs) from the following extract of a pretended newspaper, in which Walpole, to amuse Mr. Montague, sneers at several of their common acquaintance.

'Lately

'Lately published, the analogy of *private* and *political quarrels*, or the art of healing family differences by widening them; a sermon, on these words "*Do evil that good may ensue*"—preached before the Right Honourable Henry Pelham and the rest of the Society for promoting Christian Charity, by W. L., chaplain to H. R. H. Princess Amelia.'

It seems probable that a regard for the family of Sir Robert Walpole induced the Pelhams, and perhaps the chancellor and Princess Amelia, to endeavour to settle the differences of the modern Horatii, and that they all suffer the indignation of the younger Horace on this account. But we have found indisputable evidence of a further offence committed by Mr. Pelham.

Walpole, it will be observed, arrogates to himself a character of the *purest patriotism.* His great modesty does not prevent his telling us that he pushed to a *passion, the virtue of disinterestedness and contempt of money;* and he is never more indignant than against those who enrich themselves by the spoils of the public. The mere readers of the Memoirs would never guess that, from the cradle, he was a sinecure placeman; that during his father's life he never received from him altogether more than 250*l.* and that at his father's death his whole legacy was 5000*l.* But if Sir Robert was parsimonious of his own pecuniary favours to his son, he was generous of those of the public. The whole of this curious part of our author's history is to be found in a paper published in the second volume (p. 364.) of the great quarto edition of his works, intitled 'An account of my conduct relative to the places I hold under government and towards ministers.'

When Walpole drew up this statement in 1782, and when his editors published it in 1798, neither party, we dare say, considered it as likely to go at all beyond its avowed and temporary purpose, of answering an attack made upon placemen and sinecurists; it was not foreseen that the publication of his Letters and Memoirs would, in after-times, lead men into a stricter inquiry into the character and motives of the author; and it was not suspected that, in corners of this defence, we should find wonderful explanations and strange elucidations of the author's *disinterestedness* and *veracity.* We shall make a few extracts from his paper.

'In my youth my father, Sir Robert Walpole, then prime minister, gave me the two patent little places I still hold, of clerk of the estreats and comptroller of the pipe, which together produce about or near 300*l.* per annum. When I was about eighteen or nineteen he gave me the place of inspector of the imports and exports in the custom house, which I resigned in about a year, on his giving me the patent place of usher of the exchequer, then reckoned worth 900*l.* a year. From that time I lived *on my own income*, and travelled at *my own* expense; nor did I during my father's life receive from him but 250*l.* at different

 times;

times; which I say not in derogation of his extreme tenderness and goodness to me, but to show that I was content with what he had given to me, and that from the age of twenty I was *no charge to my family.*'—p. 364.

In commenting upon the defence of so pure a patriot and so great a critic, we may just ask in what terms *he* would have expressed himself of Lord Hardwicke, or Mr. Pelham, or Mr. Fox, if, to the meanness of thus wallowing in sinecure wealth, *they* had added the effrontery of talking of it, as of their '*own incomes,*' their '*own expense,*' and of thus boasting of having been '*no charge to their families.*' He charges *them,* individually, with avarice, fraud and peculation; but this paper discloses of himself grosser jobbing than his rancour can allege against all the public men he mentions, put together. The design of his defence is to extenuate his official profits, and therefore he states that the place of usher of the exchequer was *reckoned* worth 900*l.* per annum. Now in the Historical Register for February, 1738, we find this item:—'Preferment: Horatio Walpole, Esq., youngest son of the Right Honourable Sir Robert Walpole, made usher of the exchequer in the room of the Hon. Wm. Townshend deceased —a place of 1200*l.* per annum.' So that at least the place was not *reckoned* at only 900*l.* a year; and we have, in another passage, his own evidence that it was worth nearly twice that sum: for in the year 1744, he writes to General Conway (*Works,* vol. v. p. 27.) that his places produced him 2000*l.* per annum, which, subtracting 300*l.* for the *little places,* leaves 1700*l.* for the annual produce of the ushership; and when subsequently a tax was to be laid on places, a return of the value of this office was made by Walpole at 1800*l.* per annum; so that by his own confession, the representation of the place being worth only 900*l.* per annum was, to say the least of it, inaccurate. But this is not all: in a report made at a subsequent period by certain commissioners of inquiry, it was stated to produce him 4200*l.* per annum. clear (*ib.* p. 367.) To explain this enormous difference, and to give proofs of his own great disinterestedness, is the object of the paper in question; and in making this attempt, which, we see, only involves him in deeper equivocation, he refers to certain *other* transactions which are those which we think peculiarly important as affecting the judgment which, in his Memoirs, he passes on Mr. Pelham.

It appears that, besides the *three* sinecures just mentioned, and a kind of rent charge of 400*l.* per annum on his brother Robert's great office of auditor of the exchequer, Sir Robert had also given Horace a rider of 1400*l.* per annum on the surveyorship of the customs, another patent place held for the life of his brothers Robert and Edward. So that out of no less than *five* sinecure

patent

patent places our patriot had an income, by *his own account*, of not less than 3900*l.*; or, if we believe the commissioners of inquiry, of at least 6300*l.* per annum: but unhappily the last-mentioned 1400*l.* was for the lives of his *brothers;* and Walpole, with all his Roman virtue, was not insensible to the desire of securing the precarious part of this enormous income for *his own* life. Hear his own account of the matter:—

'My brother Edward being eleven years older than me, two or three of my best friends urged me to ask to have my life added to the patent. I refused—but own I was at last over-persuaded to make application to Mr. Pelham—how unwillingly will appear by my behaviour on that occasion, which did not last two minutes. I went to him and made my request. He replied civilly, "he could not ask the king to add my life to the patent, but if I could get my brother Edward to let my life stand in lieu of his, he would endeavour to serve me."—I answered quickly, "Sir, I will never ask my brother to stand in a precarious light instead of me;" and hurrying out of his house, returned to two of my friends who waited for me, and said to them, "I have done what you desired me to do, but, thank God! I have been refused."—This was in the year 1751, and was the first and last favour I ever asked of any minister for myself.'—*Walpole's Works*, vol. ii. p. 366.

Our readers will, perhaps, not think Mr. Pelham's conduct so unreasonable as Walpole seems to have done; nor is it impossible, considering that the place was held by *patent under the great seal*, that Lord Hardwicke might have raised some objection to so extraordinary a transfer—be this, however, as it may, the admirers of the Memoirs should bless the scruples of those two ministers; for with the very year in which Horace met this disappointment, *commence those very Memoirs* in which the characters of Mr. Pelham and the chancellor are so candidly and so impartially treated!

That Walpole should have involved the Duke of Newcastle in Mr. Pelham's offence seems not unnatural, and we should hardly have endeavoured to recover 'from the oblivious stream of time' any anecdote peculiarly affecting the duke, but we have one, and a very curious one it is.

We find by a letter from Walpole to the Duke of Newcastle, (November 12, 1758,) that his grace had been in negociation with Walpole and his brother, for the purchase of the place in the customs before-mentioned, but that it *went off* by Edward's expecting more than was thought reasonable for his reversion and share. This negociation Horace endeavours to renew, on the footing of obtaining the *reversion* of the place of Master of the Mint, and offers, whenever that latter place may fall, to resign his interest in the former to his grace's nominee. We shall not stop to examine the *details* of this proposition, which are full as extraordinary as the

general principle itself; but we must quote the reason by which Walpole urges the duke to consent to it.

'In short, my lord, instead of paying me a large sum of money as was before proposed, your grace will *only* have the trouble of asking the king to consent to my exchange of my place, that your grace may have the very fair pretence of asking at the same time for one or two lives in the custom-house place, which on this agreement with me your *grace would ensure to your family* (and would be a *great provision for a younger son of my Lord Lincoln;*) and as I should be ready to resign mine, I should suppose his Majesty would not refuse your grace a suit so advantageous to you, and which then you would have so reasonable foundation for asking.'—*Walpole's Works*, vol. ii. p. 372.

All this seems sufficiently unworthy so high-minded a patriot. But what will our readers say of it, when we remind them of a passage in the *Memoirs*, in which Mr. Pelham and the Duke are libelled, because they gave a sinecure place to this very Lord Lincoln, for whose *youngest children* Horace is become so anxious to provide?

'Lord Lincoln was made auditor of the exchequer, in the room of the Earl of Orford, who was just dead. Mr. Pelham had affected to be willing to retire with this post, which is at least eight thousand pounds a year, and a sinecure for life. The king desired him not to take it himself, and that dutyful minister obeyed; that is, *he* held it in the name of Lord Lincoln, who was his nephew and son-in-law, adopted heir to the duke of Newcastle, and the mimic of his fulsome fondness and follies.'—vol. i. p. 72, 73.

This precious negociation also '*went off*,' and we think we need not insist, that Walpole was not of a temper to love the Duke of Newcastle the better for his failure. To have exposed himself, and yet failed in his object, would be a double cause of hatred with so fastidious a person.

So far we have regarded Walpole's relations with the Pelhams *separately*. Let us now look at one or two further particulars of his conduct towards the ministry, which give form and consistency to the whole, and afford the last and most convincing proof of the turpitude of his motives.

On the 17th January, 1751,—the dates are important—Parliament met, and Walpole *moved the address*, the peculiar object of which was to approve the policy of Mr. Pelham and the Duke of Newcastle. We need not remind our readers that moving their address is the greatest proof of devotion to a ministry that a member of the House of Commons can give, and this Walpole gave—he also voted implicitly with the ministers through the early part of the session, though he tells us *afterwards* that he did not approve of their measures. On the first of April, his brother, Lord Orford,

Orford, died, and as he was one of the lives in the patent of the place in the customs, out of which Walpole received 1400*l.* per annum, it must have been on this event, that he made the unsuccessful application to have his own name added in the patent to that of the surviving brother; it was therefore in *April*, 1751, that Mr. Pelham rejected Walpole's job, and in the ensuing month of *May*, we find the patriot, who in *January* had moved the address, who in *April* had been refused a favour, in *full opposition* on the subject of the Regency Bill, and opening all the phials of his wrath and lavishing every epithet of scorn and hatred upon the ministers, whose most devoted servant he had been but three little months before!

Next in the series of hatred stands Lord Anson. His chief offence in Walpole's eyes was, as far as we have discovered, his connexion with Lord Hardwicke, whose daughter he had married. Our readers need not be informed that to Lord Anson we owe the foundation of that improved system of naval discipline which constitutes at once the glory and safety of the empire. Lord Anson was as blameless, and as modest in private life as he was able in his public station; yet against this excellent man Walpole vents in his Memoirs the most serious imputations; while in his letters he endeavours to ridicule him with the most indecent ribaldry. Of the consistency with which he makes and supports his charges against Lord Anson, we shall give a specimen or two.

'West, whose behaviour (in Admiral Byng's engagement) had been most gallant, was carried to court by Lord Anson. The king said to West, "I am glad to hear you did your duty so well. I wish every body else had!" Anson himself did not escape so honourably—his *incapacity* grew the topic of *general ridicule*.'—vol. ii. p. 68.

And in a subsequent passage, relating the arrangement of the ministry in 1757, he says that Lord Anson

'was restored to the Admiralty—whether with more opprobrium to himself, who returned to that board with Pitt's set, abandoning his own, who had been disgraced with him; or to Pitt, who restored so *incapable* an object to a trust so *wretchedly executed*, I am in doubt to determine.'—vol. ii. p. 225.

On the other hand, in the transactions of 1755, he tells us that

'the French marine grew formidable, but their insults unwisely outstripped their power; and by the beginning of February our fleet of thirty ships of the line had been fitted out with equal *spirit* and expedition. *Lord Anson had* GREAT MERIT in that province, where he presided.'—vol. i. p. 367.

And again—

'These enterprises on land were accompanied on our part by seizing great numbers of French vessels. Lord Anson, *attentive* to, and in general

neral *expert* in, maritime details, selected with *great care the best officers*, and assured the king that in the approaching war he should hear, at least, of no courts-martial.'—vol. i. p. 393.

It would be superfluous to take pains to expose such flagrant contradictions.

The last object of Walpole's peculiar enmity whom we shall notice is Mr. Fox. Mr. Fox had been the firm friend of Sir Robert—against him no *treachery* is even hinted, and with him Walpole maintained for several years great private and political intimacy; and in the quarrel of Mr. Fox with Lord Hardwicke, on the Marriage Act, Walpole not only sided warmly with Mr. Fox, but he gives, in his Memoirs, an account of the affair embittered, as against the Chancellor, with the double feelings of private and public hostility. But 'from Mr. Fox,' he confesses, in language not quite grammatical, but very intelligible, 'he had felt coldness and ingratitude.' (vol. ii. p. 336.) The particulars of this offence we have not discovered, but its results are visible in all the latter part of his work; for while Newcastle is charged with folly and Pelham with weakness, Walpole imputes lower and more odious frailties to Fox.

'Fox had neither the patriotism which forms a *virtuous* character, nor the love of fame which composes a shining one—from being a provident father, the transition to being a *rapacious* man was too easy—his ambition was glaring, and his interestedness not even specious.'—vol. ii. p. 202.

This last phrase obviously means to impute to Mr. Fox an unworthy anxiety for gain. We think we have, in our preceding observations, said enough to show that having avowed a dislike to Mr. Fox, Walpole's evidence of his defects and frailties can not be received as of any very serious value; but we have on this topic a most curious and flagrant instance of the inconsistency, duplicity and falsehood of himself.

The defamatory insinuations against Mr. Fox which we have just quoted are to be found in the Memoirs under the dates of June, 1756, and April, 1757. Now, we happen to be able to produce a *panegyric on Mr. Fox*, published by Walpole, BETWEEN *these two dates*, one of the grossest and most fulsome pieces of flattery that ever we believe insulted common sense.

In one of the last numbers (*16th December*, 1756,) of the periodical paper called the 'World,' some political allusion hostile to Mr. Fox was admitted; by way of antidote to which, Walpole obliged Dodsley (although the paper had been discontinued) to publish a *World Extraordinary*, containing the panegyric in question, in the tasteless form of a portrait of Mr. Fox, addressed to his wife Lady Caroline. A more absurd mode of answering a political

political attack can hardly be imagined, but the composition itself is still more extraordinary. What shall we say of the good taste which pays Lady Caroline the elegant compliment of telling her that her husband's 'passions are very strong: that he loves play, *women more*, and one woman more than all!' But it is not into Walpole's delicacy we are at present inquiring, but into his veracity. We have seen that in the Memoirs he calls Mr. Fox *rapacious*, and hints that he was corrupt. In the Portrait, he applauds his '*integrity* as never having been breathed on by suspicion.' The Memoirs say that he has neither 'patriotism nor the love of fame:' —the Portrait, on the contrary, describes him as pursuing 'fame and honours' by the noblest assiduity. The Memoirs say that he was neither a '*virtuous* nor a *shining* character:'—the Portrait tells us that 'he commands the admiration of an age not apt to be cheaply pleased; but he would not thank any man for his approbation, unless he was conscious of deserving it.' In short, not to pursue the details, nothing can be more gross than these contradictions, and yet he published this panegyric at the time that he was writing, for future publication, a libel upon the same man!

Having thus noticed the feelings with which our author paints the characters of his principal *persons*, we must now look at the mode in which he represents the *transactions* of his day.

In following the variety of events which occur in these Memoirs, every reader must observe, that in a few, Walpole is more copious, more minute, more eager than the external appearance of the affairs seems to require; a little closer observation shows that these affairs, so peculiarly dwelt on, were matters in which he had contrived to mix some little intrigues of his own, and although the result, generally, proved that he was but a bad advocate, and a worse adviser, yet he dwells with parental fondness upon these cases, and heaps every kind of obloquy on the persons who happened to traverse his obscure intrigues; the two most important of these transactions, and indeed the two which make the most figure in the work, are the affair of Lord Ravensworth and the trial of Admiral Byng.

The affair of Lord Ravensworth was this. In the year 1753, a charge was made by that lord, on the evidence of one Fawcett, a Durham attorney, against Mr. Murray, (Lord Mansfield,) then solicitor general, Mr. Stone, brother to Primate Stone, secretary to the Princess Dowager, and Dr. Johnson, bishop of Gloucester, preceptor to the young Prince of Wales, (George III.) that they had, in early life, drank the health of the Pretender at the table of an old Jacobite merchant in the city: the object of the accusation was to remove Stone and Johnson from about the young prince; and such were the folly of the people and the blindness of

of party, that a strong suspicion was created that the heir of the House of Hanover was in danger of becoming an adherent of the House of Stuart. Walpole, in one passage, characterizes the affair with justice and temper.

'Had even the greater part of the council not wished well to the accused, it must have shocked them to hear a charge of such consequence brought after an interval of twenty years, brought on memory, the transactions of a private company, most of them very young men, at worst flattering an old rich batchelor of no importance, and, in their most unguarded moments, never rising beyond a foolish libation to the healths of their imaginary monarch and his minister. Considering the lengths to which party had been carried for the last twenty years; considering how many men had been educated at Oxford about that period, or had been in league with every considerable Jacobite in the kingdom, if such a charge might be brought after so long a term, who almost would not be guilty? Who almost would be so innocent as not to have gone beyond a treasonable toast? It was necessary to be very Whig to see Lord Ravensworth's accusation in an *honourable* light.'—vol. i. p. 268.

Concurring, as every reader must, in these sentiments, what surprize must it occasion to find that Walpole himself was at the bottom of the accusation, and that Ravensworth, in playing this *dishonourable* part, was in truth only his puppet? Yet such was the fact!—we shall give the story, as far as we can, in Walpole's own words.

'At the end of the last year, while the dissensions in the tutorhood had been carried so high, an anonymous memorial, pretended to have been signed by several noblemen and gentlemen of the first rank and fortune, had been sent to five or six particular persons.'—vol. i. p. 261.

We need not copy the memorial; it is a laboured and malignant picture of the danger to which the principles of the heir apparent were subjected, by the influence of Murray, and some dark, low and suspected persons, pupils and friends of Lord Bolingbroke, who by Murray's influence had been placed about his Royal Highness. These *dark, low persons*, were Stone and Johnson.

This pretended memorial was a *fabrication of Walpole's*, and produced, he says, 'a great noise.' Dodington, who tells the whole story clearly and honestly, says, 'the ministers were very much intrigued to find out whence it came and who was the author.' It had no signature, and was distributed, as Walpole allows, with no other object than to make mischief.

'Why Lord Ravensworth received one was obvious. He was reckoned one of the warmest and honestest Whigs in England. His being *reckoned* so, was a reason for the authors of the memorial to address one to him; perhaps not their only reason; perhaps their thinking him rather a factious and interested, than an honest Whig, was the chief

chief inducement to them to sow their *seeds of discontent* in a *rank* soil, which did indeed produce an ample crop.'—vol. i. p. 266.

Although a note at the bottom of one of the pages confesses that Walpole forged the Memorial, it is plain that in these, his impartial and truth-telling Memoirs, he intended to have kept that fact secret; for he talks in doubts and in alternatives of the motives which probably induced the authors to entrust the propagation of their mischief to Lord Ravensworth, and with his usual candour and gratitude, he takes care to depreciate this nobleman's *reputed* honesty into *faction* and *self-interest*. He conceals another and perhaps stronger motive which he had for employing Ravensworth on this occasion. In his correspondence with Montague, (*Works*, vol. v. p. 195.) he describes this Lord as habitually *insane*, and at times *almost frantic;* and no doubt such a person was a fit instrument of Walpole's intrigue.

The facts of this curious affair were these,—Fawcett, at a dinner in Durham, hearing of Johnson's promotion, said, 'well, he has good luck; twenty years ago he was a Jacobite.' (p. 275.) This idle observation got wind, and Harry Vane, by Mr. Pelham's desire, wrote to Fawcett to know the truth of it. Fawcett, in reply, denied the fact, and exculpated the bishop. Walpole, it would seem, heard of this, wrote the memorial in consequence, and sent it to Lord Ravensworth, *a rank soil*, in which his *seed of discontent* was likely to produce an *ample crop*.

'The clamours against Stone, on his quarrel with the Bishop of Norwich and Lord Harcourt, and the Memorial reaching Lord Ravensworth soon after this conversation happened, he determined to signalize his zeal, and hastened to London; Fawcett having confirmed to him what he had denied to Vane, but begging not to be produced as an accuser.'—vol. i. p. 267.

Then comes Lord Ravensworth's accusation in form,—

'that Fawcett, reading the newspaper which mentioned the promotion of Dr. Johnson *to the bishopric of Gloucester*, said, "He has good luck!" being asked what he meant by that expression, he had replied, "Why, Johnson has drunk the Pretender's health twenty times with me *and Mr. Stone and Mr. Murray*."—vol. i. p. 266.

Now it is very remarkable that as the affair went on, this assertion of Lord Ravensworth's was contradicted even by himself—the charge we have just read was made before the council; but in his place, in the House, his lordship gave the following account:—

'Reading a newspaper which mentioned a report that Dr. Johnson was *to be the preceptor to the Prince of Wales*, Fawcett said, "He has good luck! twenty years ago he was a Jacobite." That this conversation had seemingly been forgot: but that on the 12th of January following, as he (Lord Ravensworth) was at a club at Newcastle with Fawcett,

cett, the latter had showed him a letter from Harry Vane, inquiring into the meaning of those words. That he recollected no particulars of the letter. It only, as far as he remembered, expressed that Mr. Vane was desired and authorized by Mr. Pelham to inquire into that conversation, as it had occasioned some talk. He dwelt on his great regard to Mr. Pelham, and said, that urged by that motive, he had desired Fawcett to come to him the next day; that he had exhorted him to stick to the truth, and in *four* several conversations had always found him *uniform*. In those conversations he ADDED the names of Mr. Stone and Mr. Murray.'—(p. 275.)

Here our readers will observe, that, even on Lord Ravensworth's own showing, his original statement was false—for Fawcett did not at first mention Murray and Stone; but added them *after* Mr. Pelham's letter, and after, as it appears from the context, Ravensworth had received Walpole's fabricated memorial, which pointed specifically at these very names. And it is very remarkable, that, on a subsequent examination before Mr. Pelham, Fawcett never mentioned either Stone or Murray, (*Dod.* Mar. 22, 1750.); 'but,' says Dodington ironically, 'the love of his country, his king, and posterity, burned so strong in Ravensworth's bosom, that he could have no rest till he had discovered this enormity; accordingly he came to town, promulgated the *new version* of the story, and insisted on the dismissal of Stone.' The fraudulent attempt was, however, too gross even for the violence of party; and all the lords, who were members of the council, rose one after another in their places, and solemnly acquitted the accused.

So ended this notable plot, which Dodington, who was ignorant of the author, impartially calls, 'the worst judged, the worst executed, and the worst supported that he ever saw.' What faith, we now ask, can be placed in the honour and veracity of the contriver and historian of this wretched intrigue, who first endeavoured to inflame and extend a piece of idle gossip into a calumnious accusation affecting the lives and fortunes of men who, for aught he knew, were innocent; and who afterwards, when affecting to give an impartial history of the affair, suppresses that which he must best have known, his own dirty share in so odious a transaction? A *note* indeed, as we have said, confesses that he was the author of the Memorial—a fact not merely concealed but denied in the *body of the work;* and the time, the object, and the other connecting circumstances which give the affair all its malignity, are carefully suppressed;—nay, an air of candour is *affected*, and to a superficial reader it would appear that Walpole's integrity and honour revolted at so cruel and so unjust an accusation, and at the dishonourable and shuffling conduct by which it was brought to light!

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In the affair of Byng, his conduct was not quite so intricate, nor was, perhaps, his object so unworthy. We can hardly believe that Walpole was actuated by any good feelings towards Byng; but, at least, his efforts were in favour of an unhappy man 'lying in the shadow of death,' and though the motive might have been hatred of Byng's accusers, rather than tenderness towards Byng, though his interference was underhand and factious, and though the result was contemptible, yet the very appearance of generosity is so engaging, that Walpole's conduct in this affair is perhaps the most admired, if not the only admired, portion of his life. It is no pleasant duty to revert to this painful case; yet the truth of history requires that we should endeavour to clear it from the false colouring which Walpole throws over it, and to detect the obscure arts by which he contributed to raise and to perpetuate the clamour that Byng was the victim of private resentments.

We shall not enter into any detail of the action itself or the proceedings at the trial—they are no where controverted; we expressed our opinion shortly but explicitly on this subject in a former Number, (No. L. p. 407.) which we need not here repeat. Our present duty is to develope Walpole's share in the transaction.

We have seen with what ardour Walpole hated the ministry, among whom he had now included his former friend, Mr. Fox, the Duke of Newcastle, Lord Hardwicke, and Lord Anson; and his object was to turn, not so much *from* Byng, as, *on* them the public vengeance; by representing them coalesced to procure his murder: and this he endeavours to show by every kind of art, from the loosest and lightest inference, up to the most calumnious assertions. We shall notice some of the most prominent of his topics.

And first we must observe, that the ministers whom Walpole accuses, had ceased to be *ministers* before Byng's trial began. The Duke of Newcastle, Lord Hardwicke, Lord Anson, Mr. Fox, and their administration, resigned early in November, 1756. The new treasury was appointed 16th November, and the *new Admiralty* 20th November. Byng's trial did not commence till the 28th December following,—we beg our readers to keep these dates in mind. His first assertion is the following.

'Admiral Boscawen, who had the guard of the prisoner at Portsmouth, and who was *not* one of the judges, but a lord of the Admiralty, seems, by the event, to have understood to a *prophetic certainty* the *constitution* of the court. Dining at Sir Edward Montagu's before the trial, and it being disputed what the issue of it would be, Boscawen said bluntly, "Well, say what you will, we shall have a majority, and he will be condemned." This the Duchess of Manchester repeated to Mrs. Osborn, (Byng's sister) and offered to depose in the most solemn manner.'—vol. ii. p. 118.

This

This piece of, what the editor (on a similar occasion) calls *gossip*, is advanced to show that the court was not only *packed*, but that it was *tampered with;* a crime so atrocious, that we confess the Duchess of Manchester's oath would hardly induce us to believe it; but what is its internal value? it all depends on the correctness of a single word; for suppose Boscawen had said 'there *will be* a majority,' it is clear that he might, even though he had been a friend of Byng's, have expressed that opinion;—but, if he did say *we*, who could *we* mean?—Of course, the old ministry, who thirsted for Byng's blood! By no means. For Boscawen was also a member of the *new admiralty;* and as a naval court-martial is not *constituted* till the very day of the trial, '*we*' of course must have meant the *new board*, who, it is said elsewhere, wished to *save* Byng; and Boscawen, whom Lord Temple had selected to continue at the head of his *new* board, was not likely to have made common cause with Lord Temple's antagonists, in so foul a conspiracy, and to have had the impudence to avow it at a dinner table. But what puts this *lie* out of all doubt, is the fact, that naval courts-martial are not constituted by the Board of Admiralty or the ministers;—they are by law composed of the thirteen senior officers who happen to be present, and in the sudden movements of the sea service, no man could foretell a month before, who the precise members of a court were to be; and if it should happen that, on the morning of a court-martial, a fleet of thirteen ships, commanded by senior officers, should arrive, not one of those who an hour before expected to sit upon such court-martial, would have a seat at it. And in point of fact there were at Portsmouth, when the order for the court-martial arrived, above forty officers commanding ships, from among whom, thirteen were, by *seniority*, and not by selection, to constitute the court; and it so happened that every one of the thirteen who did sit on the court-martial was actually in commission before there was a thought of trying Byng.

Thus then we think that we may dismiss this first assertion, as to *packing* the court-martial, as a calumnious falsehood.

His next misrepresentation is with regard to referring the sentence, which he himself so loudly taxes with *illegality*, to the twelve judges, for their opinions on that point. He first insinuates that Lord Hardwicke interfered to corrupt the judges.

'Lord Temple took part enough to make it a measure in the Admiralty to refuse to sign the warrant for execution, unless they were better satisfied on the legality of the sentence—if their consciences could be tranquillized by such opiates as the casuists of Westminster-hall could administer, Lord Hardwicke had no apprehension but the warrant might still be signed. Accordingly, the King (in council) referred the sentence to the judges; and as there was no difficulty but what

what they could solve by pronouncing an absurdity legal, they soon declared, that a sentence, which acquitted of two crimes, and yet condemned, without specifying a third, was very good law. One can hardly avoid saying on such inconsistent behaviour, that the judges *knew what was the inclination of the council* on the different papers referred to their consideration; and that they *accordingly* rejected the appeal.'—vol. ii. 135, 136, 137.

We need not, we trust, vindicate the twelve judges of England only, but *any* twelve human creatures, from the base insinuation here made against them; but we shall show its monstrous absurdity in one word: Lord Hardwicke had ceased to be chancellor, and had so entirely relinquished legal life, that he refused, on subsequent changes of administration, ever to resume the seals; —how therefore could he, a private nobleman, interfere with the judges? or supposing them to be so base as to decide on life and death at the nod of a superior; why should they obey the nod of one who had ceased to be their superior, and from his situation, age, and feelings, was never likely again to be?

The next and the greatest calumny is against Mr. Fox.

'It is irksome to me to tell what whispers, what open speeches, what libels, Mr. Fox and his emissaries vented to blacken Mr. Pitt and Lord Temple, for feeling symptoms of humanity towards a traduced, a condemned, a friendless man! Hardwicke moved steadily towards his point, the death of the criminal:—Fox sported with the life of that criminal, and turned mercy itself into an engine of faction to annoy his antagonist.'—vol. ii. 138.

Here again we have an accusation against Lord Hardwicke, at once ridiculous and atrocious: what had Lord Hardwicke to do with Byng's case? and why should the death of the criminal be a *point* of *his*? It would require the fullest proof to establish such a strange imputation, and Walpole does not even allege the cause of his own suspicion: yet he asserts it as a fact so indisputable, that he introduces it only to set off the sneaking and cowardly brutality of Fox;—of Fox,—the friend of his father,—the friend of his own youth, with whom he had *just* quarrelled on some private score, and whose fame and character he immediately gibbets for the abhorrence of posterity.

We have not happened to discover the cause of Walpole's sudden hatred of Fox, nor can we contradict such general slander as he has here employed; but we boldly rest Mr. Fox's defence on the character of the accuser, and on the repeated proofs of falsehood which, in other cases, we have brought against him: but we must also observe, that Mr. Fox is accused of blackening Mr. Pitt and Lord Temple for their humanity towards Byng. We scarcely can believe our eyes, when we see such an assertion, and recollect

collect that Pitt was prime minister at the constitution of the court, during the trial, and at the execution;—that Temple signed the death warrant; and that during all this period Mr. Fox was a private member of parliament in opposition, with half a dozen followers.

We confess we are surprized that Lord Holland permitted this passage to pass without a word of note or commentary; and we must observe, that the few explanations he now and then has given us, as in the cases of Lords Hardwicke, Camden, and Amherst, liberally and honestly as they are written, do perhaps more harm than good, for when his lordship thinks it necessary to correct *some* mistatements, those others, more gross and more numerous, which he does not correct, will pass for true; and his authority be thus, as it were, inlisted into the service of Walpole's malice.—We appreciate his lordship's delicacy with regard to Mr. Fox, but surely no delicacy should have prevented his exposing such a cold-blooded libel as that which we have just copied.

The next of Walpole's mistatements is another attack on Mr. Fox.—When Byng's sentence was announced to the House of Commons, of which he was a member, the Speaker proposed to *prevent* the disgrace, by expelling him; others wished to call for the letter of the court-martial, as a ground of inquiry into the case, with a view to mercy;—the first of these courses was cruel, the latter, unconstitutional. Mr. Fox, to evade both difficulties, proposed, with great good sense, as it seems to us, the *order of the day*, and to this proceeding, Walpole, according to his usual custom, imputes the most ungenerous motives. 'Fox,' he says, 'to wave all *humane impressions*, moved the order of the day,' as if Mr. Fox could have no other object than to shed the blood of Byng; he, who, whatever might be his political faults, was a kind-hearted and placable man: he was so even to his personal enemies —how then can we believe that he pushed on with such detestable ferocity the execution of Byng?

And, finally, we must observe that the whole scope and *principle* of Walpole's account of Byng's affair, is shown by the lately published Memoirs of Lord Waldegrave to be erroneous, and, as it appears by his own confession, that Lord Waldegrave had communicated the Memoirs to him, the mistatement by which he lays the blame of Byng's death on the *old* ministers instead of the new, is a *wilful* misrepresentation.

We come now to Walpole's more immediate share in this extraordinary business. We shall give it in his own words:—

'25th.—Admiral Norris went to George Grenville, and told him he had something on his conscience which he wanted to utter, and desired Mr. Grenville to apply to the House of Commons to absolve them from their

their oath of secrecy. Grenville did not care to meddle in it. Norris, Keppel, and Moore, mentioned it again to him at the Admiralty that morning; and he declining it, Moore said to him with warmth, "Then, sir, the admiral's blood will not lie on us." It happened that Horace Walpole, who had taken this affair much to heart, was not then in parliament, having vacated his seat for Castlerising, that he might be chosen at Lynn, by desire of the corporation, in the room of his cousin, become a peer by the death of his father, Lord Walpole. Coming late that day to the house, though not a member, Horace Walpole was told of the application that had been made to Mr. Grenville, and looking for him to try to engage him to undertake the cause, Walpole was told that Mr. Keppel desired to be absolved from his oath as well as Norris. Walpole ran up into the gallery, and asked Keppel if it was true? and being true, why he did not move the house himself? Keppel replied, that he was unused to speak in public, but would willingly authorize any body to make the application for him. "Oh! sir," said Walpole, "I will soon find you somebody; and hurried him to Fox, who, Walpole fondly imagined, could not in decency refuse such a request, and who was the more proper from his authority in the house, and as a relation of Mr. Keppel. Fox was much surprized, knew not what to determine, said he was uncertain—and left the house. The time pressed, the Speaker was going to put the question for the orders of the day, after which no new motion can be made; it was Friday too; the house would sit neither on Saturday nor Sunday, and but a possibility of two days remained to intercept the execution, which was to be on Monday; and the whole operation of what Keppel should have to say, its effects, the pardon if procured, the dispatch to Portsmouth, and the reprieve, all to be crouded into so few hours! Walpole was in agony what step to take —at that instant he saw Sir Francis Dashwood going up the house; he flew down from the gallery, called Sir Francis, hurried the notification to him, and Sir Francis, with the greatest quickness of tender apprehension (the Speaker had actually read the question and put it while all this was passing) called out from the floor before he had time to take his place, "Mr. Speaker"—and then informed the house of Mr. Keppel's desire that some method might be found of empowering him and the other members of the court-martial to declare what had been their intention in pronouncing Mr. Byng guilty.'—vol. ii. p. 153, 154.

What extraordinary good luck that Walpole should thus, *by mere accident*, light on Sir F. Dashwood!—the very person who, on two preceding nights, had moved questions in favour of Admiral Byng. This curious coincidence in the mouth of the best authority would appear suspicious; from the pen of Walpole, we confess we have some difficulty in receiving it;—the scene was probably prepared, and these incidents of accident and hurry are only thrown in to keep attention alive, and give interest to the romance.

The bill was of so extraordinary a nature that it met little encouragement, till Keppel, in his place, was induced to say, that four of

his colleagues, Holmes, Norris, Geary, and Moore empowered him to make the demand. This was not true—Holmes denied that he had so empowered him, so did Geary. Norris and Moore, however, adhered, and the bill passed.

'Curiosity to know what *black management* had left such scruples on the minds of some of the judges of the court-martial, was the common and natural consequence: the very novelty of tools of power sinking under a consciousness of guilt, or under the conviction of having unwittingly been made the tools of power, was sufficient to raise the utmost attention.'—vol. ii. p. 166.

In this passage, and in twenty others, Walpole insinuates that the court-martial had been practised upon, and that if they were freed from the oath of secrecy, some tremendous truths would be discovered. When the bill went up to the Lords, their lordships very properly began by inquiring into the truth of the preamble.—'Whereas application had been made by a member of the court-martial on behalf of himself and several others, praying earnestly to be released by act of parliament from said oath of secrecy, alleging that they have something to disclose relative to the said sentence, and which is necessary to be disclosed in order to do justice to the said John Byng, be it enacted'—(*Parl. Debates*, vol. xv. p. 808.) The members of the court were all summoned to the bar of the house, and sworn, and the four following questions were addressed to them—the two first by Lord Mansfield, the two last by Lord Halifax, the advocate of Byng.

Do you know of any thing which would show the sentence to be unjust?—To this there were twelve decided negatives, (including Keppel himself) Norris, from some misapprehension, did not answer the question.

Do you know any thing to show that the said sentence was given through any undue practice or motive?—To this there were thirteen decided negatives, (including again Keppel himself.)

Are you desirous this bill should pass?—To this there were eight decided negatives. Two—Smith and Geary—said they had no wish for it, but no objection if it would be a relief to the consciences of others. Keppel and Norris wished for the bill; and the thirteenth, Moore, said, that if the bill passed, he could give better information as to his motives in signing the sentence and letter.

Have you any thing to reveal which you judge necessary for his Majesty's information, and which you think likely to incline his Majesty to mercy? To this there were ten negatives, and three, Norris, Moore, and Keppel, thought their oath of secrecy prevented their answering.

Never was there so utter a failure.—The two important questions were

were unanimously negatived, and the *justice* and *fairness* of the trial and sentence were thereby unanimously affirmed; only three desired the bill should pass, and even those gave no reason for that desire. The Lords, with indignation, rejected the bill, not without severe observations on the conduct of the Commons in passing such a bill, for which even Keppel, its *nominal* author, assigned, on his oath, no object or reason.

Thus burst Walpole's bubble, which had no other effect than to maintain and spread a delusion, and to protract, as Walpole himself confesses, (p. 191.) the sufferings of the unhappy man. At this result Walpole's fury knows no bounds. He abuses, in the grossest manner, every peer who concurred in the rejection of the bill, and he accuses, almost directly, Norris, Keppel, and Moore, of having acted under *corrupt* views;—' for,' says he, ' Norris who faltered, (that is, did not answer the first question clearly,) was never again employed;'—a severe mark of censure:—' Keppel was;'—a mark of favour: ' and Moore had immediately assigned to him the most *profitable* station during the war.'—p. 188. Thus it is—the ten plain honest men, who never deviated, he contents himself with abusing in the lump as ' weak and timid;' the three who gave some kind of countenance to the bill, he immediately charges with corrupt motives. This is just of a piece with his conduct to Ravenscroft. Ravenscroft and Keppel he instigates to a certain silly measure, and when that fails, instead of blaming himself, he blames them, and charges both with dishonourable conduct.

It must be confessed that Keppel's conduct does appear to have been inconsistent; but there is no reason to believe that it was as bad as his instigator, Walpole, represents it; it seems probable that he was worked upon by Walpole, and that his humanity induced him to give countenance to a scheme which opened the certainty of some delay, and the chance therefore of some favourable turn in the admiral's favour.

We are obliged to omit the exposure of some other intrigues of Walpole on this subject, but one more direct calumny must not pass unnoticed.

' Many years after that tragedy was acted, I received a most authentic and shocking confirmation of the justice of my suspicions. October 21, 1783, being with her Royal Highness Princess Amelia at her villa at Gunnersbury, among many interesting anecdotes which I have set down in another place, she told me, that while Admiral Byng's affair was depending, the Duchess of Newcastle sent Lady Sophia Egerton to her, the Princess, to beg her to be *for* the execution of Admiral Byng. They thought, added the Princess, that *unless he was put to death*, Lord Anson could not be at the head of the Admiralty. Indeed, continued the Princess, I was already for it, the officers would

never have fought, if he had not been executed. I replied, that I thought his death most unjust, and the sentence a most absurd contradiction.

'Lady Sophia Egerton was wife of a clergyman, afterwards Bishop of Durham. What a complication of horrors! women employed on a job for blood!'—vol. ii. p. 191. *note*.

Upon this Lord Holland very properly remarks—

'As the author calls this accidental conversation at Gunnersbury "a most *authentic* confirmation of his suspicions," the Editor was not at liberty to omit any part of the story; though the reader will probably think with him, that more importance is ascribed to mere gossip than it deserves.'—vol. ii. p. 191. *note*.

But his Lordship does not sufficiently expose the folly of this slander. We need not insist on the improbability of the Duchess of Newcastle, who had no interest in Lord Anson, sending Lady Sophia Egerton to beg *Princess Amelia to be for the execution of Admiral Byng*, because—the reason is admirable—*because*, unless it was so, Lord Anson could not be at the head of the Admiralty again. And was Lady Sophia Egerton a woman to undertake such a bloody embassy? The modest obscurity of an English female seldom affords the means of defence against hoarded slander: yet in this case we fortunately can call evidence to character. Mrs. Montague, (*Letters*, vol. iv. p. 140.) playfully imagining certain types of her friends, says that 'it would be difficult to find any thing sufficiently excellent to represent Lady Sophia Egerton.' 'It would require,' she adds, 'an Addison or a Vandyke to delineate her mind, her manners, or her person.' A lady so thought of by her intelligent contemporaries was not likely to employ herself in the brutal pursuit Walpole attributes to her. But we wish Walpole had told us how Byng's death was to bring Lord Anson to the head of the Admiralty. Lord Anson did certainly, and fortunately for England, return, on a subsequent and *very unexpected* change of administration, to the head of the Admiralty, but there is positive proof, out of Walpole's own mouth, that neither *he* nor his friends asked for or even desired that office for him. It is only twenty pages forward that Walpole says, in the negociations for the new ministry, Lord Hardwicke 'peremptorily insisted on the treasurership of the navy for Lord Anson.' So that here we have proof that, *although Byng had been shot*, Lord Anson was not a whit the nearer the head of the admiralty; and Walpole adds that it was Mr. Pitt's own motion which placed him there.

'Adjusting their list, Pitt said, he missed a very respectable name there, which he hoped would be placed *greatly*—it was Lord Anson's:—and he was accordingly restored to the Admiralty.'—vol. ii. p. 225.

This

This is, we think, the finishing contradiction to Walpole's impositions in the case of Byng. We never recollect to have seen a fouler mass of intrigue, folly, slander and malice, than we have exposed on this occasion. We do not believe that any motive of humanity, any touch of tenderness, prompted Walpole in the whole affair. Poor Byng's welfare does not seem to have been his object, and a fair, open, manly, honourable assistance, was never his course; his object was to blacken and distress his own personal enemies, or those whom he thought so; and his means were all the dark underhand shuffling which we have seen, which protracted Byng's agony without advancing his cause, and which do as little credit to Walpole's talents as an intriguer, as to his principles as a man of honour.

Here our limits warn us to conclude—We have exhausted, perhaps, the patience of our readers, but not the subject; hundreds of similar instances of detraction and misrepresentation are in our notes, but one of his own quartos would scarcely suffice to a full detection and refutation of an author who discolours every page with his passions, prejudices and partialities: it is sufficient for us if the foregoing examination of some of the most important passages of the Memoirs, shall excite a salutary suspicion in the minds of Walpole's readers, and induce them to receive with extreme caution and doubt, the evidence of a witness who in so many weighty points has been, we may almost say *convicted*, of all the arts of calumny, misrepresentation and falsehood.

ART. X.—*Journal of a Visit to some Parts of Ethiopia.* By George Waddington, Esq. Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and the Rev. Barnard Hanbury, of Jesus College, A.M. F.R.S. London. 1822.

FROM the days of Herodotus to our own, every poet, historian, geographer, and traveller who has seen or sung the far-famed Nile, has assured us that its current was from South to North. It remained for two learned graduates of the University of Cambridge, Mathematicians, no doubt, to invert this long-established order of things, and to discover that the course of this river was diametrically opposite to all recorded authority, and the direction of its stream from North to South. Mr. Waddington, it is true, detects this little lapse after he has printed about four and twenty pages; instead of correcting the mistake, however, he seems to consider it of no importance, observing coolly, 'in going up the river, I use the *course of the Nile*, to mean *the direction* that we pursued on its banks;' that is to say, 'when I write *north* I mean *south;* and though I am going *against* the stream of the

Nile, I write as if I was going *with* it.' Very good! 'Quand je dis *oui*,' says the French philosopher in the play, 'c'est à dire *non*.' This inversion of the points of the compass, in travelling along the banks of a river so well known as the Nile, though it may occasion some little perplexity in the intellects of Mr. Waddington's readers, is not likely, we admit, to lead to any serious geographical inaccuracy, and in this instance may not be of much importance; but what confusion would be created, and what discussion might it not give rise to, if Dr. Oudney, for example, in proceeding from Bornou to Timbuctoo along the Niger, should describe its course to lie in the direction of his line of march! In such a case, it would probably be contended either that Park had deceived the world, or that the river between Bornou and Timbuctoo was not the Niger, but some other stream. The blunder, however, is not without its use. Committed by persons of such learning and accuracy as we have a right to consider Messrs. Waddington and Hanbury, it confirms us in an opinion we have long entertained, (and which we expressed in discussing 'the course of the Niger,' No. XLV. p. 236.) that Edrisi, and the other Arab writers, were in the constant habit of confounding the direction of the *line* of the river with its *current*, and describing it as seen from the place of the observer without any regard to the latter. Thus an Arab would say, and so would Mr. Waddington, in going up the Nile, that the Bahr el Abiad *ran* to the south-west, though its course is to the north-east, both of them meaning thereby that the line of its bed branched off in the former direction; and thus the *north-west* river of Browne, when he was placed in Darfoor, was actually running to the *south-east*, and was, we think unquestionably, either the Niger or a branch falling into it. To this source of error may also be ascribed the inverted course given to the Niger by Leo Africanus, who, though he saw it with his own eyes at Kabra, yet, going against the stream, reported its direction to be that in which he went, namely, to the westward; and we may add that, to this looseness and inaccuracy of language, are probably owing most of the confused and contradictory accounts which have been given of this mysterious stream.

Having settled this point with our travellers, we shall now give a concise exposition of the state of affairs in Ethiopia, at the time of their excursion up the Nile, as explanatory of the deplorable condition of the adjacent countries, and, as we think, of the disappointment which they met with in not being permitted to pursue their journey as far as they wished.

Mahommed Ali, the Pasha of Egypt, has never for a moment lost sight of that remnant of the corps of Mamelouks which escaped the treacherous massacre of their companions at Cairo, and

and a similar, and if possible, a more perfidious butchery at Esne; and who finally, to the number of about 400, established themselves in the kingdom of Dongola, then divided among several chiefs of the tribe of Sheygya Arabs. We are told by Burckhardt, that, on their arrival, they were received by Mahmoud el Adelanab, head of the tribe, with the wonted hospitality of his nation; and that, as they then declared their intention was to settle in Sennaar, he made them considerable presents in horses, camels, slaves, and provisions. The fugitives however (as if to justify the conduct of Ali Pasha) had scarcely been a month at Argo, the largest island formed by the Nile in its whole course, when, upon some slight pretext, they murdered their benefactor, with several of his attendants, and spreading themselves over the country, plundered the Sheygya, and seized upon the revenues. One of the chiefs of this tribe joined the Mamelouks against his own countrymen, while his brother repaired to Egypt to seek for aid against the invaders.

Though little or no molestation had been given by the Mamelouks to the lower parts of Nubia, and still less to Egypt, Mahommed Ali, well knowing their restless character, determined to send an army, under pretence of assisting the Sheygya against them, but, as the result has proved, for the real purpose of destroying both, in which it would seem he has pretty nearly succeeded. Mr. Waddington tells us that the ambition of Ali is to possess all the banks and islands of the Nile, and to be master of all who drink its waters, from Abyssinia to the Mediterranean; but that apprehending an interference on the part of the British government, if he should carry his arms into that Christian country, he had limited his views to the conquest of the kingdoms of Dongola, Dar Sheygya, Berber, Shendy, and Sennaar. He therefore dispatched his son Ismael Pasha, a youth of about twenty-two years of age, with an army of 10,000 men, (of whom about 4000 only were regulars,) and twelve pieces of cannon: the troops consisted chiefly of mercenaries, hired by the month, and composed of Bedouins, Albanians, Moggrebyns, and Asiatic Turks. Ismael is described as a fine young man, of great personal courage, and much generosity, but self-willed and obstinate, 'as a young prince,' so Mr. Waddington says, 'ought to be;' but he labours under a disease in the roof of his mouth, which considerably affects his speech.

The army advanced, without the slightest opposition, to Dongola, which the Mamelouks immediately evacuated, and retired to Shendy; the next step therefore of the Pasha was to lead it against the very people to whose assistance it was pretended he had come thus far. We must borrow from Burckhardt a short description

scription of this 'interesting people,' called the Sheygyh, who, for a long time, had formed the most powerful state between Dongola and Sennaar. They all fight on horseback, in coats of mail, their weapons being a lance, target and sabre; they are mounted on Dongola stallions, which have the reputation of being the finest horses in the world, and are as famous for their skill in horsemanship as the Mamelouks were in Egypt; their horses are trained to every kind of pace, and particularly to make the antelope-spring, so greatly admired among the Arabs. Like the Bedouins, they are independent and pay no kind of tribute to their chiefs. They are renowned for hospitality; and the person of a guest or companion is inviolate under all circumstances; if a traveller has a friend among them, and happens to be robbed, his property will be recovered should it even have been taken by the chief of the tribe. They cultivate the land, and raise large quantities of wheat and dhourra, and they carry on a considerable trade with Darfour, Sennaar, and Souakin. They consist of a great number of tribes, each of which is governed by its own chief; but two maleks or kings, Chowes and Zobeyr, divide the power of the collective tribes, which, though frequently at variance with each other, always unite in cases of common danger. On the present occasion, the combined forces of the two monarchs amounted to about 10,000, of whom more than 2000 were cavalry.

Such were the people to whom Ismael, on his arrival at Dongola, sent a peremptory order to submit to the authority of Mahommed Ali; the answer was, that they were willing to cultivate their ground as usual, and to pay him tribute. They were then commanded to prove their sincerity by giving up their arms and their horses; to this they only repeated their former reply. Ismael then told them that his orders were to make them a nation of *Fellahs*, (labourers,) instead of a nation of warriors: if so, they indignantly replied—'either go about your business, or come and attack us.' The Pasha on this moved forward, and had a skirmish with a party of them, near Old Dongola, whom he repulsed.

The signal for attack among them is given by a virgin, richly dressed, and seated on a dromedary, who is held sacred, even by the enemy. The signal is the usual *lilli-lilli-loo* uttered by the Arab women at feasts and funerals, which, Mr. Waddington observes, is similar in sound and in usage to the ολολυγη of the Greeks—he might have added, to the *hoo-loo-loo* of our neighbours, which General Valancey maintains to be the true Carthaginian or Milesian war-hoop. In the next encounter, Abdin Casheff took prisoner the virgin daughter of one of their chiefs, while performing this office, whom he instantly sent to the Pasha—first easing her, we presume, of a part of her 'rich dress.'

'The

'The young Turk commanded the *half-naked* savage to be brought before him; he received her with kindness, and asked her some questions about her father; he then ordered her to be washed, and splendidly dressed, changed her ornaments of dollars for others of Venetian gold, and sent her, under a strong escort, back to her father. As soon as the chief recognised his daughter, and saw how she had been honoured, "All this is well," said he, with impatience, "but are you still a virgin?"—She assured him that she was; and when he had ascertained the truth of this, he withdrew his troops, and swore that he would not fight against the man who had spared the virginity of his daughter: an act worthy to be recorded among those sacrifices of public spirit to private feeling, which have ever been condemned by philosophers, and will ever be forgiven by other men. This little anecdote was very generally spoken of, and made a great noise in both armies.'—p. 96.

Mr. Waddington observes, that the merit of the action depends almost entirely on the beauty of the princess. 'We never saw her,' he adds, 'but if she resemble some of her compatriots, whom we have seen, Ismael Pasha is as deserving of immortality as Scipio Africanus.' This is not the only trait of generosity to a fallen enemy, related of the young Pasha, who, from all accounts, is no ordinary character.

Of the Sheygya women whom our travellers did see, the following is Mr. Waddington's animated description.

'The Sheygya (as I have already mentioned) are black—a clear, glossy, jet-black, which appeared, to my then unprejudiced eyes, to be the finest colour that could be selected for a human being. They are distinguished in every respect from Negroes, by the *brightness* of their colour, by their hair, and the regularity of their features; by the mild and dewy lustre of their eyes, and by the softness of their touch, in which last respect they yield not to Europeans.'—p. 122.

A few days after this affair, as Ismael, with about three hundred men, lay encamped in the desert, on the left bank of the river, not far from Korti, he was suddenly roused in his tent by shouts of 'Where is the Pasha?' and on going out, found himself surrounded by many thousands of the Sheygya. He sprang on his horse, and having placed the Bedouins and Moggrebyns in front, charged the enemy, who came up in a tumultuous manner, each encumbered rather than armed with a lance, long sword, and shield made of the hide of the hippopotamus. These people, it seems, ride up fearlessly to the very faces of their enemy, with levity and gaiety of heart, as if to a festival, or as if to meet friends from whom they had long been separated; they then give the 'Salam aleikoum!'—'Peace be with you!' 'The peace of death,' says Mr. Waddington, 'which is meant to attend the lance, that instantly follows the friendly salutation!'—'This contempt of life,'

life,' he adds, 'this mockery of what is most fearful, is peculiar to themselves—the only people to whom arms are playthings, and war a sport; who among their enemies seek nothing but amusement, and in death fear nothing but repose.'

In this battle, the onset was favourable to the Sheygya. The Pasha was every where; he is said to have caught the gaiety of his enemies, and to have ridden among them with a laugh. The Sheygya, depending as much on the amulets of their magicians, as on their weapons, on finding that the Turkish balls were more powerful than their charms, cried out that 'Allah had declared against them,' and took to flight; and it was related to Mr. Waddington, (by their enemies, of course,) that their first act, after the battle, was to put to death the whole of the priesthood who had thus imposed on their credulity: a story not very probable, among men who must have been so often imposed upon by the same persons. Six hundred of the Sheygya were left dead on the field, and where they fell, there they remained, a prey to wolves and vultures. The Nubians, who had formed part of the Sheygya force, were spared by the Pasha, who made them presents, clothed, and sent them back with a message to their employers not to send Berebbers against him, but to come themselves. The Pasha, in this affair, had not a single man killed, and but one officer and sixteen men wounded. Some of the Sheygya took refuge in one of their stone castles, but were speedily dislodged by shot and shells. The latter were quite new to them; but on one of them bursting and wounding several of the bye-standers, they fled in great haste, exclaiming, 'that the spirits of Hell were come against them, and were too strong for them.'

Such was the state of affairs as Messrs. Waddington and Hanbury were proceeding towards the field of action, from Wady Halfa, or the second cataract of the Nile, fortified with the firman of the Pasha of Egypt *only as far as that spot*. They had learned here, that Abdin Cacheff, governor of Dongola, for whom they had letters, and whose friendly hospitality, as Cacheff of Minieh, is well known to all English travellers, had advanced with the army. They, therefore, expressed a wish to proceed up the river; and the 'Aga of the cataracts,' who, luckily for them, could not read the firman, being told they had letters for the Cacheff, undertook to supply them with half a dozen camels for the journey; and, without much preparation, they set forward on an 'expedition in search of the ruins of Meroe.'

We are most willing to applaud the good taste of Messrs. Waddington and Hanbury, in commencing the journal of their tour at Wady Halfa, leaving unnoticed all below it, so frequently described of late by British tourists; and also for saying as little

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as possible of those parts of the Nilotic regions between it and Tinereh, the spot at which Burckhardt terminated his journey up the Nile. Their testimony to the character of this ill-fated and much lamented traveller, is so just and honourable that we cannot resist the temptation to transcribe it.

'Thus far we followed the steps of Burckhardt, with his book in our hands: and it is impossible to take leave of him without expressing our admiration for his character, and our gratitude for the instruction he has afforded us. His acquired qualifications were, I believe, never equalled by those of any other traveller; his natural ones appear to me even more extraordinary. Courage to seek danger, and calmness to confront it, are not uncommon qualities; but it is difficult to court poverty, and to endure insult. Hardships, exertions, and privations of all kinds are easy to a man in the enjoyment of health and vigour; but, during repeated attacks of a dangerous disease, which he might have considered as so many warnings to escape from his fate, that he should never have allowed his thoughts to wander homewards—that, when sickening among the sands and winds of the desert, he should never have sighed for the freshness of his native mountain—this does, indeed, prove an ardour in the good cause in which he was engaged, and a resolution, if necessary, to perish in it, that make his character very uncommon, and fate most lamentable; and perhaps none are so capable of estimating his character, as surely none can more sincerely lament his fate, than those who can bear testimony to the truth of his information; who have trod the country that he has so well described, and gleaned the fields where he has reaped so ample an harvest.'—p. 24, 25.

The several states, if we may so call them, bordering on the Nile, from Wady Halfa to the southward, are Bahr el Hadjar, extending about 70 miles; Sukkot, 50 miles; Dar Mahass, 60 miles; Dongola, 150 miles, including the great southerly bend of the river, in the shape of a fishing-hook, where, as the Arabs say, people ascending the stream go the same way as those descending it. Tinereh, the termination of Buckhardt's journey, is in Dar Mahass. The inhabitants are Nubians; their towns consist of mud-houses, interspersed with straw cottages, eight or ten feet high, supported by palm-branches, and answering to the description given by Strabo of Ethiopian houses. In every village was a hut with a large jar of water in it, by the road side, for the use of travellers. A little beyond Sardack, and close to Mount Arambo, the territories of Dongola commence.

'There is nothing at Assouan, Wady Halfa, or in the Batn el Hadjar, at all comparable to the "Pass of the Water's Mouth," either in grandeur or in variety of scenery: the immense masses of rock piled up together, the open plains scattered over with fragments, the entire want of all vegetation, and yet the traces of so many animals; the occasional view of the distant palms straggling by the river-side, and of the boundless desert beyond it, with the knowledge that man has no power here to

to change the face of nature, which ever has been, and ever must be what it is: these circumstances unite to give this place an interest possessed by no other that I ever saw, and to us, perhaps, heightened by the reflection, that we were the first Englishmen who had ever seen it, as we might possibly be the last.'—p. 38.

Here the island of Túmbos occasions a considerable cataract, or rapid, and a rock of granite was noticed, which exhibited two hieroglyphical inscriptions, together with the representation of a man with the hair worn in the same way as that of the Briareus of the Egyptian and Nubian temples; besides these, on the different faces of the rock were other figures and inscriptions. The rock is called the Golden Stone, and the natives suppose the inscriptions to mean, 'that the empire of Egypt under the Sublime Porte, formerly extended thus far.' The more perfect of them, Mr. Waddington thinks, may possibly be one of the memorials of Sesostris, because the στῆλαι of Sesostris mentioned by Herodotus, were sculptures on the solid rock; and because Strabo says that Sesostris left στῆλαι and inscriptions, as memorials of his expedition into Ethiopia, and that they existed even in his own time. On this ground, all the sculptured inscriptions on rocks in unknown characters might with equal propriety be inscribed to Sesostris.

Of the inhabitants Mr. Waddington saw but little; he remarks, however, 'that they seldom seem gay, without being ever melancholy';—they neither laugh out, nor speak loud, nor yell in the disgusting tone of the Egyptian Arabs, who, it is added, console themselves, like the Greeks, by noisy disputes with each other, for the submission they are obliged to show to their masters. He considers them indeed to be, in every respect, superior to the Fellah of Egypt, whom he designates as the most miserable being in existence; enduring all the sufferings and degradations of slavery, without any compensation from any one species of luxury, even that of grinning aloud. 'His pleasures seem reduced to two;—water to quench his thirst, and repose at night; and the Nile and the setting sun are probably the only objects on which he looks without sorrow—his songs are only about his labours, and his prayers that he may be able to endure and to finish them; his religious festivals come but twice a year, and he has no Sabbath.' This, to be sure, is but a melancholy picture of human existence; and we believe it to be not a little overcharged. The Nubians, though subject to the oppression of their chiefs, enjoy at least a nominal independence, and, though grave, are by no means an unhappy or a discontented race; they are civil and obliging to strangers, and not averse from sharing with them their usual food, milk and sour bread: but they are wholly illiterate, which

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is by no means the case with the Arabs, who live among them and around them. 'Praised be God,' exclaimed an old Nubian, who observed Mr. Waddington writing with a pencil, 'praised be God, the Creator of the world, who has taught man to inclose ink in the centre of a piece of wood.'

Our travellers made but slow progress up the river. The fine promises and assurances of the 'Aga of the Cataracts,' that relays of camels should be in readiness, were soon discovered to amount to nothing; and that they were left entirely to their own resources. By putting these in practice, and by resorting to means not always quite justifiable, as we shall presently have occasion to observe, they continued to advance as far as the great island Argo, where, being overtaken by a reinforcement of troops for the pasha, with a supply of provisions and ammunition proceeding in boats up the river, they requested the aga commanding the detachment to give them a passage to the army, with which he readily complied. The boat in which they embarked was sixty feet long, and from twelve to fourteen broad; it had on board sixteen soldiers and four sailors, and there were sixteen of these boats. They proceeded tardily against the stream, and were subject to frequent delays, one of which was honourable to the humanity of the Turks. A soldier had died on board, on which the whole fleet brought-to to assist at his funeral. They laid him in the earth in a kind of undress, read some verses of the Koran over him, and placed a jar of water at his head.

From travellers situated as ours were, and sailing up the Nile at the good pleasure of the Turks, who scarcely ever allowed them to set foot on shore, we must not look for much information on the state of the country and its inhabitants. Fortresses in ruins; mud huts crumbled into dust; saints' tombs; straw hovels; a succession of islands, and rocks, and sand-banks; doum trees, palms, acacias and sycamores; sakies or water-wheels, with interminable deserts on either side, make up the sum and substance of the objects that catch the eye on such excursions. Even old Dongola, which they were not allowed to visit, exhibited only heaps of miserable ruins.

Hitherto no traces of war had met their observation. At length, however, their ears were assailed by a heavy cannonading; upon which the old commander of the reinforcements thought it right to order the soldiers to be drawn up on shore in two lines before him. 'They then proceeded,' says Mr. Waddington, 'not to exercise, or show the state of their arms, but to pray; one of the party was selected, from superior strength of lungs, or of devotion, to give out the prayers, and the rest made their prostrations and genuflections as regularly as a Christian regiment performs a military

military evolution.' We do not much admire the good taste of this illustration—but let it pass.

The villages appeared to contain few other persons than old men, women, and boys, the greater part of the male population having been hurried off to join in the war, either with the Sheygya or the Pasha. The manners and appearance of the women were of no very pleasing description; they had an emphatic way of speaking, and used much gesticulation; their voices were shrill; and when one of them spoke in this sharp tone, the other women present all seemed to pitch their voices to the same key. They ride and walk about uncovered, it seems, which is an abomination in Egypt and among the Turks; talk fearlessly to men, recta facie strictisque mamillis, and salute and return salutations, protected, as our travellers ungallantly insinuate, solely by 'their ugliness.'

At the island of Gartooni the country of the Dongolese ceases, and that which, previously to the present expedition, belonged to the Dar Sheygya, commences. Here our travellers were accosted by two Franks, one of whom was Prince Amiro, a Milanese, better known to Syrian and Egyptian travellers by the title of the Cavaliere Frediani; the other was a Greek, of the name of Demetrio, by trade a tailor, and by profession a surgeon in the Pasha's service, who told our travellers 'more lies than words.' The Cavaliere had been attached to Ismael by his father, as a sort of private tutor, or Mentor, at the recommendation of Drovetti, the French Consul, but was just then out of favour through the intrigues of the Proto-medico, or first physician, a Smyrniote Greek, who, by Mr. Waddington's account, may fairly be set down as a thorough-paced knave, and whose medical skill was on a par with his honesty. This man was not only employed by the Pasha as a spy, but acted as his agent in other matters somewhat less honourable. In short, by his own account, he was, in all respects, as accomplished a Greek as Anastasius himself. An honest apothecary, of the name of Gentile, who had accompanied our travellers, died suddenly here, and the general impression was that he had been poisoned by Demetrio; he was succeeded by a Greek of the name of Petrarca, 'who had escaped from Cairo, with a sum of money of which he had robbed a Russian colonel, travelling in Egypt.' These and others of a similar stamp are the instruments made use of by the Proto-medico, who has been heard to boast—'My men are villains, as you call them—now I love villains—if any one seek my life, I say to one of my villains, "shoot that man," and he shoots him.' Whether Mr. Waddington draws an inference unfavourable to the Greek character from these specimens, or from a more general and

and intimate knowledge of this degraded people, we are not able to pronounce; but his censure of the whole nation is dealt out with a sweeping hand. 'I never,' says he, 'saw a Greek, quick and ingenious as they generally are, whose talents were not far exceeded by his impudence; they have all the vices, and not any of the virtues of the Turks; they hate and insult the Franks, who come among them with feelings only of friendship; they are situated at the extremity of civilization, and are the dregs of Christianity.' The 'reminiscences of ancient days,' however, and the sight of a Greek flag waving in the Mediterranean, subsequently drew from Mr. Waddington a sort of half apology for the above passage. 'For having published it at such a moment,' he observes, 'I may be subject to a variety of observations, of which only one will affect me—that the remark is trite, and the fact notorious.' We have no doubt it is so; could it, indeed, be otherwise? Could even the most virtuous people on earth transmit their character unsullied to a posterity, which, like that of the unhappy race of Greeks, has groaned for centuries under the iron yoke of Turkish despotism?

At this place our travellers also met with three men in Turkish dresses, one of whom accosted them in English. They proved to be an Italian of the name of Rossignoli, a physician on the staff, and two American renegades, the more consequential of the two having assumed the name and title of Mahommed Effendi: he is the son of a merchant of Boston, and one of those *liberal* souls who think all religions alike, and put them on and off, with their coats, as may suit their interest or convenience. Jonathan first changed from a Protestant to a Jew; from a Jew he became a Mohamedan, and as Mr. Waddington says, if he survives the expedition, he will no doubt turn Wahabee. 'He will next offer his adorations to Vishnu and to Fo; and after making the tour of the world and its religions, will be contented to die an Atheist.' He has written a book in justification of his conduct, which he is desirous, it seems, of having published in England. Mr. Waddington might have hinted to him that his native country was a fitter soil for the seeds of infidelity than England. He had persuaded two other Americans to 'take the turban,' who had been extremely miserable ever since. The worst part of the story is that these wretches are called in the army, 'the English,' from the language they are supposed to speak; 'the name of America being not yet known so far'! 'I am proud,' says our traveller, 'to add my belief that there is only one British renegade in Egypt:' and yet, he adds, 'to the disgrace of Christians in the east, renegades are, in general, much less despised by them, than by the Turks themselves.'

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Such are the people employed about the person of Ismael Pasha, whose intrigues and quarrels among themselves, and whose base and servile conduct towards the Turks are not likely to raise the Christian character in the estimation of this chief; in fact, his opinion of them may be collected from the honourable epithet of 'necessary dogs,' by which he is pleased to distinguish them. With this impression of Franks in general, on his mind, it was not to be wondered that our travellers should be given to understand at Korti, that they would not be received by him in the most gracious manner: we doubt, however, whether he would have proceeded so far as to determine on turning them back, but for a circumstance which seems to have escaped Mr. Waddington, and which fully prepared us for what followed; they had advanced, unguardedly enough, without any passport: the firmaun of Mahommed Ali extended, as we have said, only to Wady Halfa, beyond which they would not have been permitted to advance a step, if the 'Aga of the Cataracts' had been able to read; this alone was a sufficient reason, if others, which we shall have to notice presently, had not existed. They received, however, communications that they were to be admitted to the presence of the young Pasha, who was encamped with his army near the city or town of Merawé, (not Meroé) near the Djebel el Berkel.

In proceeding to this spot, they observed the country to exhibit but too many indications of the ravages which war generally occasions; in one village, inscriptions written on paper were placed over the doors, purporting that 'the inhabitants had been driven away by force, by unholy people, and not under the protection of God.' 'This depopulation of huts and cottages,' observes our author, 'that marks the course of war through a poor country, presents a spectacle perhaps more deeply afflicting than the destruction of cities or of palaces. Simplicity of houses and manufactures is connected, in our ideas, with simplicity of manners, with ignorance and with innocence: such a people may have much to move benevolence or even pity, but can possess nothing to excite envy or rapacity.' By the following description the travellers could not now be far from the late field of battle.

'Our servants, in their expedition into the village, found only an old woman alive, with her ears off. The Pasha buys human ears at fifty piastres a-piece, which leads to a thousand unnecessary cruelties, and barbarises the system of warfare; but enables his highness to collect a large stock of ears, which he sends down to his father as proofs of his successes. The shore is putrid, and the air tainted, by the carcases of oxen, sheep, goats, camels, and men. The latter, in particular, are found every fifty yards, scattered along the road and among the corn; some, in an attempt to reach the Nile, and escape by swimming, have been

been overtaken on the bank, and there killed; others are found with their oxen in the sakies, where they had been labouring together; some near the houses they probably inhabited. Those I saw were generally lying on their back, the legs apart, the knees bent, the body and neck much bloated, horribly offensive to the smell, and of the colour and stiffness of the earth on which they were rotting.'—p. 118.

'In the midst of our contemplation of such a spectacle, we met a trembling shrivelled old woman, carrying something on her head, who told us, as intelligibly as her agitation allowed her, that the Pasha had made peace with the Sheygya, and that multitudes of people were coming this way. She was not maimed or wounded, but such a picture of human misery as I never saw living. The presence of such a being, moving like an evil spirit among the dead, completed a scene already too horrible.'

The old woman's information was correct; as several families were met at intervals returning, by the Pasha's permission, to their villages, to bury the corpses of their friends.

'There were old men supported by their daughters, and close by them four or five children, stark-naked, mounted on an ass; others were riding on cows. There was a great variety in their countenances; some looked careless and happy as if satisfied with the knowledge that they were returning in safety to their homes, and ignorant of the desolation that awaited them there; others had the appearance of extreme misery, as if they were ashamed to have survived the massacre of their friends, and the devastation of their country. Among the latter, at a little distance from her party, I observed a young woman, in whose countenance, besides great beauty, there was something so peculiarly expressive, that I desired my servant to salute and address her: he asked her where she was going. There was a natural dignity and pride in her manner, too deep either to be counterfeited or described, as she answered, "I am going to inhabit the house of the Pasha." She spoke with hesitation, as if she would willingly have expressed herself otherwise, but the house of her ancestors she dared not call that which was in the possession of an enemy—the house of her husband, she would gladly have said, but he was dead. She passed on and joined her party.'—p. 124.

At length our travellers reached Merawé, the city of Malek Chowes, and 'in passing through its long and gloomy streets, between the thick mud walls, were assaulted by multitudes of half starved dogs, whose howling, in the absence of all other sound, and whose adherence to the habitations which their masters had deserted, increased the dreariness, if not the solitude, of the place.' Here they were accommodated in a mud cottage, which the Proto-medico had prepared for them by order of the Pasha; and learnt that the Sheygya were not more than a day's march up the river.

'An incident had just happened strongly characteristic of uncivilized

 warfare,

warfare, the course of which is usually marked by a mixture of the extremes of generosity and barbarity. The remains of the Sheygya, still strong in cavalry, were stationed about a day's march higher up the river than the Pasha; and this morning the son of Malek Chowes arrived at the camp with an escort of an hundred men, and a present of five horses, craving his highness's permission to remain there till such time as he should be cured by the physicians of a wound which he received in the late battles. The Pasha promised him all possible attention, and desired the escort to assure his father, that, when restored to health, he should be sent back to fight again. The young prince was a short stout lad of about sixteen, in appearance and dress like his father's meanest subjects, and only to be distinguished from them by some ornaments on the hilt of his sword. His wound was in the foot, and not severe; but the Sheygya have no method of curing gun-shot wounds. One or two bodies were found of men who had forced tow or rag into them, to prevent bleeding to death; the blood had found its way out at the mouth and nose, and even at the eyes, and thus had they only changed the manner of their death, and taken pains to procure one more painful, and not less certain.'—p. 126.

The day after their arrival our travellers were presented to the Pasha, who made them sit on the same sofa with himself, and desired them to put themselves at their ease, and arrange themselves in the European manner. By the turn of his conversation it was obvious that he wished to learn their opinions of the general affairs of Europe, with which he seemed to be pretty well acquainted. He kept them upwards of two hours, and Mr. Waddington is pleased to think, from the gracious reception they met with, that the English are excepted from that contempt which the Turks have imbibed for all Christians: first, because of his marked civility to themselves; secondly, for fear of the *destroyers* of Algiers; thirdly, out of gratitude for the liberators of Egypt; and fourthly, because Englishmen do not appear in the East, like many Italians and even French, in the character of adventurers. The last, if the fact be so, is perhaps the strongest reason; but we doubt whether the Turks allow us, as Mr. Waddington says, many qualities in common with themselves—' pride, generosity, courage; and above all, they have a very general opinion that we are not above half Christians, and therefore approach by so much nearer to the creed of the Faithful, than any other Europeans.' Is this meant for a compliment!

In the meantime negociations for peace were carrying on. The nephew of Malek Zobeyr arrived in camp, and was presented to the Pasha, who gave him a red pelisse and Cashmere shawl, and sent him back highly honoured. In short, a peace was made with the Sheygya, by which it was agreed that the greater part of them, retaining their horses and their arms, should enter into

into the service of Ismael Pasha, and advance with his army for the subjugation of the southern nations. 'They are thus become the allies of their conqueror, and are not yet his slaves, and the courage which merited victory has at least obtained them a respite from servitude.' With regard to the Mamelouks, if the Proto-medico was to be believed, it was intended, if they could be prevailed on to surrender by any promises, to destroy them by poison, which Mr. Waddington says, 'he professes to consider as the surest and safest way of disposing of an enemy.' This is the old story of 'the town in a state of siege': he probably expects to administer the dose.

The Mamelouks, however, were reserved for a different fate. Submission with them was out of the question. When the Pasha of Egypt, previously to his expedition, sent a message full of flattering promises, provided they would submit, Rochman Bey haughtily answered, 'Tell Mahommed Ali that we will be on no terms with our servant.' They therefore, as already stated, took their departure for Shendy, about 400 in number, with double that number of women and slaves; they were refused admittance, but allowed to encamp without the walls, where they remained till the successes of the Pasha over the Sheygya terrified the Mek of Shendy into a determination not to oppose the Turkish arms. The Mamelouks were therefore ordered to quit the country, and the greater part of them, under Abdah Rochman Bey, retired towards Darfour; others went off towards the Red Sea, and a few, it is said, threw themselves on the mercy of their persecutor. As the Pasha's army has, since the period of which we are speaking, penetrated to the westward as far as Kordofan, and taken possession of the capital of that country after an obstinate resistance on the part of the natives, a corps of whom, consisting of 400, 'was clad in steel armour,' it is more than probable that the history of the Mamelouks is concluded.

'That once dreaded name has ere now ceased to exist; and, if it be forbidden to lament the extinction of a race of insolent, though intrepid, warriors, I may be allowed to express a hope, that they have not fallen by treachery, but have died, as they lived, by the sabre in their hand, avenging on the myrmidons of Mahommed Ali their severe and continued sufferings, their own fate, and the fate of their massacred comrades.'—p. 232.

To return to our travellers. In a very few days they received a message to say that they were immediately to be dismissed from the camp with great honour, and that they were to receive their audience of leave the following day. The plea of the pasha was, that he was responsible to his father and to the English nation for their safety. They next waited on Abdin Casheff, who advised

them by all means to take advantage of a convoy about to return to Cairo, urging the danger of their travelling through a half-conquered country alone—in a word, it was quite evident that a determination had been taken to send them back; and all they could obtain was a respite of two days to finish their plans and observations on the antiquities of the Djebel el Berkel, or 'The Sacred Mountain,' and El Bellal, or 'The Fabric.' This being settled, every necessary for their journey was supplied with a profuse hand. Abdin Casheff behaved, as he always has done to every English traveller, with kindness and liberality: he not only furnished them with a stock of luxuries, but advanced them a sum of money, on a letter of Mr. Brine, for which he would take no written draft whatever, assuring them that he would have done the same thing to any of their countrymen, without any letter of introduction.

Mr. Waddington ascribes their hasty dismissal to the intrigues of the Greek Proto-medico, and hence perhaps his inveteracy against this man. He will excuse us, however, for thinking very differently. In the first place they presented themselves in the camp without any credentials, having deceived the 'Aga of the Cataracts.' In the second place, they had behaved very imprudently, to say the least of it, on their journey upwards, levying contributions of sheep and fowls, and pressing camels and asses into their employ. Thus (p. 16.) they pressed a poor Arab and his camel into their service, and forced him to leave his wife and child among strangers. By means of an impudent Irish lad, who had acted as servant to Mr. Belzoni, they robbed hen-roosts, (p. 22.) plundered cottages, (p. 68.) so that even the Turkish soldiers confessed—that they would not have dared to take such 'strong measures.' Strong indeed! What does Mr. Waddington suppose would have been the consequence to his party if, meeting a countryman in England, they had demanded his horse, and on his refusal, fired a pistol at him, put him in bodily fear, and carried off the animal? We will not take upon us to anticipate the verdict of an impartial jury; but to judge from his own statement of the transaction which follows, and which he is pleased to call a 'modification of a robbery,' we think it would have gone hard with the whole of them.

'While we were pursuing a very large snipe, which I started out of an old well by accidentally throwing a stone there, our servants were much *better* employed. After a short absence we observed them returning with a very fine camel of which, it appeared, they had not become possessed without difficulty. They had hailed its master, who continued to make off so rapidly on his "ship of the desert," that James found it necessary to bring him to, by firing a rifle-shot over his head; his

his friends however collected, to the number of twelve or fourteen, armed with swords and large sticks to assist him; James reloaded and cocked his gun, and no doubt great deeds would have ensued, had not Giovanni drawn out from under his jacket a pair of brass, bell-mouthed, blunderbuss pistols, loaded to the very mouth; at the sight of these, the Arabs took off in all directions and disappeared among the trees; the beast naturally fell into the hands of the victors.'—p. 20.

We may add that the commander of the detachment punished some of his soldiers severely for plucking a few ears of dhourra. A pretty intelligible comment, we think, on the conduct of our travellers! Can Mr. Waddington suppose that the Pasha was ignorant of all this? We say nothing of Mr. Hanbury assuming a false character, or of Mr. Waddington persisting in wearing his European dress; those were indiscretions arising out of ignorance. As a proof how very little they were qualified to make their way in a Turkish province, the former had the indiscretion to send back a handsome new saddle, which Abdin Cacheff had ordered for him at Cairo, to replace an old one which had been lost in his boat; 'my friend,' says Mr. Waddington, 'refusing, of course, to accept so inordinate a compensation.' They might have learned from their Bible, that a refusal of a present in the East is not only the greatest of insults, but amounts to an actual declaration of hostilities. The reason of their dismissal was not therefore 'that the Pasha hates the Franks, and would have no *freemen* with him;' this is contradicted by his allowing Frediani and Caillaud to accompany him.* And if, as Mr. Waddington elsewhere observes, he prefers Englishmen to all other Franks, we wonder it did not occur to him and his friend that his withholding from them the indulgence, shown on the present occasion, to a Frenchman and an Italian, must have arisen from some particular dissatisfaction at their proceedings.

As we have no intention of accompanying our travellers down the river, it remains only to give a brief account of the antiquities which they discovered, the description of which constitutes in fact the most important part of the Journal.

The remains of the antiquities which lie round the base of the Djebel el Berkel are of two kinds—temples and pyramids; the former are in the midst of an area of several acres covered with broken pottery; the latter on the opposite side of the mountain next to the desert. The temples, as they are supposed to have been, consist of the ruins of seven or eight stone buildings, and of excavations in the mountain. The walls can with difficulty be

* We have reason to believe that both these gentlemen have proceeded with a small expedition, which was dispatched from Kordofan, to trace the Bahr el Abiad to its source.

traced; but numerous broken shafts of columns remain, mostly with Egyptian capitals. The dimensions of the largest and most perfect of these temples, Mr. Waddington thinks, are not inferior to those of any existing remains of antiquity. One of the chambers measured one hundred and forty-seven feet by one hundred and eleven feet six inches. Two rows of columns appear to have ornamented this chamber, of the diameter of five feet seven inches and three quarters. A second chamber measures one hundred and twenty-three feet three inches, by one hundred and two feet ten inches, along which also a double colonnade appears to have been carried. On the walls are still visible various hieroglyphics. The same temple contains several smaller chambers, in which are pedestals of granite, one of them five feet square, and beautifully sculptured, and on these, no doubt, the deities must once have stood. 'The temple is, on the whole, about four hundred and fifty feet long, including the thickness of the walls, and one hundred and fifty-nine feet wide.' From sculptured stones found mixed up with the mortar in the middle of the outer walls, Mr. Waddington is disposed to think that these ruins are the works of very different periods. One small temple, which appeared to have been crushed by the fall of a part of the mountain, had evidently been dedicated to Jupiter Ammon, from the figure of a ram sitting on an altar-piece; on the front of the portal was a thirteen-headed Briareus, under the hand of the victor. In another were colossal figures of the bearded Bacchus. The walls of this temple were ornamented with sculpture; on the right was Jupiter Ammon; on the left Horus, and behind each, a figure of Isis. 'From the simplicity of the masonry,' says Mr. Waddington, 'from the rudeness and decay of the remaining sculptures, and from the raggedness and decomposition of the walls, though they had been sheltered for ages by the solid rock from the sun and the wind, I am inclined to believe that this is older than any of the temples of Egypt or even Nubia.'

The Pyramids of Djebel el Berkel are seventeen in number; much inferior in size to those of Egypt, and some of them reduced to shapeless ruins. The base of the largest is eighty feet square, several about fifty, one about thirty-four, and the rest not much more than twenty feet. The most remarkable circumstance which attracted their attention, was that of several of them, standing in a group apart, having attached to them a projecting portico or chamber about fifteen feet in length, with an *arched* roof. In these chambers were various sculptures representing the deities of Egypt; but the porticos were nearly choked up with sand. The pyramids were all constructed of a fine sandstone. Three or four of them are stated to have suffered little from time, and

and towards the summit of the two most perfect was observed a smooth covering, like that on the second pyramid of Djiza. If these arched porticos should turn out to be coeval with the pyramids, the antiquity of the arch would be proved to be of a much earlier period than is usually ascribed to it: but Mr. Waddington hurries over this part of his observations in a very loose and unsatisfactory manner. We know that arches occur in several of the Egyptian ruins; but we also know that they are the works of the Romans, and easily distinguishable from the gigantic fabrics into which they have intruded.

Six or seven miles higher up, and on the opposite bank of the river, are the pyramids of El Bellal, consisting of nearly forty of various sizes, eleven of them larger than any of the perfect ones of Djebel el Berkel. The base of the largest is a square of one hundred and fifty-two feet, and its height one hundred and three feet seven inches. It contains within itself another pyramid of a different age, stone, and architecture, forming about two-thirds of the whole structure. It is of neat workmanship, and composed of a hard light-coloured sandstone more durable than that which, after sheltering it for ages, has at last fallen off, and left it once more exposed to the eyes of mortals. It appears to have three stages or stories, the base of each diminishing upwards like those frequently met with in the East. Four other pyramids measure respectively eighty-two, eighty-eight, eighty-five, and eighty-six feet square, and are about seventy feet high; the rest are of smaller dimensions. Like those of Djebel el Berkel, Saccara and Djiza, they are situated on a rocky foundation, surrounded by sand, and on the edge of the desert: 'A spot,' says Mr. Waddington, 'selected for the dead by the veneration of their survivors, that they might dwell apart in sanctity and in solitude.'

We may collect from the most authentic of ancient writers, that one religion, with some modification perhaps, and one system of hieroglyphical symbols, were common to the Ethiopians and Egyptians—the principal difference being that Osiris held the highest rank among the gods of the Egyptians, while the vows of the Ethiopians were chiefly addressed to Jupiter Ammon, introduced, no doubt, by the shepherd-kings of the East, the Nomade Tartars, whom, from the earliest dawn of history, we find pouring their hordes over Persia and Assyria. To which of the two ought we then to ascribe the origin of the worship which appears common to both? By the comparison of passages in ancient authors, and by observations made on the spot, Mr. Waddington comes to the following conclusion.

'We learn from Herodotus, that Sesostris was the only Egyptian who was ever master of Ethiopia, and Strabo speaks of a sacred mountain

tain in Ethiopia, where was a temple of Isis, built by that conqueror. From this assertion (and from this only in history) it might for a moment be suspected that Sesostris introduced into that country the religion of Egypt; the facts that destroy such a supposition are—*first*, the short duration of Egyptian influence in Ethiopia, which ceased at the death of the monarch who first planted it there; and seems to have so little affected the power and energy of that kingdom, that in little more than a century afterwards we find the armies of Memnon redeeming the honour of their fathers, and his statues erected among the temples of Thebes: the *second* is drawn from Herodotus himself, who briefly mentions, that before the time of Sesostris, there had been three hundred and thirty kings of Egypt, *of whom eighteen were Ethiopians.* The numbers may be incorrect, but if the proportion be true, it appears that in the earliest ages of which any events are recorded in profane history, Egypt was occasionally under the sceptre of the monarchs of Ethiopia, as it was afterwards for fifty years under that of Sabaco. On the other hand, Diodorus Siculus describes the Ethiopians as a people who had never been conquered by any foreigner, and that against them only, among men, Hercules and Bacchus had no success. It appears clear, then, that as far back as we have any light from history, Ethiopia was a mighty kingdom, and unlikely to have received its religion from a people to whom it not unfrequently gave laws.

'The age of kings and priests was preceded in Egypt, as in Greece, by those of gods and of heroes, which were of course represented to Herodotus, and believed by their worshippers, to be indigenous; so, those introduced, at a much later period, from Egypt into Greece, after being corrected of their formality and extravagance, were claimed as original natives of the land, where they were only re-born. But as the Egyptians never failed to remind the Grecians of their religious obligations to them, so does it appear from a very curious passage in Diodorus Siculus, that the Ethiopians boasted to have similar claims on the gratitude of Egypt, "For they say that the Egyptians are a colony from themselves, and that Osiris led the colony; meaning that the soil of Egypt is only the mud of Ethiopia; that their customs, particularly with respect to the funerals of the kings, are alike; and that the shapes of their statues and the forms of their letters are Ethiopian—for of the two characters in use among the Egyptians, that called the vulgar is learnt by all; while the sacred character is intelligible only to the priests, who learn it in mystery from their fathers; whereas *all* the Ethiopians use this character." Thus, then, were hieroglyphics nothing more than the common written language of Ethiopia; and if this be true (as Diodorus seems to believe) there can be no doubt respecting the origin of the religion. At an age so distant, that even the records of Memphis did not pretend to reach it, some Ethiopian conqueror had taught his worship and consecrated his language in Egypt.'—p. 179.

Without pretending to decide the question of priority of civilization between the upper and the lower regions of the Nile, we have very little doubt at least of the *eastern* origin of the religion, the

the hieroglyphics, the institutions, the literature and science, such as they were, of both the one and the other. We are not disposed to lay more stress on etymological deductions than the particular cases seem to warrant, but we cannot help thinking that the storied pyramids of El Bellal *(the buildings)* may, both from the name and kind, be the legitimate offspring of Belus, the Babylonian king, whose magnificent temple and gigantic statues answer in description to the temples and the monstrous figures of the Chinese and Tartarian Boudhs; and perhaps more remotely allied to the great *Bali*, the ruins of whose sunken city* may still be seen beneath the waves, and whose sculptured mountains are scarcely inferior to the best specimens of that species of Egyptian art. It is worthy of remark that *Baal*, *Bel*, or *Pel* is the ancient word throughout the east for all great buildings, and particularly pyramidal temples.† The more, indeed, we know of central Asia, the stronger is our conviction, that we must there look for the origin of those superstitions which have spread themselves over the plains of Asia, Europe, and Northern Africa, and for an explanation of that wonderful coincidence of manners and opinions in the natives of the Nile, as described by Herodotus and other ancient writers. We may instance the metempsychosis; the sacred language and sacred character of the priests; the pyramidal buildings still found in all those countries where the worship of Boudh prevails; the sculptured mountains; the emblematic devices; the shape of the pillar and the capital; the paintings which still exist on the walls of the Egyptian temples, and which represent most correctly the Hindoo countenance, or that of the cognate race of gipsies; the cycle of sixty years for regulating their chronology; the division of the zodiac into twelve signs, (an arbitrary division,) and the week into seven days, corresponding with the number and assuming the names of the then known planets; the division of the people into privileged classes; the law by which the son was compelled to follow the profession of his father—these and other coincidences, not existing in nature, but of artificial contrivance, and consequently conventional, would seem to establish the opinion of their having all been derived from one common source. The division of the zodiac as it exists in Lassa, in Nankin, in the mouldering heap which once was Babylon,‡ in Benares, and on the ceiling of the ruined temple

* Mahabalipoor, near Madras.

† Even our Gothic word to *build* is supposed, as well as πολις, to have its origin from *Bel*.

‡ Many of the signets engraved on cylindrical pebbles, dug out of these heaps, contain figures which correspond exactly with the signs of the zodiac.

of

of Dendera,* would alone be sufficient to lead to this conclusion; but coupled with so many other coincidences, it places the kindred origin almost beyond a doubt. At the same time we are aware that there is no structure above ground in all the east, whose antiquity can be compared with that of the Pyramids of Egypt; nor will we take upon ourselves to say that the excavations of Ellora, Salsette, and Elephanta, or even of Mahabalipoor, are more ancient than that of Ipsambul; but the Sanscrit language, which in many of its roots, and in the whole of its mechanism, is Greek, and which has imparted itself both to the ancient Teutonic dialects, and other European languages, is probably a monument of higher antiquity than any which remains of brick or stone, or even of excavated mountains; nor must we forget to whom we owe those few wonderful characters, falsely called *Arabic*, whose power extends beyond the comprehension of man, and whose inexhaustible utility has been acknowledged in every corner of the habitable world.

As to the question whether the arts and sciences of the East ascended or descended the Nile, we can only trust to what ancient writers have left us on the subject; but when we find many of those most worthy of credit supposing the Ethiopians more ancient than the Egyptians; such, for instance, as Herodotus, Strabo and Diodorus Siculus, who lived twenty centuries, or more, nearer to the period in question than ourselves, we may perhaps trust to them as the surest guides. The readiest way to Egypt from the East is undoubtedly through Syria by Suez; but if we admit that navigation was at all known, the direct road from the Persian gulph, or from Babylon by Jidda, and across the Red Sea, was just as likely to lead to the upper as to the lower part of the Nile.

Upon the whole we are certainly disposed to agree with our author in thinking, from the concurrence of his observations on the antiquities of Ethiopia, with the conclusions to be derived from historical evidence, 'that the origin of the Egyptian divinities, as well as that of their temples and tombs, and of the sculptures, figures, and symbols, that cover them, may be traced to Ethiopia.' Consistently with this conclusion he deems it indisputable that the sculptured caverns of Gyrshe, of Derr, and of Ebsambul, are of higher antiquity than the columns of Thebes, and that they have received the gods of Ethiopia in their progress towards the North, or down the Nile. 'I believed at the time,' he adds, 'and do still believe, as far as can be judged from rude-

* This ancient and interesting monument has been carried away by the French. We trust that scrupulous gentleman, Count de Forbin, who declaimed so conscientiously on the 'spoliations of Milor Elgin,' will not forget to notice this, in his next publication.

ness

ness of masonry and sculpture, and from the mere effect of time on colours, figures, and even the surface of the hard and solid rock, that the smaller of the two excavated temples at Djebel el Berkel is much the oldest that ever I saw; older by centuries than those of Nubia, or than the temple of Bacchus by its side.'

The ancient name of the spot where the ruins, of which we have been speaking, are situated, was at first supposed by our travellers to have been that of the celebrated Meroë, but they soon and very properly abandoned that idea. The conjecture is far more probable, that the ancient city of Napata occupied this site on the banks of the Nile, a city which was fated at last to be overthrown by a Roman (Petronius); and he accomplished its destiny so effectually, that the *Exploratores* of Nero, in their enumeration of the cities afterwards found by them in that country, remark upon Napata, 'oppidum id *parvum* inter prædicta solum.'

The other remains of antiquity mentioned by Mr. Waddington are of little importance. He was informed by Frediani that, at a little distance from Merawé, he had found four Corinthian pillars, with the cross on the capital, which are the hightest remnants of Christianity that have yet been discovered on the banks of the Nile. On the great island of Argo, in Dongola, our travellers found two colossal statues of granite, representing young men with thin beards, and with the corn-measure bonnets on their heads, thrown down and broken, but all the parts entire. They are about twenty-three feet high, and five feet across the shoulders. There was also a headless female statue up to the knees in the ground, and a fine block of gray granite, cut into four hippopotami; the female of black granite; 'the others really look as white and clear, and as free from the injuries of time, as if they were now fresh from the hand of the sculptor.' Of the ruins of the temple of Soleb in Dar Mahass, Mr. Waddington says—

'The temple of Soleb affords the lightest specimen I have seen of Ethiopian or Egyptian architecture. The sandstone of which most of the columns are composed is beautifully streaked with red, which gives them, from a little distance, a rich and glowing tint. The side and posterior walls have almost entirely disappeared; and the roof (for the adytum has been completely covered;) has every where fallen in, so that there remains no ponderous heap of masonry to destroy the effect of eleven beautiful and lofty columns, backed by the mountains of the Desert, or by the clear blue horizon. We were no longer contemplating a gloomy edifice, where heaviness is substituted for dignity, height for sublimity, and size for grandeur; no longer measuring a pyramidal mass of stone-work, climbing up to heaven in defiance of taste and of nature. We seemed to be at Segesta, at Phigalea, or at Sunium; where

where lightness, and colour, and elegance of proportion, contrasted with the gigantic scenery about them, make the beauty of the buildings more lovely, and their durability more wonderful; there is no attempt in them to imitate or rival the sublimity that surrounds them,—they are content to be the masterpieces of art, and therefore they and nature live on good terms together, and set off each other's beauty. Those works of art that aim at more than this, after exhausting treasuries and costing the life and happiness of millions, must be satisfied at last to be called hillocks.'—p. 290.

Our travellers are no naturalists: and this is not an age in which a graduate of one of our Universities will gain much credit for talking of crocodiles 'apparently fifty feet long;' or of 'beautiful little green birds' with red tails, and black birds with white ones; or for dignifying the 'sacred scavenger of the Nile,' (vultur percnopteros) with the name of 'eagle,' and still less for bringing home one of these well-known voracious and stinking creatures, as a curiosity!

Mr. Waddington, we understand, has the reputation of being a good classical scholar; we cannot, however, say much in favour of his English. The style of his book is certainly not precisely what we might have expected; obscure in many places, slovenly in others, and now and then rather amusing from its infantine simplicity. There is, moreover, an awkward attempt at dramatic effect, by mixing up, in the worst French mode, the present and perfect tenses in the same sentence. We wish not, however, to dwell on minor blemishes, where there is really so much new and valuable matter: we only regret that a little more discretion, and a more intimate knowledge of the people our travellers had to deal with, had not ensured them a wider range for an interesting discovery, which, we now fear, will be anticipated by M. Caillaud, and the Cavaliere Frediani; neither of whom found any obstruction in following the Pasha's army throughout its successful progress. Let us not be mistaken; our expression does not arise from any regret we should feel, that the nation, which has done so little for African geography, should be the first to solve the problem of the course of the Niger, in preference to one which has done and suffered so much, (though that, we confess, would be something); but chiefly, indeed, we may say, altogether, from the consideration that the information we may expect to receive will be erroneous, and calculated only to deceive: and this we augur from the result of M. Caillaud's proceedings in Egypt now before us; in which we are entertained with figures of fine large emeralds, starting out of their matrices, and extracted from an old sandstone quarry, which we are to consider as the emerald mines of the Ptolemies; and on the other side, we have a series

a series of beautiful Grecian temples in the sides of mountains like so many sugar loaves, which we venture to say have no existence but on the imperial foolscap. Here too we have a map on which the western Oasis of Thebes is twisted round through more than one quarter of the horizon, the *south* usurping the place of the *west*. Whether this arises from the ignorance of M. Caillaud, or of Drovetti who supplied him with the geographical sketch, or whether it was thus twisted round to suit the fancy of M. Jomard, to whom the getting up of the great volume was entrusted, we pretend not to decide; but the fact is as we state it. The savans of Paris cannot here lay the blame on the engraver, as in the case of M. Dutens, *chef des ingénieurs*, who made Cornwall and Devonshire change places in his map of Plymouth Sound; as no inversion of the plate could place the west where the south ought to be. With such specimens of the joint labours of Messrs. Jomard, Drovetti, and Caillaud on our table, we conceive that we are fully warranted in saying we look forward to little sound, or correct information from the same quarter.

Art. XI.—*An Address to the Members of the House of Commons, upon the Necessity of Reforming our Financial System, and Establishing an Efficient Sinking Fund for the Reduction of the National Debt; with the Outline of a Plan for that Purpose.* By One of Themselves. London. 1822.

THE most prevalent of all errors in reasoning upon the difficulties of the country, is the notion that they are to be accounted for by some *one* cause; and that if the proposed cause be not *of itself* an adequate solution, we must reject it as wholly irrelevant, and seek for some other explanation. Thus the cessation of war, the loss of our carrying trade, the rival manufactures of the continent, the change in the currency, the abundance of our harvests, the importation of foreign corn, have all had their turn; but it is now pretty generally felt, that our embarrassments arise from a combination of causes, and the main dispute is concerning their comparative importance.

That cause, which, to our judgment, has all along appeared to be by far the most powerful, is the alteration of the currency, first from gold to paper, and lately again from paper to gold. To this point, therefore, we shall on the present occasion chiefly direct the attention of our readers; only beseeching them to give us credit for not being ignorant or regardless of the others, although we make little mention of them. We are the more inclined to this proceeding, because we are persuaded that, upon one part of the question, the *quantum* of depreciation in our paper currency, very material errors

errors still exist, and that they are sanctioned by a name of deservedly high authority in this department of science.

Before, however, we enter upon the consideration of these matters, it will be expedient to give a brief sketch of our financial difficulties.

At the commencement of the late war with France, our unredeemed debt amounted to 227,989,148*l.* bearing an interest of 8,934,571*l.** At the cessation of the war in 1816, the unredeemed funded debt was increased to 816,311,939*l.* bearing an interest of above thirty millions, to which must be added an unfunded debt of 44,543,668*l.*—total, 860,855,607*l.* The author of the pamphlet before us indeed states the amount of debt, January 5, 1816, at only 836,255,934*l.* and infers from thence, that during five years of peace, only 3,077,680*l.* of the principal debt have been paid off. What the authority for his statement is, does not appear: our own is taken from parliamentary documents. It appears from these, that on the 5th of January, 1822, the total amount of debt was

Unredeemed funded debt	795,312,767
Unfunded debt, including the quarterly deficiency of the consolidated fund	41,593,034
Total	£836,905,801

Towards the reduction of this mass of debt, a surplus of five millions is provided, according to the last general statement of the finances laid before parliament; the result of which statement is, in round numbers, that our income may be reckoned at fifty-five millions, our expenditure twenty millions, the interest of our debt thirty millions.

It is notorious also, that this income is raised in the midst of much clamour and discontent, that the agricultural part of the community is impoverished and distressed; almost beyond example; and that no practicable relief is yet suggested, but that of ceasing to employ a great part of the capital that has been invested in land during the last twenty years.

These doubtless are unpleasant truths. But the truth, however unwelcome, must be spoken. We have, indeed, renounced delusive theories; but the *effects* of those theories are not removed. In proportion as the speculative mists have rolled off, difficulties of a practical kind have thickened upon us. Our vision has indeed been assisted; the sky has become clear, and the sun has shone out; but it is only to show us more distinctly the nature of the surrounding dangers. To us, we confess, there is neither room for hesitation, nor any reason to despond. But some sacrifice must be made.

* Hamilton on the National Debt, p. 69.

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The fall of prices has considerably lowered the nominal income of the country. We are still bound to pay about 30 millions annually to the public creditor, now that every pound so paid is worth more in exchange of commodities than it was some years ago, should we therefore be justified in lessening the number of pounds we pay; or, according to the more usual practice of governments, in reducing the metallic value of the pound to that rate which it bore when depreciated, and thus keeping the same *denomination*, while we alter the *nature* of the thing?

Of the expediency of such a measure there can be no doubt, provided it be just. But in order to treat the question fairly, some material points must first be examined.

If the difference between the former and the present value be a matter of fact, and not of opinion,—if it be a thing not only undoubted, but capable of *exact measurement*, it would seem at first sight that no reasonable objection could be made to a mutual adjustment between the debtor and creditor upon that principle. Admitting the debt to have been virtually contracted in gold, it may surely be discharged in gold; and no more of that commodity can fairly be demanded by the creditor than he actually advanced to the debtor; i. e. no more than the value of that paper in which the loan was negociated.

But if the government, who were the borrowing party, denied that such was the nature of the transaction; if, at the time of borrowing the money, it expressly declared that the then price of gold was immaterial to the contract, and that the intrinsic value of the sum borrowed was not at all affected by that circumstance; if, in pursuance of this principle, it compelled every creditor, public and private, to accept a payment of his due after the same rate—if individuals were forbidden, under severe penalties, to resort to that mode of adjusting the value of the money that passed between them—is it allowable, upon any principle of right or justice, for the same government, when it comes to discharge the debt, to plead that very difference of value which it denied before? to take the benefit now of that comparison with the price of gold, which it not only declared to be unfair and delusive then, but which it prohibited in all private dealings at the same time? Neither should it be forgotten that every loan during the war was contracted under the express declaration of government, that payment should be made in gold within six months after the conclusion of peace.

Perhaps it will be said, that however *inconsistent* the language of government may be, yet its conduct is not in reality *unjust*, if it returns to the creditor the actual value of the sum borrowed. Grant it to be so with the individual who lent his money under those circumstances. What then must have been the conduct of government to those who lent their money *long before* in full metallic

among these things,) then we are sure that money is *falling in value*. Whatever we buy, the same sum exchanges for less this year than it did last year; and as there is no criterion by which the difference can be measured, no one knows but the diminution may be progressive indefinitely, or at least for many years to come.

That money *is* liable to this kind of depreciation we know from experience.* The ordinary and most intelligible cause is, that which depreciates all other commodities, an increased supply. Thus the produce of the American mines in the course of a century lowered the value of money in Europe nearly in the ratio of ten to one. The substitution of paper for coin has had a similar effect in the eighteenth century, even when that paper was convertible at the will of the holder into coin; and this substitute being once established, a scarcity or a plenty of paper will produce precisely the same effects with a scarcity or plenty of coin.

But, in estimating the value of any commodity, we must not confine our attention to the increased or diminished *supply*. We must take an equal account of the degree of *demand* for it. Thus, if the wealth and traffic of a country are increasing, a greater quantity of money is wanted to answer the purposes of trade; and if only the same quantity is to be had, it will rise in value; or if a greater quantity is introduced, it will not necessarily fall in value, unless its increase exceed in proportion the increase of demand of it. It is of the nature of things also that this demand should go on increasing; for trade propagates itself: the production of one article stimulates the production of another; and money being wanted to carry on the business of commerce, there is no saying beforehand *when* the supply will become excessive, while trade is left to take its natural course.

There is moreover a very material cause affecting the value of money, founded indeed on the same principle of relative supply and demand, but which is apt more than any other to escape the

* Some writers (and probably Mr. Ricardo himself, as quoted above, had the same meaning) make a point of confining the word *depreciation* to the first of the two senses here specified, and appropriate the phrase *diminution of value* to the second. It is a distinction which Mr. Huskisson uniformly makes; and as his writings and speeches have tended more than any thing else to enlighten the public mind upon this question, the greatest deference is due to his authority. In the present article, however, that rule has not been observed; partly in compliance with established usage, which has long applied the word *depreciation* to the change of value in money arising from the influx of precious metals from America in the 16th century, and partly because it is useful to accustom people to speak of money as a *commodity*, after having been so long deluded by a theory which deprived it of this essential character. At any rate, the distinction being thus broadly marked in the outset, no confusion it is hoped can arise from this use of the word; for the whole of the subsequent reasoning is built upon the principle, that a *fall in the value of money* was caused by the suspension of cash payments, not merely by changing imperceptibly the legal standard, but by making a less quantity answer all the purposes of a greater, in the commerce of life.

observation

observation of men; nor indeed do we know that Hume or Smith, or any writer of that age, has noticed it—we mean, *the art of transacting the same business with less money*. This is precisely equivalent to multiplying its quantity; and as this art of economising the circulating medium improves rapidly with the improvement of commerce and of society, it more than counteracts the increased demand for money arising from that cause, and of course diminishes its value. The introduction therefore of paper by means of banks has not only so far swelled the mass of circulating medium in the world, but has contributed still more to sink its value by the great *additional facilities* it has given to the practice of this economy; for the paper itself being in effect a valuable commodity, it becomes an object of care and contrivance to make it go as far as possible; and when trade is brisk and credit sound, new expedients are continually devised for that purpose.

In a rude state of society all proprietors find it necessary to keep a hoard of specie, greater or less, at home. Renters of land, and all those who have stated payments to make, must begin early to lay by a store, which accumulates gradually till the day of payment comes. In this manner, perhaps one-third or one-half of the specie of a country so circumstanced is at all times bound up, and, for any purposes of trade, rendered wholly useless. But when, by means of banks, these private hoards are set at liberty, there is so far an increased supply of money; and a proportionate fall in its value may be expected. This kind of depreciation goes on increasing precisely in the same ratio in which means are discovered of carrying on the intercourse of life with less currency. What these compendious methods are, and how greatly they have been increased of late years, is now well known. The clearing-house in London, by which the relative claims of banks upon each other are settled, often by a sum not equal to an hundredth part of such transactions, is the most prominent example. The same method is adopted among country banks in the same town or district; and the effect in diminishing the quantity of circulating medium required between them is proportionably great.

The country banks in Somersetshire had arrived at the same improvement with the London banks, in the establishment of a central clearing-house, at which all their claims were periodically adjusted. Thus, instead of perpetually sending their paper to and fro, to answer their mutual demands in full, they discharged them at stated intervals by the payment of a small balance; and in the mean time the paper no longer required for these uses might be advantageously employed in other ways. In short, the extent and importance of these expedients cannot be better described than in the words of Mr. Haldimand, when examined by the Committee over which Mr. Peel presided.

'*Qu.*—What proportion do you conceive the usual deposit of Bank of England notes in the coffers of the private bankers bears to the quantity of specie they used to bank upon?

'*A.*—I should think they keep a smaller proportion of deposits by them now than they did formerly. Every day some new economy of money is devised. . . . . I do not think that the transactions in the city of London have increased more than is compensated by the increased economy in the use of bank notes . . . . . I do not allude to the clearing-house in Lombard-street; but I mean to say, that *every day we find new means of economy in the use of bank-notes.*'—*Minutes of Evidence*, p. 59.

But again, the increased *rapidity and ease* with which paper circulates enables any given quantity to perform the function of a greater quantity of coin.* It is not only by keeping cash accounts, and thus making book-entries answer all the ends of cash payments,† that banks lessen the demand for money, and thus lower its value; but the money they actually issue circulates *more quickly* than the same amount of coin could possibly do. Passing as it does more readily from hand to hand, it comes round again sooner to the same payer, and a less quantity is therefore sufficient to carry on the same number of transactions.

What is thus undoubtedly true among individuals, however unperceived by them at the time, is acknowledged by intelligent bankers to be the rule of their own practice.

'We generally find, (says Mr. Stuckey, in his evidence before the Committee,) that if we have 20,000*l.* in circulation, 1,000*l.* is ample in the country to answer any demand in Bank of England paper. The communication with London is now so immediate and rapid, that any very large amount of Bank of England paper is found by experience to be unnecessary; certainly short of the amount which it would have been thought prudent to have kept thirty years ago.'—*Commons Report*, p. 245.

And not only is the *rapidity of circulation* equivalent in effect to an increase of the circulating medium, but, as Mr. Ricardo expresses it in his evidence, 'confidence and credit are substitutes for currency;'‡ and thus various causes are acting in powerful combination at the same time, and conspiring directly towards the same result. The principle of common deposit, which relieves individuals from keeping each a separate hoard, being repeated by banks between themselves, like the raising of powers, or the successive multiplication of a number by itself, abridges the detail of transactions, and makes the *exponent* of those numbers answer all the purposes in calculation upon a large scale, which in a ruder

* See Mr. Irving's and Mr. Tooke's evidence before the same Committee, pp. 103, 131, 132.

† Nearly the whole revenue of Somersetshire is paid by checques in London. Mr. Stuckey's evidence, p. 244.

‡ Page 134.

stage

stage of society the actual numbers in full tale are required to perform. It is impossible in theory to prescribe a limit to these operations. In practice we know there must be a limit,—a limit more or less removed from the first step in the process, according to the change of circumstances, and the state of that variable atmosphere in which commerce lives. It should be remembered too, that, when brought to this state of artificial refinement, the commercial system is much more delicate and sensitive, more liable to be deranged by sudden accidents and even slight changes, than when constructed upon a simpler model. Like those half animal half vegetable substances, which in a warm and tranquil medium develope and extend their fibres even to the remotest particles, commerce ought also to possess the power of quick contraction upon the approach of a storm, and should never indulge in that expansion farther than is justified by the probability of a continuance of those favourable circumstances which called it forth. How far this prudential vigilance has been lulled asleep by the bank restriction system, it is not our present purpose to inquire. We are speaking now of the many causes of depreciation to which money is exposed even in a *legitimate and healthy* state of things.

It is to this state of things that Mr. Huskisson's remarks apply, in a speech on the agricultural question early in the present session; in which he carefully distinguishes, as we have done, between that depreciation which is a departure from the standard, and that general fall in the value of money, which may be result of various causes. Nothing can be clearer or more consistent with the doctrine we have been endeavouring to illustrate than his statement. Independent of natural causes, such as an increased supply of the precious metals, 'every contrivance,' he says, 'which tends to economize their use, or to provide a substitute for them in the shape of voluntary credit, tends to diminish the value of money. A diminution of value from these causes, involving no injustice to any one, is attended with great benefits to the community. Much of the prosperity of England, since the beginning of the late reign, may be ascribed to the legitimate contrivances, by which this diminution was gradually effected and extended, in all the various modes of verbal, book, and circulating credits.'

To those causes, then, which have been already enumerated must be added one to which Mr. Baring justly attributes much, both in his evidence before the Committee, and in his more recent speeches in Parliament,—namely, that the consciousness of being able to procure it is equivalent often to the actual possession. Upon this consciousness solid transactions of great extent are continually built; and if prices rise, as we know they do, with competition, how greatly are they enhanced, when almost any man of fair character and prospects is an equal competitor with the actual pos-

sessor of money! Indeed, as this class are generally more sanguine in their dealings, having really less at stake, the competition is even more active than if it lay between an equal number of real capitalists.

Every one remembers with what facility a farmer some years ago obtained advances from country banks, not upon actual deposits, but upon his crops or his cattle, before they could be brought to market. The effect, too, has a tendency to increase indefinitely. For when prices are rising, the country banks make their issues more freely, because they have more confidence in their borrowers;* and thus a reciprocal action takes place,—the issue of paper tending to increase the price, and the increase of price encouraging the issue of paper. But a vicious circle of this kind cannot roll on for ever. There must be a limit some time or other,—either in the recal of that credit which has no sufficient basis, or in the perpetuation, by law, of that reduced value of money, which in its origin was optional; and thus making the old proprietor of money suffer, to uphold the sanguine speculations of others, in whose dealings he had no share.

To the causes which, under the late system, have conspired to reduce the value of money, may be added, what we take to be an indisputable fact, that the disposition to hoard paper is not near so strong as it is to hoard gold. A much smaller quantity, therefore, of the circulating medium has remained in a dormant state; and, being kept in constant activity, has had the same effect as a multiplication of the quantity. Still we do not propose this as a complete enumeration of the causes which have led to a rise of prices during the last twenty-five years. War itself is an enormous consumer, and government is of all customers the best. When sixty or seventy millions were annually spent with a profusion that is now not denied, the effect must of necessity appear in a general increase of prices. In proof of which we would refer to a curious and instructive extract from Davenant, which the author of the Letters to Mr. Peel has produced as remarkably applicable to the present state of things.

'Now the peace is concluded, the call from abroad for all our commodities, which has hitherto held up their price, perhaps may cease; and if this should happen (as there is reason to think it will) things of our own growth must immediately sink in value, *unless money can be made to circulate in the country:* for gold and silver being the measure of trade, all things are dear or cheap, as that sort of wealth is wanted or abounding. And in all countries of the world, where money is rare and scarce, the product of the earth is cheap; as for instance, in Scotland, Ireland, the northern kingdoms, Germany, and most parts of Asia and America.

* See Mr. Lloyd's evidence, p. 171; and Mr. Gurney's evidence before the Lords' Committee, p. 93.

'Now

'Now if the product of the land should sink in its value, it must naturally ensue, that the rents of England, and price of land, will fall in the same proportion. For the great stock that was subsisting in credit, and the great sum of money that circulated about the kingdom, did chiefly fix so high a price upon land, and all its produce; and if peace should diminish this price (as perhaps it will) land and its rents will hardly recover their former value *till money can be made to circulate*, and *till credit is revived*. And if there should be a want of specie, and of credit, the taxes cannot answer, and there must be a decrease in all the king's revenues.'—*Davenant on the Trade and Revenues of England*, p. 52. A. D. 1698.

This treatise was written just after the conclusion of a long and expensive war with France; during which, as the author observes, an abundant paper currency had circulated in the country, and had raised the prices of all articles. The only essential difference between that case and the present is, that that paper currency was sustained by *credit*, and ours by *law*. Even in that case, where the exigency was less, the expedient of *lowering the standard* of the coinage 20 per cent. was proposed by Mr. Lowndes, in his Report to the Lords of the Treasury, for the purpose of keeping up prices; a measure which was only prevented by the superior influence of Mr. Locke. That there should be advocates therefore for the same expedient now, when the evil exists in a much greater degree, cannot be a matter of wonder; but we feel very confident that there is sufficient public virtue and principle to reject it whenever it may be proposed.

Having thus enumerated the principal causes by which money is at all times liable to be depreciated, it comes next in order to treat of the great *aggravation* of those causes produced by the Bank Restriction. It is the opinion of Mr. Ricardo, that the *difference between paper and gold* may at all times be regarded as the measure of depreciation. It was this opinion which seems to have induced Parliament in 1819 to pass the Bill for resuming cash-payments with so much alacrity, under-rating, as it then appeared to us, the difficulties involved in the measure, and which the author of the letters before-mentioned to Mr. Peel, anticipated as necessary concomitants of the remedy, if the nature of the disease was such as the advisers of that Bill admitted it to be. The mistake seems to have arisen from regarding the difficulty only as it related to the Bank of England. The discount of bank paper at that time was not more, perhaps it was even less, than five per cent.; and for some time past it has been at no discount at all. If this difference of value therefore was the only obstacle to cash-payments, there was good reason for returning without delay to the ancient legal currency of the realm.

But the real difficulty lay in the change which would necessarily be

be introduced into *all existing contracts*,—a change, moreover, of *much greater magnitude* than was expressed by the then discount of bank paper. If indeed we regard progressive increase of price showing itself in all commodities, as the *index* of depreciation in that larger sense of the word before explained, we must undoubtedly have recourse to some other criterion than the difference between bank paper and gold for an explanation of this fact. That this increase was progressive from the year 1797 to 1814, subject only to such fluctuations as arise out of the nature of the respective commodities, is fresh in the recollection of all who are old enough to remember the former period; and that it was *not* accompanied by a growing difference in the value of bank paper and gold is also certain.

For the more perfect establishment, however, of this point, upon which so much depends, it may be well to exhibit a table of prices, collected from the tables printed in the Parliamentary Reports on this subject, reserving gold for the last column. It will be remembered that 3*l.* 17*s.* 10½*d.* is the Mint price of an ounce of gold; so that all *above* that sum may be regarded as the difference between bank-paper and gold,—a difference very inconsiderable till the year 1810, although the price of labour and of the necessaries of life rose during the same period *seventy* or *eighty*, and in some articles more than *cent. per cent.*

Contract Prices in the Royal Hospital at Greenwich.

	Meat, per Cwt.		Flour, per Sack.		Butter, per lb.		Cheese, per lb.		Oatmeal, per Bushel.		Malt, per Quarter.		Carpenters' Wages, per Day.		Candles, per Doz. lbs.		Coals, per Chaldron		Gold, per Ounce.		
*	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	l.	s.	d.
1795	42	10	65	8	0	8¾	0	5¼	6	4¾	48	3	2 2	6 10	9	2	39	9	3	17	6
1800	64	4	96	0	0	11⅛	0	6¼	14	0	84	0	2 3	10 2	10	4	51	7	No price.		
1805	60	4	82	3	0	11¾	0	7¾	12	0	85	7	4	6	10	7	51	8¾	4	0	0
1806	61	0	69	6½	0	11½	0	7¼	10	3	76	0	4	6	10	3	53	4	No price.		
1807	63	0	63	8¾	1	0⅞	0	7¾	9	4¾	73	1¾	5	0	9	10	54	0	do.		
1808	63	0	69	10¾	1	0¼	0	7¾	10	10	76	1½	5	0	13	2½	55	9¼	do.		
1809	66	6	85	1½	1	1	0	8	11	9	84	5¼	5	4	14	5½	60	9¼	do.		
1810	72	0	88	4	1	1⅛	0	8⅞	11	7	84	5	5	8	12	0	60	8	4	5	0
1811	74	0	91	0	1	2½	0	8¼	11	6	73	6	5	6	10	9¼	61	6	4 to 4	7 19	6 6
1812	78	0	107	5	1	3½	0	8½	13	3	98	6	5	6	12	6	56	1	4 to 5	17 6	0 0
1813	85	0	93	0	1	3	0	8¼	13	3	96	6	5	6	14	2	56	7¼	5	10	0
1814	74	6	70	6	1	2	0	8¾	10	4	77	8	5	6	14	6	62	2¾	5 to 4	8 8	0 0

* Previously to 1795, the prices were still lower, so that it is needless to begin the series further back.

From

From the year 1810 the price of gold rose considerably, as measured in Bank paper, till the year 1814. In 1811 the Bullion Committee sat, which recommended in vain the limitation of Bank issues, in order to correct this disparity. The Bank *increased* instead of diminishing its issues till 1816, when, upon a sudden contraction, nearly to the extent of three millions, prices of all kinds fell, and the price of gold again came down nearly to a level with the Mint price. The embarrassment caused by this contraction induced the Bank again to extend its issues in the latter end of 1817; the effect of which measure was instantly felt in a corresponding increase of prices, so as to prove beyond contradiction the intimate connexion between the two things,—a connexion which is, we apprehend, at this time not disputed. The only dispute is, whether the price of gold, when at a level with paper, be always *a proof that the currency is not depreciated*, or, to use a term less ambiguous, that it is not excessive.

If it *be* a proof, we must account for the increase of prices exhibited in the preceding table from some other cause than the Bank restriction. And yet the constant and invariable connexion of increase of price with the Bank restriction is a forcible proof of such a relation as that of cause and effect subsisting between the two phenomena. The near approach of the termination of that restriction has produced a fall of prices, greatly exceeding the difference between paper and gold; thus still further corroborating that connexion, and proving almost demonstratively to our judgment, that the prices from 1797 to 1810 were to a certain degree artificial, and that the comparison of paper with gold during that period did *not* afford a test of their real amount.

It is however so bold a thing to differ from Mr. Ricardo on a point of political economy, that some closer investigation of the matter is advisable than under any other circumstances it would seem to call for. In maintaining, then, that our paper currency was permanently depreciated below what was indicated by the price of gold, it is necessary to bear in mind the extraordinary circumstances under which this phenomenon took place.

The government had in fact put an end to the use, and consequently to the demand for gold in this country; for its use in ornamental work is confessedly trifling compared with the demand for it as a circulating medium. Now this last demand was by the Bank Restriction Act entirely extinguished. There was absolutely no market for the commodity in England. Accordingly the tables exhibited before the Parliamentary Committees often present a blank under this article for many years together,—as, for instance, from 1799 to 1804, and again from 1805 to 1809. The only motive

tive for purchasing it must be to send it abroad as an article of commerce; for otherwise, in the ordinary course of trade, it could never be expected to come here. It was the merchant only, and he, too, as trading between two foreign countries, that could be at all concerned in it. In private dealings at home it could have no place. Its price then is to be compared with the price of cotton, hardware, or any other commodity intended for a foreign market; and according to the profit likely to accrue from the investment, a merchant would employ his capital in the purchase of one commodity rather than another.

In following up this view of the subject, we must carefully exclude all reference to the Mint standard of our country. The price of other articles was measured, not by the *legitimate*, but by the *actual* currency of the country; and in considering how best to employ his capital, a merchant would have to compare the price of gold, as *measured in the same manner*. It is nothing to him if the paper has departed from the standard of George III. any more than from that of Edward III. It is the profitable employment of it with which alone he is concerned; and if in the purchase of colonial produce, or of manufactured goods, he can turn it to better account than in the purchase of bullion, in that way it will be employed. The *difference* between the buying and selling price is the rule of his proceedings; and if this difference be greater upon other articles than upon gold, of course he will trade in these, and gold will be neglected.

In comparing the price at which he buys at home with that at which he sells abroad, account must be taken of the respective values of the two currencies. And here, in fact, resides *the whole difficulty of the problem*. While the law prohibited the measuring of *our* currency by gold and silver, it was impossible to apply any standard by which to ascertain its value. If the law had said, every pound shall in future have one-fifth less of the precious metals than it had before, we should have been able to estimate the degree of depreciation precisely. Thus when Louis XIV. lowered the standard of his coinage, and compelled the livre so debased to be taken in all payments as if its value remained the same, the difference was soon discovered; and prices, as well as foreign exchanges, were gradually adjusted to the new value of the coin. But in our own case no such criterion was applicable. The law declared that the paper pound was equivalent to the metallic pound; and although the public knew it was not equivalent, and the metal had, in consequence of that difference of value, all left the country, yet it was impossible to employ that test which, in the case of a debased coinage, is immediately applied.

This, it must be observed, was a state of things without precedent

cedent in the civilized world;—without precedent, we repeat, inasmuch as it was made penal by law to distinguish between paper and specie in any private dealing. It is fallacious, therefore, to apply that mode of reasoning to it which belongs to another hypothesis. Our paper might have been sometimes equal, sometimes even more valuable than the coin it professed to represent, or it might have been fifty or sixty per cent. less valuable. It was impossible, *with such a law in force*, after all the coin had left the country, to ascertain the point.

The only way by which its value could be judged of was through the medium of the exchange. But, in order to make the exchange serve as an index of this value, we must pre-suppose the *balance of payments* to be accurately known; just as we must pre-suppose the *intrinsic value of the currency* to be accurately known, in order to serve as an index of the balance of payments. One of these points must be fixed, in order to mark the variations of the other. If both are in motion, and that motion irregular, as was the case during the paper system, it is idle to think of determining the state of one by a reference to the other.

But though we are precluded from using any accurate standard, yet we are not without the means of approximating to the truth. We know, for instance, that when the commerce of a country is in a high degree of prosperity, the balance of payments is in favour of that country; and this balance is, in the regular state of the currency, indicated by a rise in the exchange. Now it is undeniable that, during the greater part of that period of which we are treating, the trade of the country was in a state of unexampled prosperity. Never were our manufactures more active, nor our shipping more employed. It is needless to dwell upon a fact so notorious. Yet during almost the whole of that period, the exchanges were nominally unfavourable. In 1810 the depression was so great as to indicate a loss of twenty-five per cent. or more with Hamburgh. Yet no check had been given to our commerce. On the contrary, the only complaint heard was of the practice of *overtrading*, encouraged by the extraordinary profits realized in almost every branch of trade.

Here then was a demonstrative proof that the alteration lay in our currency, though *to what extent* could not be ascertained. The flow of wealth towards this country in payment for the immense export and carrying trade which we exercised, must, notwithstanding the remittances to our armies, have turned the balance greatly in our favour. Those remittances indeed, and the confiscation of English merchandize by the edicts of Buonaparte, must certainly have operated on the exchange precisely as so much debt due to a foreign

foreign country; but they cannot have countervailed our prodigious trade so far as to carry the balance to the other side of the account. When the exchange, therefore, was 15 or 20 per cent. *nominally* against us, it was probably often 8 or 10 per cent. *really* in our favour: and during all this time, gold was not more a criterion of the degree of depreciation than any other commodity. Had gold remained the substance of our currency, any excess would speedily have been corrected by its being drained off to other countries: but when the currency itself possessed no value as an article of trade, no such correction could be used: and its excess, finding no outlet, naturally showed itself in a permanent and universal increase of prices.

It is true that increase of prices in any particular place does not *necessarily* imply that the intrinsic value of its currency is lessened. It is often necessary to pay a *premium* for a bill payable in that place where it will purchase less of the commodities of life than it would where the bill bears a *premium*: as for instance, if a person, resident in Wales or in Cornwall, wishes to pay a sum of money in London. This will immediately become apparent, if we call to mind the elementary principles on which the doctrine of exchanges is founded. It is not the expectation of profit which induces a merchant to pay a premium in remitting money to another country, but the necessity he is under of making a payment there. If there is much money, for instance, due from Hamburgh to London, there is a competition among merchants for the purchase of bills upon London, because that is the readiest way of remitting money, and of course those bills will bear a *premium*. But it by no means follows that the money, if actually paid in London, would be more valuable there than in Hamburgh—that is, that it would purchase more of the commodities of life. On the contrary, in a populous, thriving and industrious state, where the arts are flourishing and the system of life voluptuous and expensive, it will naturally command *less* of those commodities. It will in one sense be of less value, although it will be more in demand. Now it is towards such countries that the stream of commerce naturally sets: and we conclude, therefore, that even when our exchange was at the lowest, yet the *balance of payments* was greatly in our favour, and that the discount arose from the excess of our currency; because it is notorious that England was then a vast emporium of all trading nations—that it was the great seat not only of commercial payments but of the expenditure of government—that it was, in short, at that time, what Limæus once emphatically said of London, *punctum saliens in vitello orbis*—the centre of life, energy, and enterprize in the social world.

Supposing then that the Bank had carefully regulated their issues

issues by the price of bullion, the exchange would have been indeed nominally at *par*; but that par would have been no surer proof that the currency was not depreciated from excess, than the *discount* was the *full measure* of its depreciation, when that discount did not arise from the ordinary mercantile cause, viz. the balance of payments being against us. We should still have to add all that which *would have been* premium, had things been left to take their natural course, in order to find the full amount of the depreciation. Thus, even had the bank been so managed, there would still have been a considerable increase of prices, arising from the several causes before enumerated—causes rendered more powerful and intense by the bank restriction than they would have been if left to themselves: and upon a cessation of those causes with the conclusion of the war, a great pressure must have been felt from the fall of prices necessarily accompanying that event. The same thing has in fact been felt, to a considerable degree, on the continent of Europe, and in the United States. The great consumer war being withdrawn, a want of custom is instantly perceived in all the departments of trade and agriculture. Add to which, the steps taken by Austria and Russia to restore their metallic currency have raised the value of the precious metals throughout Europe, and of course contributed still more to the reduction of prices.

Allowing however for all this, there is still in our own case a *greater* disparity between the old and the new prices than took place after the American war, or than can have taken place in any other state—a disparity arising from that *excess* in the currency which, as we have all along contended, the Bank Restriction must necessarily have produced, even if the market price of bullion had not exceeded the mint price. The way in which a vast increase of currency is rapidly generated, whenever commerce is in a flourishing state, has been already described; and the *augmentation to excess* of all those expedients, consequent upon a compulsory paper system, has been also adverted to, as an inevitable effect of that measure, however impracticable it may be to estimate with precision the share it contributed to the common result.

While the Bank of England was unlimited in its issues, while the doctrine prevailed that bills issued upon real mercantile transactions could not be excessive; disregarding altogether the increase of price which that very issue promoted, and thus reasoning continually in a circle,—there is no absolute criterion by which the depreciation of that time can be measured. If we refer to a comparison of prices before and after that measure, we are told that the trade and wealth of the country had increased in the mean time, which is undeniably true. It is also true, that many of those causes were in constant activity, which we have been demonstrating in detail,

as

as concomitants on the improvement of commerce in its *natural* state, such as, new modes of compendious payment, and credit substituted in the place of payment. Although we cannot therefore estimate the precise *share* this measure had in augmenting the common result, yet that it must have contributed powerfully towards it, is proved not only by theory, but by the testimony of the most intelligent practical men, who were examined upon that question, particularly by Mr. Baring, whose evidence before the two Committees on Cash Payments is a most valuable document in the hands of all students in political economy. The substance of their information may be recapitulated in the following manner.

1. In the first place, the *entire* banishment of specie, and the *universal* adoption of paper as the medium of commerce, was undoubtedly a consequence of that measure: which further led to the *universal* practice of those expedients for economising money which only *partially* prevail in a mixed currency; that is, only so far as it consists of paper; since it is by means of paper, as we have already seen, that these contrivances are carried into effect.

2. Secondly, there is less temptation to hoard paper, than there is to hoard specie. It is therefore always drawn from its hiding-place, and circulates freely in the market.

3. Thirdly, In such a system, country banks find a less stock necessary to answer demands, than they would keep if liable to pay in specie. In the former case, one in twenty is deemed sufficient; in the latter, one-fifth, or perhaps one-fourth, would be the safe proportion. The moral certainty a banker feels, that he shall not be called upon to discount his own notes, is a strong temptation to issue them to the utmost practicable extent. He sets all the canvas his vessel will carry—more than in common prudence he would do, if there were any apprehension of a coming gale. But the Bank Restriction was a kind of security against all sudden and unexpected movements—a sort of monsoon, which, after passing one session of parliament, he was sure would continue to the next—and while that lasted, nothing was likely to happen that could disturb his course.

4. Fourthly, All the merchants examined agree in stating, that country paper increased with the increase of Bank paper. If, therefore, the Bank Restriction was the cause of excessive issues from the Bank, a fact which is at this time hardly open to dispute, it must be charged with producing that excessive issue of country paper also, which was an invariable concomitant of the other.

5. Fifthly, It has been already observed, that the power of procuring money, if wanted, is tantamount to the actual possession. To use a scholastic phrase, money in *posse* is equivalent for all purposes of trade to money in *esse*. It gives an equal spirit of enterprize

terprize to the buyer, and when that power is become notorious, equal confidence to the seller. Now it cannot be doubted that this *hypothetical* wealth was greatly augmented by the system of the Bank Restriction. If the Bank was always ready to discount bills upon real mercantile transactions—if country banks, in imitation of this example, did the same, not only were transactions entered into, which without such facility never could have taken place, but numerous contracts were effected for which actual payment was not required at the time, and was in fact never made; other transactions, in the mean time, having taken place, which either directly or indirectly had the effect of balancing these—thus performing without regular book-entries, the very office of a bank; the seller building as securely upon the *credit* of the buyer (a credit never actually put to the test) as upon his tangible property.

If we have succeeded in making our view of the subject thoroughly understood, the late depreciation of the currency is resolvable into three component parts.

The FIRST is the difference between the market and the mint price of gold. This head is capable of being defined with precision. Even when at the highest, it never constituted the whole of the depreciation. During the greater part of the war, it rarely exceeded 7 per cent. and for the last twelvemonth or more, it has ceased altogether.

The SECOND is that portion which arose from the natural effect of a great war expenditure, and a rapidly increasing trade, favoured by temporary circumstances highly propitious to our commerce.

The THIRD is the effect which a compulsory paper system has had in *heightening* all those expedients to which a prosperous state of society naturally gives birth, for economising the circulating medium, bringing the whole of it into activity, and multiplying it virtually by the substitution of credit for currency.

The FIRST of these will probably soon find, if it has not already found, its remedy in the resumption of cash payments by the bank—a thing that might always have been effected without much difficulty, as far as the bank is concerned.

The SECOND and THIRD have been usually confounded together in the views commonly taken of this subject. But it seems to be of the greatest importance to recognize the distinction, although we may not be able to adjust the respective shares they have in the compound effect. According to our view of the matter, it is the hinge upon which the whole question turns. For (excepting what arose from the war *expenditure*, which cannot of course revive unless war revives) all the embarrassment which is attributable to the SECOND only may fairly be regarded as of a *temporary* nature. It is of the very essence of commerce to be liable to such fluctuations.

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The transition from war to peace, and from a state of unbounded confidence to one of caution and mistrust, naturally causes a reaction, as unfriendly to commerce while it lasts, as the growth of that credit and confidence was an evidence of its prosperity. There is, however, in the nature of things, a tendency to recover the position thus lost, if nothing adverse happens: and thus far we are in fact only suffering in common with the other trading nations of the world. Some time also must be allowed for the discovery of new channels of trade, in place of those which are no longer profitable; and for the transfer of capital from one branch of commerce to another.

But it is a fallacious hope to expect that any recovery will ever be made of that rate of prices, which was effected by the THIRD cause. Nothing, indeed, but a repetition of the same injurious measure can restore them: and we may at least reckon it, as one of the advantages bought by our experience, that so mischievous a scheme will never again be tried. As far then as this cause operated, we must be prepared for a permanent reduction of prices—a reduction which will essentially alter the relation of debtor and creditor in all contracts of long standing; giving that advantage to the latter which the depreciation, when it prevailed, gave to the former.

According to this analysis, of the three parts into which the depreciation of our currency may be resolved, the first and third were the fruit of the bank restriction: and if it were possible to identify the parties who made pecuniary engagements during this arbitrary value, as well as to ascertain the precise extent of this operation upon our currency, equity would seem to require that all such contracts should be interpreted according to the *real*, not the *nominal* value expressed in them. The attempt, however, is hopeless: and we have already demonstrated the injustice of involving *all* contracts in one common reduction, as well those which were anterior as those which were subsequent to the depreciation, merely because of our inability to distinguish those upon which an equitable claim would lie.

That there is a strong inducement, under these circumstances, to resort to the expedient of lowering the standard cannot be denied: and nothing but a regard to the sacred principles of justice can be opposed to it. For this state of things is not only embarrassing in a financial point of view: it is injurious to commerce, unfriendly to industry, and adverse to all improvement. The author of the Letters to Mr. Peel has shown how a depreciation of money, in whatever way produced, tends to promote national wealth, although it does for a time depress the labouring classes: and in Hume's Essay on Money, one of the most valuable of his works, it is clearly demonstrated that national prosperity is affected, not by the absolute

lute quantity of money, but by the fact of its being *on the increase* or *on the decrease* at any particular time.

'When money begins to flow in greater abundance than formerly, every thing takes a new face; labour and industry gain life; the merchant becomes more enterprising, the manufacturer more diligent and skilful, and even the farmer follows his plough with greater alacrity and attention.'—*Disc.* 3.

'At first no alteration is perceived: by degrees the price rises, first of one commodity, then of another; till the whole at last reaches a just proportion with the new quantity of specie in the kingdom. In my opinion, 'tis only in this interval or intermediate situation, betwixt the acquisition of money and the rise of prices, that the increasing quantity of gold and silver is favourable to industry.'—*Ibid.*

Again, 'Tis easy to trace the money in its progress through the whole commonwealth, where we shall find *that it first quickens* the diligence of every individual, before it increases the price of labour.'—*Ibid.*

If such be the effects of an increasing circulating medium, it hardly stands in need of proof that the opposite effects will flow from its diminution, while that diminution is taking place. 'There is always,' says Hume, 'an interval before matters be adjusted to this new situation; and this interval is as pernicious to industry when gold and silver are diminishing, as it is advantageous when these metals are increasing.' Clear-sighted as Hume was in discerning the operation of these causes, he betrays a remarkable want of strict principle in considering the proper remedies for the evil just described. He recommends indeed precisely the same expedient which was proposed by Mr. Lowndes in 1698, and was rejected through the influence of Locke—the same expedient, in fact, which despotic governments never scrupled to employ, whenever their own distresses seemed to require it. In the way in which Hume argues it, the measure to be sure is not grounded solely upon state convenience, but upon considerations of benefit to the community at large. Still in order to accomplish this end, deceitful and dishonest means are recommended: and it is curious to see with what coolness and unconcern the merits of the scheme are canvassed, without one moment's reference to the moral principle involved in it. Having observed that a debasement of the coinage is not followed by a corresponding rise of prices so soon as might be expected, he takes occasion gravely to say,

'*By the bye*, this seems to be one of the best reasons which can be given for a gradual and universal augmentation of the money, though it has been entirely overlooked in all those volumes which have been wrote on that question by Melon, Du Tot, and Paris de Verney. Were all our money, for instance, recoined, and *a penny's worth of silver taken from every shilling*, the new shilling would probably purchase every thing that could have been bought by the old: the prices of every thing

 would

would thereby be insensibly diminished, foreign trade enlivened, and domestic industry, by the circulation of a greater number of pounds and shillings, would receive some increase and encouragement. In executing such a project, it would be better to make the new shilling pass for 24 half-pence, *in order to preserve the illusion, and make it be taken* for the same.'—*Disc.* 3. Note.

Doctrines and reasonings such as these one might read with a smile as obsolete and practically harmless, were it not that they have been revived by persons of no mean authority in the present day. But when once their nature is thoroughly understood, nothing, we trust, but strict necessity, nothing in the shape of policy or expediency will be pleaded in their behalf. Or if the line of strict legal right be transgressed, an anxiety, it is hoped, will be shown to keep as near as possible to that right, and in all cases to make *equity* at least the rule of our proceedings.

Others remonstrate against the sin of paying the public creditor in a currency more valuable than that in which the latter part of the debt was contracted. Thus Mr. Atwood, one of the loudest adversaries of the resumption of cash-payments, ventures, in a parliamentary speech published by himself, to stigmatize the measure as a gross and monstrous act of *injustice*, and is for lowering the standard of our coinage to 5*l.* for an ounce of gold. His reasoning is too curious to be wholly omitted. The fundholder of 1797, he says, is become the landholder of 1820; so that having been wronged by the suspension of cash-payments in 1797, he is now *doubly* wronged by their resumption. We may ask in vain for the proof of his premises: but lest our readers should think we have not represented him fairly, let the following passage speak for itself.

'The annuitant, the public creditor of 1797, *was paid off*, his debt was discharged, the fraud which he had suffered *had been completed:* he had become the leaseholder, the landholder of 1820; and having defrauded him in one capacity in 1797, will you, under the pretence of doing him justice, defraud him again in another capacity in 1819? And is it to a system of justice like this—perverted, crooked, sophisticated, degraded, &c. &c. that we are called on to sacrifice the best interests of the country?'—*Mr. Atwood's Speech, April* 9, 1821.

The author of the pamphlet before us writes in a somewhat different style, and rests his plan upon the ground of an equitable re-adjustment of the terms of a contract, which is found to have been grossly improvident in the first instance, and which unforeseen circumstances have since rendered almost intolerable to the borrowing party.

He justly reprobates that financial system which began in the seven-

seven-years' war, was pursued throughout the American war, and was continued nearly to the present time, of borrowing money on condition that the stock so created shall only be repaid at *par:* the consequence of which was, that often for 50*l.* or 60*l.* so raised, the government not only paid a full rate of interest, but gave to the lender a *contingent* bonus amounting to the difference between that 50*l.* or 60*l.* and 100*l.* His object is to reduce the debt to one denomination, paying a liberal rate of interest on the sum actually borrowed, and even making a compensation for the loss of that contingency, which the stock-holder, according to the terms of his contract, legally enjoys. Assuming then, that we cannot now distinguish the several loans, and treat with their respective proprietors according to the special terms of each contract, but that the whole debt must be regarded as one indiscriminate mass commencing with 1792, he calculates the *average* interest at which money has been borrowed by government since that time, which he finds to be about 5*l.* 10*s.* per cent. To this he adds 5*s.* per cent. as an equivalent for that contingent benefit now about to be cancelled, thus making good to the fundholders an interest of 5*l.* 15*s.* upon all sums actually borrowed. Whatever they may have hitherto received in the shape of dividends is to be deducted from this rate of interest, and the remainder to be considered as arrears still due to them, to be allowed for a period of *fourteen years*, with compound interest. According to these principles he finds, that, in the three per cents., the average of capital actually advanced has been 60*l.* per cent., and the arrears due to the stockholder 8*l.* 16*s.* 4*d.* per cent. In the 4 per cents. the average of capital actually advanced is 81*l.*, the arrears due to the stockholder 12*l.* 18*s.* per cent. In the 5 per cents, the average of capital advanced 92*l.* the arrears due to the stockholder 5*l.* 14*s.* 3*d.* per cent. The price of redemption then of the several stocks, giving the advantage of fractions to the stockholder, will be, for the 3 per cents. 69*l.*, for the 4 per cents. 94*l.*, for the 5 per cents 98*l.*: and taking the amounts of these several stocks as they stood in January, 1821, the denomination of the debt will undergo the following alteration:

Stock to be reduced.		*Stock to be created.*
£540,000.000	3 per cent. at 69, will produce . . .	£372,900,000
75,000,000	4 per cent. at 94	70,500,000
155,000,000	5 per cent. at 98	151,900,000
770,000,000		595,000,000

No account is here taken of the 3½ per cent. stock, which amounted in January, 1821, to 30,000,000*l.*; but the same principles, if approved, may easily be applied to this stock; and the

Long and the Life Annuities are too inconsiderable to require to be included in the arrangement.

It is obvious that the first effect of this proposed alteration is to *increase* instead of lightening the burden of the country; because the interest of the 595 millions stock must exceed the present dividends by the amount of that compensation which the fundholder is to receive for the loss of his right to be repaid at par. But this objection the author removes by declaring that *he has no doubt* the government might at this time raise money to reduce the whole interest of the debt from 5 to 4: and he indulges hopes of a further reduction at some future time from 4 to 3: the great benefit of his plan being, that the government by this new organization of the debt may take advantage of the general low rate of interest, whenever it happens, which, under the present obligation of paying even the 3 per cents. at par, it could not do.

For our parts, when the evil to be cured is immediate and urgent, we cannot much approve of a proposal which offers no immediate relief; and still less are we disposed to admit the reasonableness of that *addition* to the public debt which the plan involves, founded as it is upon a calculation of *average*, which seems to us fundamentally erroneous. Supposing, for instance, a man to have a hundred creditors to each of whom he owes a debt, bearing interest from very different periods of time—some 30, some 20, some 10, with every intermediate gradation between the earliest and the latest; and because of the difficulty of distinguishing their respective claims, that he strikes an average and pays them all alike—is it any satisfaction to him who receives less than his due, that another receives more? Yet this is the principle upon which the value of government stock is here computed. Because the whole has been created within 28 years, a medium of 14 is taken to express the claims of all, although it is too little for all before that period, and too much for all that come after. It is when the result may be presumed to be the same in each case *to the parties interested*, that we substitute the method of average for that of a particular enumeration—as for instance, when one man has to receive from another a per centage upon a large number of casks of wine of various prices, he may compound for a medium price for the whole, and neither party is, probably, the loser. But if each cask belonged to a separate owner, it would be absurd to tender the average price as an equitable compensation to the owner of the dearest, because the difference was made up to the owner of the cheapest.

We say nothing now of the egregious error committed in assuming, for the purpose of this arrangement, that the whole debt is one indiscriminate mass contracted since 1792; because Mr. Vansittart proved it to be so, in reference to the stipulations concerning the

the sinking fund. p. 38. 42. So much of the debt had been paid off before 1792, as to release government from all restraint *in the appropriation of that fund:* but it is a marvellous *non sequitur* that, therefore, *for every other purpose,* the distinction of old and new creditor is at an end.

There are, however, other instances in this writer of false reasoning equally remarkable. Thus he represents the fundholders as a kind of permanent body, and all the advantages derived by one portion of this class as communicated to the rest. But regarding the question as one of justice and equity, what satisfaction is it to the lender of money in 1780, who reposed on the faith of government, and lived upon his income till it was diminished one half, that the loan-jobbers of 1810 made better bargains? This fallacy, however, runs through the whole of his reasoning, when comparing the advantages of monied men with those of the landed interest. (p. 35.) Again, in considering the equity of forcing the fundholder to comply with a certain departure from the original agreement, he argues (after the authentic precedent of Æsop's Wolf versus Crane) that the fundholder, when he lent his money to government, knew there was some risk in dealing with such a powerful party, and ought to be happy, therefore, if parliament, who could do whatever it pleased with him, has still left him so much. p. 63.

That these specimens of fallacious reasoning should appear in the pamphlet is not wonderful, when we find the writer still asserting his doubts whether the paper currency ever was depreciated, and accounting for all our difficulties in the following luminous and philosophical manner, which it is not easy to peruse without a smile.

'By the falling off of our trade the demand for capital has become less, and a reduction of rent and interest has followed. The same cause has occasioned a reduction of wages, and this has necessarily diminished the demand for agricultural produce, the labourer being obliged to adopt *a more economical and spare diet* than he had before accustomed himself to; in which those who are acquainted with the human frame, and the power with which it is so admirably furnished of accommodating itself to the various circumstances in which it may be placed, will discover an ample *reason for that redundant supply of human food* which has of late existed.'—p. 37.

The view, indeed, which he takes of this important subject is singularly narrow, considering the light that has been thrown upon it by recent discussion. His great merit consists in a clear exposition of the loss incurred by that ruinous condition of redeeming only at par, when the money actually borrowed was much less than a hundred. Better would it have been to have borrowed at seven or eight, or even ten per cent. interest, with the power of repayment at *par,* than to bind such a burden upon posterity for the sake

of a little present relief to ourselves. That circumstances may arise, such as no wisdom or prudence could anticipate, which may render some modification of the terms of a perpetual contract, not only expedient, but justifiable on the ground of equity, no man at all acquainted with human affairs will deny. And if over ruling necessity should ever compel us to consider of an attempt of this kind, there can be no doubt that an open and undisguised transaction is much better than 'paltering in a double sense,' paying our creditors in a debased currency, and insisting upon it that the value is unaltered because the same name is continued. But should any thing be done to affect the interests of the fund-holder, reason, and justice, and law all conspire to prove, that the *old* creditor should be exempted from the operation, as far as it is practicable to establish the distinction: that those, for instance, who have held, or who have inherited, funded property from a period prior to 1797, the proof of the fact being thrown upon themselves, shall be free from all diminution of its amount, nominal or real. They have already been grievous sufferers both in principal and in income; and a tardy compensation of this kind, extended as far as is now within our power, would surely not be grudged.

In the mean time we ought not to be backward in adopting every *honest* expedient that may be in our power for relaxing that tension of the currency under which the country now labours: and as any thing which increases the circulating medium has that tendency, whether it be by multiplying its quantity, or by giving to the same quantity an increased activity and power, it is deserving of our serious attention and encouragement. With this view, the suggestion of Mr. Baring, to give the bank the option of paying in silver or in gold, is of considerable importance. The relative value of these metals is subject to fluctuation from temporary causes, and it would in some measure tend to relax the currency, when inconveniently contracted, to adopt the cheapest as the standard. The first objection urged against it was, that gold is already declared the standard by the acts of 14 Geo. III., which reformed our coinage, and prohibited silver as a legal tender for any higher sum than 25*l*. But upon a reference to the act 14 Geo. III. c. 42. this objection will disappear. The law, it will be found, only provides that for larger payments than 25*l*. silver shall be taken by *weight*, not by *tale*: and this law continued till the recent enactment in 1816, when the legal tender in silver was reduced to 40*s*. and gold was, for the first time, declared to be the only legal tender for all higher payments.

Another expedient worth considering for lowering the value of the currency is, to increase the number of times for paying the dividends;

dends; appointing eight times in the year, for instance, instead of four. According to the present practice, a scarcity of money is felt before the quarterly payments, in consequence of the large amount withdrawn from circulation to meet the great demand of the quarter day. This, it will be remembered, is one of the inconveniences which, before the use of paper, tended to raise the value of money, by making it necessary to keep so much in store for rents and other payments, all calculated to the same days of the year; and it cannot be doubted but that a liberation of part of this store would have the effect of increasing the circulating medium, and thus of lessening its value.

To these expedients, we trust, it is not long before another will be added—that of permitting country banks to be instituted without any limitation of the number of partners. If the firm consisted of many hundreds, we should no more hear of failures than we now do among the banks in Scotland, where no such limitation exists; or among the insurance companies of England. And if this increased confidence were given, there is no reason to think that the public would require any metallic currency, except for the smallest payments: while all that *legitimate* depreciation of money would of course flow from the measure, which we have demonstrated to be a necessary attendant upon an universal adoption of paper currency.

But supposing the expedients above recommended, and others of a similar nature, to be tried, we are still far from thinking that it may not be necessary, with a view to present relief, and to the attainment of a more independent position in the political world than we now enjoy, to have recourse to stronger measures, and in particular to contrive some speedier reduction of the principal of the debt. We think a property tax might be so modified, as to accomplish this purpose, without departing from the principle of equality. We know, for instance, that a small annuity for a long term may be strictly equivalent to a larger annuity for a short term: but according to the circumstances of the payer, one mode of payment may be much more convenient than the other. Upon this principle let the money and land of the country be taxed equally, but let the landholder have the benefit of time.

Taking the interest of money at 5 per cent. a *perpetual* annuity of 1*l.* is nearly equal to an annuity of 5*l.* for five years. It is not precisely equal; but, let the advantage lie on the side of land.

First, then, if a *perpetual* tax of 2 per cent. be laid on land, let there be a tax of 10 per cent. on funded property for five years. The revenue from the funds alone will be three millions.

Secondly, in order to encourage still more the transfusion of wealth

wealth from money to land, let the landholder have the option of redeeming his 2 per cent. land tax upon advantageous terms, *e. g.* by transferring to government stock producing one-tenth *less* than his annual tax.

Thirdly, as the object is, not to tax income arising from skill or industry of any kind, but merely the annual rent of capital, money lent on interest ought to be subject to a like tax: but it need not necessarily be for the same term with that of the funds, only let the term of years vary with the rate of taxation; and the tax may be raised by *ad valorem* receipt stamps.

We state this merely as a rough outline; for in working out its details, allowance must be made for a variety of cases, as was done in the assessment of the property tax; and if it should be thought equitable to tax money in a *higher* ratio than land, on account of its exemption from the poor rate, no reasonable objection, we think, could be made. But if any greater burden be imposed on the funds because of the increased value given to the dividends by the return to a metallic currency, every principle of reason and justice would call aloud for an exemption from this measure in favour of those fundholders, who can prove, that they held or inherited their stock from a period prior to the depreciation of the currency.

That the state of the country requires some financial steps to be taken beyond the ordinary means of providing for the expenditure of the year, is abundantly evident. The ferment and agitation at present manifest throughout the kingdom, is in its origin wholly unconnected with political discontent; for it is now at its height among those classes which are most attached to the established constitution of things. Their meetings and petitions are not likely to throw any light upon the nature of the evil, but they are unquestionable proofs of its existence and of its magnitude. At the same time, political agitators and political theorists will not fail to take advantage of these distresses, and will easily convince the sufferer, if nothing is done for them by Parliament, that Parliament must be new-modelled before they can hope to obtain redress.

There is however, we are fully persuaded, energy and good sense enough in the middle and higher classes of society to counteract the mischievous fallacy—and we are quite sure, that if the nature of the case is well explained and thoroughly understood, there is no want of inclination on the part of government to apply the remedies, however new and anomalous, which its peculiarity may seem to call for. Indeed the principal obstacle at present opposed to that remedy which we think most desirable, lies in the authority naturally attached to the opinion of a gentleman by no means connected with the administration. Taxation, he contends, cannot

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press heavily on the farmer, because it must ultimately fall on the consumer. But it is not taxation *alone* which is alledged as the cause of his distress: it is undiminished taxation acting upon diminished income. *Ultimately*, perhaps, the pressure will find its way to the consumer, but in the *interim* it must be severely and almost exclusively felt by the grower; who is at the same time burdened with a grievous and increasing load, that is becoming every day more unsupportable, the poor rate.

We will not alarm our readers by extending the discussion to this wide and uninviting ground. But considering its intimate connexion with the question now before us, we cannot forbear to say that some legislative remedy is immediately requisite to correct, not the original principle of the poor laws, but the mistaken policy of the last fifty years. Until we retrace these false steps, until some of the recent enactments are repealed, or rather some of the practical regulations now in force are prohibited, especially those which vest in the local magistrates the arbitrary adjustment of this tax, the mischief will increase from year to year at an alarming rate. While a power is given to gentlemen not residing, not even possessing property in a parish, to dictate the rate of allowance which the farmer is bound to pay—while every discontented pauper may procure this compulsory relief by telling his tale to a rich neighbour whose benevolence costs himself nothing—we may be sure that the average allowance will exceed the necessity of the case, and will tend to a continual and an indefinite increase. This is one of the greatest and the most galling oppressions under which agriculture now labours: and if not speedily checked, it will convert this 'sweet and cheerful country' into an immense *arena*, on which the fierce passions and conflicting interests of men will be engaged in hopeless warfare, and the voice of reason be drowned amidst their mutual clamours.

ERRATA in No. LII.

P. 337, lines 6, 10, for *Pagninus* read *Paganinus*.

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QUARTERLY REVIEW.

JULY, 1822.

ART. I.—*The Civil and Constitutional History of Rome, from its Foundation to the Age of Augustus.* By Henry Bankes, Esq. London. 1818.

NO history at first sight appears so inviting to the researches of the political student as that of Rome. Of unparalleled extent and grandeur, fruitful in great events and illustrious personages, it seems to open its page of instruction for the guidance of subsequent generations. It has accordingly been investigated frequently and laboriously for that purpose. Philosophers and statesmen of different periods and countries have drawn from it facts to support and enforce their respective speculations, and in the infinite variety of illustration presented to their view during its origin, its progress and decline have furnished at least a seeming authority for every possible combination in the change of human affairs.

It is the misfortune, however, of theorists, (and all the writers on the philosophy of Roman history have been more or less theorists,) to receive facts for the confirmation of their opinions on the slightest grounds of probability, and to use as the foundation-stones of an immense pile of conjecture, assertions which, if offered as evidence in the common affairs of life, would be instantly rejected as futile or incredible. Coming to their task with imaginations heated by the contemplation of the magnificence and grandeur of the Roman empire, they have forgotten that such vastness and grandeur could be accounted for on any common principles of our political and moral nature; they have been unwilling to concede that chance (or that inexplicable relation between dissimilar events which we call chance) could have been at all instrumental in producing such extraordinary results, and they have endeavoured to show that the whole was the natural consequence of consummate wisdom and foresight in the first founders of the political fabric.

Vain and unsatisfactory as such an attempt must have proved, even if we were in possession of a continued series of contemporary and authentic records, from the earliest infancy of the state to the maturity of its power, the difficulty is immeasurably increased when we consider the age and character of the authorities on which these bold theorists have been obliged to depend. The earliest writer on Roman affairs, who has in part been preserved to our times, flourished nearly 600 years after the foundation of Rome; and of the

 three

three other authors from whom almost exclusively is derived our present information respecting the foundation and progress of the Roman power, two composed their histories at the distance of seven, and the other of more than eight, centuries from the earliest transactions which they describe. None of these writers quote any authorities for the wonderful events which they relate. Occasionally, indeed, they mention an old historian, to whose works they have referred, but in a manner which considerably weakens, or rather totally destroys the force of their appeal. Thus Dionysius,* in his account of the Roman constitution, makes a pompous enumeration of the writers he has consulted, and specifies Portius Cato, Fabius Maximus, Valerius Antias, Licinius Macer. He subsequently (vii. c. 71.) particularizes Fabius, as the one upon whom he lays the greatest dependence; and why?—because his credibility is founded not only on what he had seen and investigated, but on what he had heard from various persons. In other words, his claims to be believed are founded precisely on that which rather should destroy all title to belief, an indiscriminate reception of hearsay evidence. It was no doubt this propensity which called forth the severe animadversion of Polybius;† this was the cause of the αλογια which that eminent historian denounced as apparent to the most superficial observer, and which must for ever destroy the weight of his testimony. But to effect this, the criticism of another was by no means necessary; Dionysius has, by his own confession, completely disposed of this difficulty. He avows the inadequacy of his guides, and announces his determination to represent transactions in a very different light from that which they have adopted. He notices the vain reports which they have propagated, and is highly indignant that they should have presumed to describe the original Romans 'as nothing better than vagabonds and barbarians, and the empire itself as founded, not on piety and justice, but swelled to its grandeur and importance by chance and the caprice of fortune.'‡ There was no Greek writer on Roman affairs before his time, as he himself assures us, worthy of credit; even Polybius he shuffles in between two unknown authors, and mentions him cursorily as one of the μυριοι αλλοι, who wrote without discrimination, and built their narrative on casual and contemptible evidence. This remark, indeed, may be said to recoil upon the person who made it, and to be more injurious to Dionysius than to the historian of Megalopolis; but it tends to demonstrate what we are here insisting upon, that the former, in the composition of his work, not only laboured under the insurmountable disadvantage of a want of early authentic documents, but that he rejected those which at a later

* Antiq. Rom. i. c. 7. † Hist. iii. s. 9. ‡ Antiq. Rom. i. c. 4.

period

period were offered to his observation. He was determined, in short, to write a tale of wonders, and for that purpose he was compelled to dispose of those authorities which stood in his way, by one sweeping clause of contempt or censure. But deceit and forgery are seldom consistent; the expressions of his praise and disapprobation fall indiscriminately, and therefore harmlessly, on the same writer, and the Fabius whom he so lavishly extols in one passage as entirely trustworthy, is in another represented as superficial, and undeserving of any credit.*

The reasons which he gives for minutely investigating and detailing the early history of Rome, are admirably calculated for inspiring confidence in his readers! Because the writers who have flourished before him have run over, in a compendious manner, (κεφαλαιωδες επεδραμον,) ancient events, he thought it right not to pass in silence parts of history neglected by his predecessors. He commences his narrative from those old fables which the early compilers have left unnoticed: that is, he who lived nearly three centuries later than they did, was qualified to describe events, and solve difficulties which they rejected as absolutely impenetrable. The interval of 500 years entirely incapacitated *them* from giving a clear and consistent recital of the foundation, rise and progress of the Roman power; but the accumulation of time cleared the mist from his vision, and at the distance of 750 years he could relate not only the actions but the very words of the first movers in this eventful scene. All this is either positively asserted or distinctly implied by Dionysius in the opening of his work; and after such an avowal it is surely unnecessary to insist much longer on his claims to credibility.

The fact is, that in the construction of his history, Dionysius had particular theories to support, and various speculations to illustrate, and to these he has not unfrequently made his facts subservient. He is an ingenious political inquirer, full of curiosity and love of system, discursive and eloquent, with more imagination than judgment. He lived at Rome during the period of its greatest splendour, and overpowered by the magnificence of the spectacle which she presented to him, and willing perhaps to console his countrymen for their state of subjection by giving them an exaggerated idea of the sovereign nation, he believed or wished to believe that by inquiring into her early history, he should be able satisfactorily to account for her rise and supremacy. Hence, in mentioning the particular objects which he had in view whilst composing his history, he particularly notices the gratification of philosophical theory, and he gives us more than once a specific exposition of the

* Compare lib. i. c. 6. and lib. vii. c. 71.

theories which he intended to illustrate. A state is likely (he informs us) to enjoy tranquillity, or to be convulsed by dissensions, according as the lives of individuals are well or ill regulated, and therefore it behoves legislators and monarchs to control the conduct of individuals by law. He thought it necessary to write the early history of Rome, that excellent men might fulfil their destiny, obtain eternal glory, and be praised by those who come after; that thus the mortal might approximate to the divine nature.* These propositions, it will be seen, are not very profound, but they show the bias which his mind had taken, and they may serve to explain some of the contradictions and inconsistencies of his history. With these and other theories always present to his imagination, it will not appear surprizing that he attempted to support them, and at the same time to gratify the literary and philosophical characters of Rome with whom he was in daily habits of intercourse, by wresting facts to the elucidation of his opinions, and by even supplying the chasm with imaginary events, when he could not find real ones recorded for his use. His work, as a trustworthy record of past transactions, is of little value. 'It is,' as Müller† has justly observed, 'too beautiful and too animated to be true; fragments of poetry and traditions do not afford such pictures, and it is evident that the author must have filled up many chasms.' His history may, however, be considered as curious, inasmuch as it gives us a picture of the state of political philosophy, and of that talent for speculative inquiry which prevailed amongst the literary characters of the Augustan age.

Livy, the second authority on whom we chiefly rely for information respecting the early history of Rome, had infinitely more taste and judgment than Dionysius, and excels him beyond comparison in the art of narration. Let us take, for instance, the story of the combat of the Horatii and Curiatii, and of the death of Lucretia, and we shall be struck with the energy, the pathos, the delicacy which Livy has thrown into his narrative, when contrasted with the diffuseness and imbecility of the rival historian on the same subjects. The Roman, also, possessed a more philosophical mind than the Greek author, as is apparent not only from the force and truth of his occasional remarks, whose condensation sometimes reminds the reader of the deep sense of Tacitus, but also from the suspicion with which he regards the current fables of the early period of Rome, the doubts he expresses as to the validity of his authorities, and the art with which he glides over the most glaring and obtrusive parts of the historic fiction. Where Dionysius is positive and circumstantial, Livy is rapid and general; where the

* Lib. i. c. 6.

† Univ. Hist. b. v. s. 6.

former

former dwells with tedious minuteness on details which, if certain, are unimportant, and whose worthlessness is increased by their uncertainty, the latter pauses only to reconcile a difficulty, or to express a doubt. He defines with accuracy and truth the privileges of antiquity, emancipates himself from the grasp of her authority, and expresses with reasonable and philosophic diffidence his distrust of the acceptance of her tales by an enlightened posterity. Yet even Livy was obliged sometimes to yield to the wishes and temper of the times; he was compelled to gratify the vanity of his contemporaries, and to endeavour, out of a mass of incredible and inconsistent traditions, to form a continued and plausible narrative. He has, however, shown his art by what he has omitted, as well as by what he has inserted, and his silence is frequently more expressive than the eloquence of Dionysius.

As to Plutarch, we might almost as well think of searching Turpin's life of Charlemagne for grave historic facts, as his biography; a compilation which, though amusing to youthful readers, and valuable, for the tone of morality and virtuous sentiment which pervades it, bears such evident marks of credulity and deficiency of judgment, as to warn at once the philosophic inquirer from endeavouring to support any political theory by facts drawn from such a source. He indeed himself annihilates all the credibility which some might perhaps be inclined to attach to his history of the early Roman times, by informing us,* on the authority of Clodius, 'that the old histories were lost in the Gallic invasion, and that the subsequent accounts were compiled by interested people for the purpose of insinuating themselves into the favour of illustrious families.' The mention of this fact, which is told even in stronger language by Cicero,† will lead us to say a few words on the nature and authenticity of the early records of Rome, from which our information is said to be originally derived.

In the first ages of Rome, the use of letters was very sparingly diffused. So rude was the method of recording the lapse of time, that nearly 400 years after the foundation of the city, nails driven into the temple of Jupiter served to number the years which had passed. The annals, therefore, could hardly be supposed to exist before this period. None of those subsequent authors who refer to the annals as the sources of their information, have consequently ventured to fix the year of their commencement. They are referred to in a vague general manner, without any specification of

* Life of Numa.

† Ipsæ enim familiæ sua monumenta servabant ad memoriam laudum domesticarum; quanquam his laudationibus historia rerum nostrarum facta est mendosior; multa enim scripta sunt in eis quæ facta non sunt; falsi triumphi, plures consulatus, genera etiam falsa.—*Brutus.*

their age. Cicero informs us that the annals were written every year, in an album, by the pontifex maximus, and placed in his house, that they might serve as documents of reference to the people. They were continued, it is asserted, to the time of Publius Mucius, who was pontifex maximus in the seventh century of Rome, but still not a word is said of the date of their origin. Livy complains of the want of contemporary authority for the early history of the republic, and animadverts upon the confusion which prevailed in all the compilations of that period. He asserts that in the most ancient annals, the names of the consuls, and the events of each particular year could hardly be distinguished. Clodius even declares that there were no annals kept before the irruption of the Gauls, and that those which recorded the names of priests and magistrates, were forgeries.* But even if we were to grant that there existed a full and regular chronicle of transactions from the foundation of the city, nothing can remove our apprehensions that they perished in the Gallic invasion. If any survived, it could only be those which were engraven on tablets of brass or stone. Some of these, indeed, Polybius informs us, existed in his time; but from the nature of the materials to which they were committed, they must necessarily have been very concise and defective. They could not have indulged in detail; they would not, for instance, have recorded the particulars of Romulus's speech to his subjects, nor specified to which side of the heavens he turned his head, when he left his tent in the morning: Dionysius did not derive from them the information he has given us on those two important points. We read, indeed, occasionally of the use of *libri lintei*, but of what age these works were, we are not informed, and if they were ever used for the records of public events, they were of course more likely to perish in the fire which destroyed the city, than any other sort of memorial. There is a story, which Livy (iv. c. 20.) says he had *heard*, that Augustus, when he repaired the temple of Jupiter Feretrius, found the name of Cossus written on the linen breast-plate of Tolumnius, king of the Fidenates, which was preserved in that sanctuary; but the story is a vague one, and not entitled to much credit. Had Livy believed it, he certainly might have ascertained the fact; for what Augustus beheld, he might have seen. Besides, a single word on a breast-plate will not tend to prove that copious records were inscribed in linen volumes. The fact seems to be, that the later writers of Roman history sheltered themselves behind the name of these supposed records, and under that disguise obtruded their own inventions upon the public credulity. Hence absurdities and contradic-

* Plutarch in Numa.

tions

tions are unsparingly laid to the charge of the Annalists. Livy on their authority informs us, that there was a naval engagement at Fidenæ, between the Romans and Veientes; at Fidenæ, an inland town, watered by a rivulet! The Abbé Sallier* is satisfied of the authenticity of the Annals, because Cicero mentions that they existed in his time, and that he had an intention of writing a history of Rome on their authority. This is no more a proof of what the Abbé wished to establish, than that because Burke composed an English history, therefore the facts in our early chronicles are authentic. Besides, supposing that Cicero had given his talents to such an historical work, it does not follow that he would have retailed all the absurd stories with which Dionysius has loaded his pages. There is, therefore, no ground for arguing, as the Abbé has done, that Dionysius's account is true, because Cicero meditated a work from the same materials. The probability is that he would have rejected all the fables of the annals, and of tradition, in conformity with his own assertion—Hæc ætas jam exculta præsertim et erudita omne quod fieri non potest, respuit.—*Frag. de Repub.*

For our knowledge then of early Roman history, we have, in fact, no authorities on which we can with perfect confidence depend, and we are therefore justified in rejecting every part of it that is in contradiction with the moral and political analogies of our nature, and which offers violence, by its absurdity, to the common principles of human belief. Yet this history is told and retold without any material variation by every successive writer, and the deeds of Romulus and his successors are narrated, examined, and reasoned upon, as if they possessed the certainty of events which occurred in the age of Augustus. The authors of our country, from Mr. Hooke to Mr. Bankes, have, we believe, without an exception,† received with implicit confidence the facts and evidence offered to them, and have grounded their narration and reflections upon those flimsy and unstable materials. Amongst the writers of the rest of Europe, the two most celebrated, Macchiavelli and Montesquieu, have both constructed long chains of disquisition with the same pertinacity of belief, and speculated on transactions which never had an existence but in the imagination of the inventor. The former places Romulus and Cæsar in the same scale of personal authenticity. He even reasons on the fact of Romulus having killed his brother, assigns deep political motives to the murderer for the atrocities which he had committed, and shows the *necessity*

* Mém. de l'Acad. des Inscript. vi. p. 30.

† Ferguson can hardly be considered as an exception. He feebly expresses his scepticism in the introduction to his work; but he subsequently relates the events of the early Roman history, without being much disturbed by that scepticism.

of its being done, since it was indispensable that a new government should be administered by one person!*

All, however, have not evinced the same degree of historic faith; some have openly revolted against these absurdities of tradition, and have expressed their scepticism in bold and decisive language. The question was discussed with vigour, and even with acrimony, in the French Academy, about a century ago, and the chief combatants of the opposite parties, M. de Pouilly and the Abbé Sallier, in that arena, attacked and defended the credibility of Dionysius, of Livy, and their followers.† Amongst the late sceptics, M. Beaufort is perhaps the most able. In his Dissertation on the uncertainty of the early Roman history, (p. 12.) he skilfully combats the accounts which have been transmitted to us, and arrives at a conclusion which may perhaps startle our prejudices not a little, that nothing is more uncertain than what we have received, as the history of the first ages of Rome. M. Levesque, in his Histoire Critique de la République Romaine, has also evinced a very reasonable degree of scepticism on this point. M. de Pouilly has remarked the extraordinary coincidence between several of the stories which occur in the Greek and Roman writers, and from thence he justly argues that the latter stole them from the former. Plutarch (or whoever was the author of 'the Parallel') had indeed noticed the coincidence before; and the Abbé Sallier endeavours from that to raise an argument in favour of the cause which he supported, observing that this author assumes the Roman facts as notorious, and brings in the Grecian only as illustrations. But this, it is evident, proves nothing at all. The unknown writer might have derived all his knowledge of Roman history from Dionysius, and might have imbibed all his errors. Because the accounts of Dionysius were believed in the second century, or later, it does not follow, (as the Abbé‡ would infer) that therefore the Roman historians are not to be accused of pillaging the Greeks, in the compilation of their narratives.

The subject has, however, been examined with the greatest accuracy by the literati of Germany. In that country, several works have been published upon the historic period under our immediate consideration, which have attracted great and deserved attention. The most remarkable of these writers, for extent of learning and depth of reflection, is M. de Niebuhr, whose Roman history, though written in a style somewhat obscure, is likely, when generally known, to produce a great effect upon the reading and thinking part of the European community. His example has been,

* Discorsi, i. c. 9. † See Mem. de l'Acad. des Inscript. t. vi.
‡ See his 2d Dissert. Mem. de l'Acad. des Inscript. vi. p. 56.

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in part, followed, and his ideas developed by M. Wachsmuth, a professor at Halle, whose work displays much research and ingenuity.

We have thought it necessary to make these preliminary remarks, because we are persuaded that this subject has not yet received that attention from the English reader to which it is entitled. The works of de Niebuhr and Wachsmuth have hardly been mentioned in this country; we can venture to affirm that not half a dozen persons have read them, and almost as few entertain any scepticism on those points, the credibility of which they call in question. The tales instilled into us at school, are retained and believed in manhood; and the rape of the Sabines, the combat of the Horatii, and the self-devotion of Curtius, are as little doubted as the landing of William the Conqueror, or the signing of the Great Charter.

We propose, therefore, in the following article, not to enter at full length into an investigation of the discrepancies and contradictions of those assertions which have been transmitted to us as the basis of Roman history, (for such an inquiry would require a larger space than we can allot to it,) but to state briefly what has occurred to us as suspicious or unsatisfactory in the accounts of the ancient writers; and to call to our aid the occasional illustrations and observations of modern authors.

History is either a tale to amuse children, or a lesson to instruct philosophers; it is either an agreeable fiction for the excitement of the fancy, or a profound theme for the nourishment of the reason; and according as the subject is treated, may either serve merely to dissipate the weariness of an idle hour, or afford topics of meditation to influence the destiny of nations. In this its last and highest character, it may even now be said to be in its infancy. With philosophical history (properly so called) the ancients were nearly unacquainted. Their object was to compose a plausible and interesting narration of the events which they had witnessed, or of which they had received traditionary accounts; they kept to the bold and prominent lines of action; they mingled in the battle, assisted at the council, and sketched the chief actors in war and debate with a firm and spirited pencil. As far as their plan extended, it was executed in general with admirable effect. But *here* their labours and inquiries ceased: they saw, they comprehended, they described what was obvious and palpable; but the secret springs, the nice involutions by which the machinery of social order is set in motion, the infinite varieties of pursuit, the fluctuating shades of opinion, the reciprocal influence of morals on society, and society on morals, the tone and temper of domestic life, the spirit of laws and institutions, all those transient impulses with which crime and virtue, education and

and ignorance, the wants and abundance, the hopes and desires of mankind, silently and secretly affect the political constitution—these they either did not understand, or rejected from their pages, as unworthy of the dignity of history. The progress however of philosophical inquiry will no longer tolerate these omissions; the historic muse, if she means to assume her noblest character, if she wishes to be listened to as a preceptress, must reject the trifling graces with which she has been accustomed to allure and deceive, and put on the severer expression of thought and reflection; she must assume the privilege of instructing, compatible with the maturity of her powers, and must collect and arrange the materials of her long and varied experience to enlighten and ameliorate the world.

'Now that the great map of mankind (in the language of Burke) is unrolled at once, and there is no state or gradation of barbarism and no mode of refinement which we have not at the same moment under our view; now that we can employ philosophy to judge on manners, and from manners draw new sources of philosophy,' the annals of ancient history appear, we confess, meagre and unsatisfactory; and we cannot peruse, without disgust, the bald narrations, the incredible traditions, and the unenlightened speculations, which too frequently deform the pages of the classic authors. Nor are the splendid exceptions, which three or four of the most illustrious writers of that period afford, sufficient entirely to remove this literary loathing. Least of all is the historian, who will chiefly engage our attention in our subsequent inquiry, calculated to restore the tone of our intellectual appetite to its state of salubrity. Students, who complain of the want of authenticity in narration, and of the absence of sound philosophy in speculation, must not have recourse to the Chronicler of Halicarnassus.

But we shall have ample opportunity of illustrating this remark as we proceed. Indeed, the very first time we look to Dionysius for authority, he narrates a fact, and makes an avowal, each of which taken separately is sufficient to invalidate if not destroy his credit as an historian. He gives a very circumstantial account of the landing of Æneas in Italy, and why does he do so? Because, as he informs us, others have omitted it. He even details the speech which the warrior made to Latinus on his first introduction, and relates the monarch's reply, with the clearness and copiousness of one who had actually been present at the interview. One who retails improbable or impossible events, at the outset of his labours, will not easily win the belief of his readers, even though he be afterwards more discreet and consistent. That Æneas landed in Italy, with a small band of followers, and obtained a wife and a settlement, with a powerful prince for his rival in love and arms, is about as probable as that the Trojan Brutus arrived in Albion about

about the same time, and inflicted his name and race on this island. Yet the one is never considered as any thing but a fable, (notwithstanding Milton's assertion that, 'of Brutus and his line, with the whole progeny of kings, to the entrance of Julius Cæsar, we cannot so easily be discharged;'*) while the other is recounted by grave historians as a certain event, and in fact forms the basis of a wild and improbable fiction of above 200 years. Livy is satisfied with the evidence of its truth: 'satis constat,' he remarks, that such was the case, but he does not quote his authorities. Tacitus throws discredit upon it by his silence. He notices the establishment of regal power, the acquisition of liberty, and the election of consuls, but says not a word about Æneas. The great mass of readers have however been more pleased with the circumstantial tales of Dionysius, and the eloquent descriptions of Livy, than with the reserve of Tacitus; and the fable has prevailed, in defiance of sense and credibility. The reason is, that mankind do not like to be obliged to confess their ignorance: they demand of the historian a continued narration, probable and veracious if he can make it so, if not, at all events a narration.

The farther we advance in our investigation of this period the more difficulties and contradictions do we discover. The birth and education of the twin brothers is too revolting to the general principles on which we calculate the probability of events, to demand from us a serious refutation. Diocles is the oldest Greek author, according to Plutarch, who mentions the story, but neither Dionysius nor Livy ever quotes him; and (as †M. Levesque has observed) he cannot be earlier than the end of the sixth century before our era, since the Greeks had no historians till that time, and he is therefore a modern writer, in relation to the events which he describes. Other absurdities in the narrative, not less revolting to all the laws of testimony, soon present themselves to our consideration. Romulus hastens to rescue his brother Remus from prison, where he had been confined in consequence of some skirmish with banditti, and almost immediately afterwards, joined only by the partners of his enterprize, his followers in the rescue, he revolutionizes a kingdom, restores his deposed grandfather to the throne of Alba, founds a town, opens an asylum, chooses from the farrago of rogues and vagabonds there assembled, a council of 100 senators, divides and subdivides the motley population into tribes and curiæ, and executes the functions of a complex policy with the refined sagacity and foresight of the most experienced statesman. Sallust has remarked upon the incredibility of this sudden coales-

* Prose Works, v. ii. p. 3. 4to. edit.
† Hist. Critique de le Répub. Romaine, t. i. p. 11. Pref.

cence

cence of discordant elements; not so Mr. Moyle: with a tone of didactic complacency, unruffled by any of those doubts which would disturb more irritable and suspicious men, he gravely informs us, that 'Romulus erected a frame of government, upon such admirable orders, both civil, military, and religious, that if no alteration had been made in the fundamental laws by himself, or his successors, it would have been the most noble, as well as most lasting constitution of limited monarchy that ever was in the world.'*

Yet the founder of this perfect monarchy, with all his political wisdom, could devise no better expedient for securing the continuance of his kingdom, than the barbarous one of carrying off either 30,† 683, or 800 females (for so much do our accounts vary) from a neighbouring nation; and with this prospective population, he was strong enough to wage war with the adjoining states, and to be successful in his enterprizes against them. Even Plutarch, whose capaciousness of belief is in general inordinate, is startled at the story, and suspects that it may be too much for the future students of history. 'This tale (he says) may appear δραμαϊικον και πλασματωδες; but we must not, on that account, disbelieve it, seeing what power Fortune has over events, and considering that the Roman affairs would never have reached such an elevation, if they had not had a divine origin, and if nothing great or contrary to human experience had happened.'—*Vit. Rom.* By such sweeping and general observations did the ancient historians attempt to reconcile improbabilities. Thus did they supply the want of records, and attempt to obviate the contradictions of experience.

Mr. Bankes gravely remarks upon the transaction which we are now considering, that 'it was amongst the first cares of the monarch to provide for the duration of his great work; and though the means which he took were violent and indefensible, it is not easy to conceive what other expedient he could have recourse to for the purpose of setting right the immense disproportion between the two sexes, which threatened his rising society with inevitable and rapid extinction.'—(vol. i. p. 11.) It is certainly not easy to conceive how the carrying off, at the most, 800 females, could enable Romulus to find a partner for each of his thousands of warriors; nor can we possibly explain how the issue of this union was to be a defence in present difficulties. It is plain to the humblest understanding, that the operation of this measure could only be pro-

* Essay on the Roman Government, p. 4.

† Mr. Bankes is mistaken in saying that 'the largest account, which is that of Dionysius, makes them 683, whilst the lowest reckons them at no more than 30.' Hist. v. i. p. 12. Plutarch raises the number to 800. See Comparison of the Lives of Theseus and Romulus.

gressive.

gressive. Against the immediate and urgent pressure of war, he is represented as providing a mode of resistance which could not begin to operate till long after the cause which called for such resistance had ceased to act. Dionysius indeed says, that his community was increased by emigrants from other states; that the Cæninenses and Antemnates brought their wives and children, to the number of 3,000; and that the Camerini also, to the amount of 4,000, transferred themselves to the new kingdom;* but even allowing the truth of this account, (which is conceding a great deal too much,) we should still remain at an immeasurable distance from a rational and plausible solution of the difficulty. These colonists only arrived, as Dionysius informs us, in consequence of Romulus's success in war against them; he must therefore have had a force sufficient to subdue them before he admitted them as subjects and coadjutors: and we are consequently reduced again to ask the same question, Where did Romulus procure a physical strength sufficient to overcome and conquer his neighbours? But the most wonderful part of the story is not yet told. If we believe the historian of Halicarnassus, Rome was strong enough not only to establish herself, but to conquer—not only to conquer, but to colonize. The tardy operations of other states and empires were by her compressed into the compass of a few years; the long alternations of struggle, of victory, and of defeat, of success and of depression, which all other people, of whom we have any record, have, with slow perseverance, endured and surmounted, were by her passed by or eluded. Dionysius† specifies some of the colonies which at this early period she sent out; and he not only relates this incredible event with complacency, but in another place reasons and theorizes in his usual manner, upon the general advantages of colonization, and attributes the flourishing state of Roman liberty to the plan so soon adopted of sending settlers to the conquered cities.

Romulus, we are informed, in the subsequent wars in which he was engaged, brought into the field 46,000 infantry and nearly 1,000 horse, or about one-eighth of the force which Rome, when mistress of the world, employed to secure her empire from the Atlantic ocean to the Euphrates, and from the confines of Caledonia to the mountains of Atlas. This exceeded the amount of her army after she had existed 400 years, when, as Livy‡ informs us, she had ten legions of 4,200 foot and 300 horse each, or in all 45,000 men, observing, that even at that period of her increased grandeur and opulence, she was hardly able to raise an army on that scale. But what is the extent of population which

* Antiq. Rom. ii. c. 35. 50.
† Id. ib. c. 35.
‡ Hist. vii. 25.

such

such a military force would necessarily imply? Montesquieu says, that a prince, who has a million of subjects, cannot support 10,000 troops without being ruined. On this supposition the numbers of Roman citizens would have been 4,600,000! If we take another estimate, the lowest and most favourable, according to Halley's rule,* that the warriors are only one-fourth of the peaceable inhabitants, even then we shall have to provide for 184,000 men, women, and children, and where we are to find subsistence for them in a city without trade, without territory, and without commerce, we cannot imagine. We are reduced to exclaim with Condillac, 'Voilà ce qu'on croit, et ce qu'il faut savoir, quand on ne peut pas découvrir ce qui est.'—*Hist. Anc.* c. 2.

The end of the first monarch of Rome was as mysterious as his birth and education, and as wonderful as his whole career. He was born in water, and vanished in air; and to those elements, it may be said, the narrative of his actions should be committed. He reigned, according to our historian, thirty-seven years; and in that time effected the work of at least three centuries. To him is attributed the introduction of several profound and comprehensive schemes of policy; with what probability we shall now proceed briefly to consider.

The severity of servitude which the ancient Thessalians and Athenians had established, Romulus, according to his panegyrist, softened down into a liberal and mutually advantageous connection between patron and client. The following is the account which Dionysius gives of this singular institution.

'The patricians were bound to explain to their clients the necessary points of law of which they were ignorant, and to watch over their interests, whether they were present or absent, performing towards them the duties of parents to their children, both with respect to the acquisition and disposal of property. They were bound also to bear the weight of all suits instituted for the relief of their clients, if they were aggrieved in the contract; to support them against their accusers; and, in a word, to afford them that relief, both in their private and public capacities, of which they stood in need. The clients, in return, were bound to portion out the daughters of their patrons in marriage, if their parents were poor; to pay their ransom to an enemy if either they or their children were made prisoners, and to discharge out of their own incomes, the costs of private causes, or fines due to the state; and this they were to regard not as an expense, but as a token of their gratitude. In all offices, public honours, and other charges, they were to share the burthen with them, as if they were one of the family. It was not allowed the parties to accuse each other in a public suit, or to bear witness or vote against each other, or to be numbered in the list of

* Or rather Shakspeare's. 'Divide our happy England into four,
Whereof take you one quarter into France.'—Hen. V.

enemies.

enemies. If any one offended in that manner, he was liable to the penalties of the law of treason, enacted by Romulus, and it was lawful for any one to put him to death as a sacrifice to Pluto.' *

We are not aware that any writer has taken notice of the contradictions which appear in this account. The patrons (says the historian) were bound to bear the weight of all suits in which their clients were engaged, and yet the latter were to pay for the former the cost of private causes, and fines due to the state; the clients were to assist their patrons if poor, though the dependence of the former on the latter was the consequence of their poverty; the persons who, by the terms of the mutual connection, were obliged to relieve their dependants with the excess of their wealth, looked to these dependants for help, in the deficiency of their own resources. The statement carries with it its own refutation. We are not to be told, that the same man assumes a privilege owing to his wealth, and claims an immunity in consequence of his poverty. If we reason upon it in another way, and show its contradiction to the spirit of the times and to the state of society, our conclusions will be nearly as decisive. For what does such a connection presuppose? In the first place, an unequal division of property; whereas, according to Dionysius, the lands were equally divided, and consequently there were neither rich nor poor. Secondly, the continuance, through a long period of years, of a state of civilization, consequent upon an unequal division of property, in which the original sameness of condition might have become completely obliterated, and the smooth and uniform surface of barbarous life been broken by the elevations and depressions of successful and unsuccessful struggles for the mastery. A patron would hardly offer his protection before he had the power to enforce its observance on others; and how is that power to be obtained in a horde of new settlers, whose very existence depended on the closeness of their union, and would be endangered and perhaps annihilated by any attempt at the partial elevation of a few? Perfect security, gradual accumulation of property, the ascendancy of mental cultivation over brute ignorance, an excess of the means of subsistence over the demand, these are the steps which would gradually lead to the refined relation of patron and client. But it is utterly impossible that these distinctions could have been created in the time specified by the historian, and therefore, even if his account were consistent, (which we have shown it is not,) there would still be sufficient grounds for rejecting it altogether. On this point, as indeed on most others relating to the early history of Rome, the

* Antiq. Rom. ii. c. 9, 10. Plutarch's account is nearly the same; Livy says not a word on the subject.

remarks

remarks of M. Condillac are sensible and philosophical. 'Il me semble (he observes) que cet usage est du nombre de ceux qui s'introduisent peu-à-peu, dont il n'est pas possible de remarquer les commencemens, et que par cette raison, on est tenté de faire remonter à l'origine du peuple chez qui on les trouve. Voilà, sans doute, pourquoi Denis d'Halicarnasse a mis le patronage parmi les institutions de Romulus. Mais peut-on présumer que les plébéiens aient recherché la protection des patriciens lorsque les fortunes étaient égales, et que d'ailleurs ils avaient eux-mêmes la plus grande influence dans les comices? Le patronage n'a pu s'établir que dans un temps où les plébéiens, tombés dans la misère et dans l'avilissement, avaient besoin de trouver dans les patriciens qui montroient de l'humanité, des protecteurs contre les patriciens qui les tyrannisoient. Il a pu commencer sur la fin de la monarchie.'—*Œuvres*, vol. xi. p. 100.

That in the later periods of the state a mutual relation existed between the upper and lower ranks, is known to every one. When and how it originated is, and ever will be, a subject of doubt. That it cannot be referred to the times of Romulus, both the narrative of Dionysius, and the silence of Livy, sufficiently testify. It is also difficult to determine what was the precise nature of the institution. Mr. Bankes (vol. i. 13) calls it a 'benevolent and useful connection, which subsisted perhaps in no other state, upon the foundation of reciprocal services and good offices only, without any reference to the tenure of lands;' but M. Wachsmuth proves from Festus, that the assignment of a portion of land to the client was an essential part of the patron's duty; and though all plebeians were not clients, (for there existed a distinct class, possessed of lands, and yet not dependent on patrons;) and though we cannot assert that there were no clients except those attached by holding lands, yet it is most probable that the mutual bond of union was the conferring and acceptance of landed property. There was, it may be conjectured, a graduated scale of service; and whilst some, for the performance of prescribed offices, received protection only, others were remunerated by special donations: whilst a third class, as in the feudalism of the middle ages, willingly resigned their lands to some powerful chief, in order to secure to themselves a possession undisturbed by the interference of more than one master.

The relation of patron and client existed to a late age of the empire, and in progress of time was not confined to individual connection; but embraced with its collective influence the attachment of colonies and conquered towns. These chose patrons and protectors from the principal men of Rome, and thus united themselves more closely to the fortunes of the parent state. As early as the year of Rome 487, the inhabitants of Antium having complained

complained to the senate of their want of laws and magistrates, had patrons assigned to them,—ad jura statuenda.* So sacred was the connection held at a subsequent period, that Augustus remitted to the natives of Bononia his claims upon their services against Antony, because they had been bound to the latter by the ties of patronage.† It was the custom for the senate to refer to the patrons those disputes from the towns and colonies which were constantly submitted to them for decision; and they thus stood as judges of equity between the contending parties. The moral and political effects of such an institution must have been very great; and it is altogether singular, that the most celebrated writers on Roman policy have paid little or no attention to this powerful political engine. It is easy to comprehend how its expansion would increase the vigour of the parent state; not indeed the brute physical strength, but that stronger, though ideal power, which invisible, like the force of gravitation, controls and regulates the mechanism subject to its influence. In the city it connected the different classes by reciprocal duties, it gave due pre-eminence to intellect and rank, and it taught animal force to acknowledge and respect the ascendancy of the understanding. Its effects on the remote towns and provinces were still more striking. It accustomed their inhabitants to look to that 'sacred majesty which hemmed in' their governors, with more than common veneration; and it established for them a point of appeal from the decisions and judgments of their immediate lords, which Dionysius informs us were frequently very tyrannical.

Another remarkable institution, attributed to Romulus, is the division of the people into Tribes and Curiæ. Dionysius's account is as follows:

'Romulus divided the people into three parts, and appointed a man of the highest consideration to preside over each. He subdivided each of the three into ten portions, and gave to every one a leader. The larger division he called Tribes, the smaller Curiæ. The Curiæ were again divided into Decuriæ, and commanded each by a Decurio. The land, in correspondence with this arrangement, was also broken into thirty parts, which were equally distributed among the Curiæ; one share having however first been set aside for the endowment of the religious establishments, and another for the public use. Romulus then proceeded to separate those illustrious for birth and valour, and who had children, from the humble and the insignificant. The latter he called Plebeians, the former Patres, *taking the idea from the republic of the Athenians.* To the Patres he assigned the office of the priesthood, the magistracy, the judicial power and administration of the state; to the Plebeians he allotted the employments of agriculture, and the lucrative trades.'—lib. ii. c. 7.

* Liv. Hist. ix. c. 20.

† Sueton. Aug. c. 17.

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This we see at once is a very artificial arrangement, and therefore, *prima facie*, inconsistent with the state of the society to which it was intended to be applied. Is then the account of Dionysius so well supported by other authorities as to enable us to rest with security on his statements? Are his inconsistencies and contradictions explained or softened by what we learn on the same subject from other ancient historians? We think not. Dionysius, we see, affirms that there was a triumvirate of the most eminent men of the colony to preside over the tripartite division which Romulus established, and that from these three originated the subsequent arrangement of thirty. To say nothing of the absurdity of talking about the most eminent and worthy of a society, where all were worthless,—for such, by the historian's own account, they must have been,—we will ask what reason is there for supposing, from the accounts of other writers, that the Tribes and Curiæ had any relation to each other? If it had been so, authors contemporary with, and posterior to Dionysius, would of course have mentioned the connection: but no such coincidence of accounts remains. On the contrary, Livy (*Hist.* i. c. 13.) affirms that the people were divided into thirty Curiæ, and at the same time three centuries of knights were chosen; but he says not a word of the former having arisen out of the latter, they are merely affirmed to have been contemporaneous in their establishment. That the Centuries were the same as the Tribes appears very probable from this circumstance, that Varro, Plutarch, and Festus, give the identical names to the three tribes established by Romulus, which Livy gives to the Centuries, viz. Ramnenses, Titienses, and Luceres. We may remark further, that the Curiæ were established, according to Dionysius, *previous* to the affair of the Sabines, and the Centuries or Tribes *after*; for the names given to them were, it is supposed, taken from the Sabine women. The division therefore of Tribes (or Centuries) was posterior to that of Curiæ, and of course the latter could not have arisen out of the former.

That the nature of the Tribes and Curiæ was essentially different, and that consequently the derivation of the one from the other is unlikely, appears from the direct as well as incidental testimony of many ancient writers. The Curiæ* had the superintendence and care of the sacred offices; they had the management of the money voted from the treasury for the support of the ecclesiastical establishment, and they offered sacrifices with the priests, and feasted with them in the Curial house. The Tribes (or Centuries) were of a military character, established, as Plutarch tells us, after the union with the Sabines, when the legion was increased to 6000 foot

* Dionys. Ant. Rom. ii. 23.

and

and 600 horse. The Comitia held by these two bodies were marked by a diversity of ceremonies, which appear to have had some relation to the different character and office of each. Thus the Comitia Curiata were not lawfully held except after the offering of sacrifices, whereas the Comitia Tributa were valid without that religious ceremony. M. Wachsmuth, indeed, does not hesitate to say, that the Curiæ were exclusively religious establishments; but this is going too far. Their general character was ecclesiastical, and so it remained till a late period of the Republic. 'Nunc quia prima illa Comitia tenetis (says Cicero) Centuriata et Tributa; Curiata tantum auspiciorum causâ remanserunt.'* But their members were liable in some degree to military service Two out of each, who had passed fifty years of age, and were distinguished for their family, their fortune, and their virtue, obtained from Romulus an immunity from military service, and from civil offices; but we are not aware that any passage of classical authority can be brought to prove their entire exemption.

There appear then, we think, no grounds for the assertion of Dionysius, that the Tribes preceded and gave birth to the Curiæ, It is, on the contrary, probable, that the latter were the most ancient of the two. We may very easily account for Dionysius representing the institution as he has done, by considering what was the character of the man, and what were the objects he had in view in the compilation of his history. He is a diffuse, rhetorical writer, addicted to theory and speculation. It was his wish to make it appear, that the Roman constitution gradually and naturally unfolded itself from one connected system, and that the author of that system was Romulus. But (as M. Condillac has well observed) those laws which Dionysius wishes to represent as the especial work of Romulus, are, in fact, even if we suppose them to be his creation, nothing more than what necessarily arose from the state of society then existing. They imply, therefore, no political sagacity in their introduction. For instance, he elevates him above the legislators of Greece, for having established the power of the father of a family over his wife and children; not observing that, before the establishment of civil societies, all parents had that power. The early Romans were compelled to be labourers and soldiers, and therefore abandoned the mechanic arts to slaves. This was a natural consequence of the infancy of their political establishment; Dionysius asserts that it was the work of Romulus, and applauds him for it. It is evident that he wrote entirely to please the taste of his Roman readers, and these students would not receive with much favour and indulgence any accounts which they

* De Lege Agrar. Or. 2.

 considered

considered as subtracting aught from the dignity of their origin. Rome, the great, the victorious, must have been so from the moment of her formation. No symptom of trembling imbecility, no infantine manifestations of inferiority, were ever to have displayed themselves in the political constitution of the future mistress of the world. The admission of her early weakness would have seemed to detract from the fulness of her meridian glory. But Dionysius might have learned from a writer of infinitely more depth and penetration than himself, (but of whom probably, for that reason, he speaks rather contemptuously,) to moderate his speculative notions upon the unity and continuity of the Roman constitution. Polybius gives it as his opinion, that the Roman power reached its pre-eminence, not by any pre-concerted scheme of political wisdom, but by taking advantage of the contingencies in affairs which presented themselves. *ο μεν δια λογου, δια δε πολλων αγωνων και πραγματων εξ αυτης αει της εν ταις περιπετειαις επιγνωσεως αιρουμενοι το βελτιον.**

If we have not in this inquiry succeeded in exactly defining the origin and character of the Tribes and Curiæ, we have at least made it apparent, that it is a subject on which investigation may and ought to be bestowed; that Dionysius's narrative is suspicious, and that therefore modern historians and compilers are not authorized in repeating his assertions, without examining and weighing his proofs. Yet those who have noticed the establishment at all, have not attempted to reconcile the contradictory statements of the principal authors to whom they refer; and Mr. Bankes has escaped the difficulty and discussion altogether, by merely mentioning the institution of Tribes and Curiæ, which he calls a parochial subdivision.†

The history of the origin and progress of the Senate is a subject not less involved in obscurity than that which we have just been considering. Dionysius is our chief authority, but his account is not supported by other writers, nor is it always consistent with itself. In order to make the scheme of government which he attributes to Romulus consistent and uniform, he represents the Senate as originally embodied by the joint election of the Tribes and Curiæ. The monarch, he says, appointed one person to preside over the city during his absence; each Tribe and each Curia chose three persons most remarkable for age and ability, so that the whole number amounted to 100. By this statement the Se-

* Hist. vi. s. 9. Machiavelli has made the same remark, without acknowledging to whom he was indebted for it; see his Discorsi, l. i. c. 25: Müller Univ. Hist. B. vi. s. 2. and Condillac, Hist. Anc. c. 7. have followed on the same side.

† Hist. i. p. 11. This term he probably took from Middleton's Treatise on the Roman Senate, p. 194, who stole it from M. Boindin's Discours sur les Tribus Romaines, Mem. de l'Acad. des Inscript. vol. i. p. 84.

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nate appears as a representative body, elected by the people. Livy, on the contrary, informs us that all the members were appointed by Romulus. Dionysius pronounces absolutely that a plurality of votes determined a question; and in the same chapter assures us, that there was an appeal to the sovereign.* The judgment of the lighter causes only was consigned to it; and yet it had the †cognizance of all crimes, such as treasons, conspiracies, poisonings, and assassinations; and was the council of appeal for individuals and cities in private and public disputes. It had not, Dionysius says, the power of electing magistrates, enacting laws, or making war and peace; and yet we find from Livy, (lib. iv. 26.) that on one occasion it ordered the tribunes to compel the consuls to appoint a dictator; and on another, itself created, or caused to be created, military tribunes. To the original number of 100 members, 100 more were added by Tatius; and yet at the death of Romulus there were in all only 100, according to Livy, and 150 according to Plutarch. Tarquin the elder created ‡100 more members, and then first the Senate consisted of 300; whereas §Dionysius subsequently informs us, that the two consuls, Brutus and Valerius, introduced 100 additional members, and then filled up the number to 300. How are all these contradictory statements to be reconciled? The modern historians do not attempt it. Hooke is satisfied with Dionysius's account, and as usual slumbers undisturbed by doubts and scruples; Ferguson hardly mentions the assembly at all. Mr. Bankes enters more at large into the disquisition, but he does not solve many difficulties, and is indeed sometimes embarrassed when he might easily have hazarded a probable conjecture. He doubts, for instance, whether the holding annual magistracies conferred seats in the house, not only during that year, but during life. He might have been assured that the latter could not have been the case, from the numbers which such an influx would imply. It would suppose an annual admission of between twenty and thirty consuls, censors, prætors, ædiles, tribunes, and quæstors. We will say twenty only, and reckon the probable life of each at no more than fifteen years. That would give a total of 300, one-half of its whole amount under Sylla.‖ This, therefore, it is evident, could never have been the case; and if they entered the Senate in virtue of their offices, they must have quitted it at the expiration of their annual dignity. Indeed Dion Cassius (in a passage which Mr. Bankes quotes) would never have noticed the admission, upon a particular emergency, into the senate house, by the censors, of all those who had served public offices, if such

* Antiq. Rom. ii. c. 14.
† Polyb. Hist. vi. s. 2.
‡ Dionys iii. c. 67.
§ Id. v. c. 13. See also Livii Hist. ii. c. 1.
‖ Appian de Bell. Civili. i.

had been the common custom. Sometimes we even find one of the officers of the state, whilst in actual possession of his dignity, excluded from the Senate. Thus Metellus, when quæstor, was not admitted, because after the battle of Cannæ he had advised the abandonment of Italy. Middleton therefore is mistaken when he says, that the 'quæstors, who were generally employed in the provinces abroad, assigned to them severally by lot, no sooner returned from their provincial administration than they took their places in the senate, and from that time forward, from the rank of equestrian, or what we commonly call Knights, became senators for life.'* So far from this being the case, it appears that even the tribunes were not senators till put on the roll by the censors. Sempronius Gracchus and C. Claudius, when invested with the latter office, refused to inscribe on the senatorial roll Cn. Tremellius, although he was then actually tribune; and though this refers to a later period of the Republic, it proves that the tribunes could not at that time claim admission in virtue of their office; and we may feel assured, that they would not have given up a privilege which they had once enjoyed. The period when the plebeians were first admitted into the senate is also by no means clearly ascertained. We might, indeed, perhaps rest satisfied with the fact, that Tarquin the elder introduced 100 plebeians into the assembly, if it were not that our authority is Dionysius; and that as the monarch first advanced these persons to the patrician dignity, an objection might be made that they were not, whilst plebeians, incorporated in the senate. M. Condillac supposes, apparently with reason, that after the establishment of the consular power, the patricians lost the exclusive right of entry into the Senate. As it was necessary, in order to be admitted into that body, that the candidate should have a qualification of property, the consuls chose the senators from the first class; and when their election fell on plebeians they made them patricians, after the example of the kings. But because they afterwards neglected this formality, the custom gradually prevailed of introducing rich plebeians into the Senate without giving them any title. The choice at last fell on the most worthy of both classes, and hence it was a disgrace to be amongst the number of the Præteriti.† With these and many more difficulties is the history of the senate surrounded; but we have not room for a more copious enumeration.

In the account of the reign of Numa, Mr. Bankes notices only one contradiction of which Plutarch is guilty. This author informs us that the sacrifices which the monarch ordained were simple and

* Treatise on the Roman Senate. Works, vol. iv. p. 182.
† See Festus, in voce Præteriti.

without

without blood; and yet he subsequently says, that a widow marrying was directed to sacrifice a cow with calf.* But this is a trifling offence compared with his contradictions of all analogy and probability, and the violence he offers to the natural gradations of opinion and sentiment. Several of the institutions attributed to this monarch are so totally out of all keeping, so contrary to the character of the age, that no statement, no assertions, can make them probable. The spirituality, for instance, of the religion which he is said to have inculcated, was too early by at least three centuries. The rejection of all statues and images from the temples, and the substitution in their places of the abstract idea of religion; the abolition of all sacrifices except those of the passions, was peculiarly likely to have had an effect on a rude, unlettered, uncivilized race of men, who were reeking with blood, and stained with all the crimes of inveterate profligacy! It is surely quite useless to attempt to draw political maxims and reflections from such materials as these; yet Mr. Bankes has done so, and in his notice of the institution of the college of heralds, has ventured to call it 'a well contrived check upon the violent manners of the times,' adding that it gave to the Romans, as well as to those with whom they might have any disputes, time to reflect before they resorted to arms, an offered a reasonable pause for explanation and adjustment, before they proceeded to extremities; the law of nations might be consulted during this awful interval of suspense, and the right of the strongest sustained a temporary interruption, which reason and reflection might take advantage of, and turn to the benefit of humanity.' Vol. i. p. 26. Explanation—law of nations—reason and reflection amongst a horde of uncivilized barbarians! Surely this sounds very like burlesque; as well as what Macchiavelli says on the same reign. Giudicando i cieli che gli ordini di Romolo non bastavano a tanto imperio, messono nel petto del Senato Romano, di eleggere Numa Pompilio successore a Romolo, acciochè quelle cose che da lui fossero state lasciate in dietro, fossero da Numa ordinate.' *Disc.* i. c. 11.

Numa also encouraged agriculture, 'for the purpose (says Mr. Bankes) of giving to his subjects some better occupation than that of war.' Now this is an art which requires perfect security for its exercise, and which evidently cannot exist in a country surrounded by fierce and implacable enemies, and subject to their inroads. It is absurd therefore to suppose that the sovereign should have

* In one of Numa's laws, preserved by Festus, there is also a sacrifice of blood ordained. In the old language of that day it runs thus: 'Pelecs asam junonis nei tancitod sci tancod junonei crinibos demisseis acnom feminam ceditod.' i. e. Let not a harlot touch the altar of Juno; if she touch it, let her with dishevelled hair sacrifice a ewe lamb to Juno.

wished to supersede, by the introduction of agriculture, those warlike occupations which alone conferred power and stability on his infant commonwealth. The reason why these tales were inserted in the political romance of the later Romans is sufficiently palpable. They had represented the rising colony as placed in a comparative state of security by the warlike genius of its founder; its present and future population was provided for, and its constitution settled according to the most approved forms of legislature. In thirty-seven years it had acquired consistency and stability. In order to please the imagination of their readers, and to account in the most agreeable and plausible way for its rapid increase, it was now necessary to assign to it a period of repose, in which the means of securing subsistence were provided, arts encouraged, agriculture protected, and the pacific qualities of the people cherished and developed. By the magic power of the sovereign this transmutation is happily effected. A horde of turbulent robbers is at once converted into a settlement of peaceful husbandmen; the sword is literally turned into a pruning-hook, and laws, religion, and morality are produced and perpetuated with a rapidity and success of which there is no instance in the annals of the world. This may be agreeable fiction, but it is nothing more; and philosophical speculations hazarded upon such facts are not very likely to lead to practical utility. Yet even Montesquieu and Macchiavelli have, by their love of theory and system, been led to speculate on events which their sober reason must have convinced them were imaginary. The former seriously remarks, that one of the causes of Roman grandeur was that all the kings were great men, and that in no other history is there to be found an uninterrupted succession of such statesmen and such captains.* The latter as gravely observes, that it was *necessary* that a legislator of civil life should arise at the commencement of its career: 'era necessario, che surgesse ne' primi principii suoi un ordinatore del vivere civile.'† On which he makes this reflection, 'Donde si può notare che uno successore non di tanta virtu quanto il primo può mantenere uno stato per la virtu di colui che l'ha retto innanzi e si può godere le sue fatiche.' Surely this is not worthy the name of philosophy—Even if the facts were authentic, such an assertion would be useless; as they are false, it is mischievous. Machiavelli had this fabulous history of early Rome in his thoughts, when, in sketching the rise and progress of governments, he informs us that a tribe of new settlers would first choose for their chief the strongest and most courageous man amongst them; and that when afterwards

* Grand. et Dec. c. 1.

† Discorsi, l. c. 19.

they

they came to elect a prince, they would appoint the most prudent and most just.

But the character and conduct of Numa seem to have been regarded with such veneration, that nothing was too improbable to be attributed to his reforming power; nothing too difficult for him to achieve. Plutarch, with unruffled solemnity, informs us of a very important change which he effected in the female character,—a change which, with all our respect and admiration for the fair sex, we very much doubt whether all the laws of all ages would be able to accomplish. 'He introduced (says the philosophical narrator) great modesty amongst them; he took away their *curiosity*, he taught them to be sober, and accustomed them to be *silent*. They refrained altogether from wine, and *never spoke*, even on urgent matters, without their husbands!'* So admirably was the balance adjusted, that, according to the same historian, no quarrel took place between any women until the reign of Tarquinius Superbus, when the harmonic chord was broken by an unfortunate altercation between Thabæa, the wife of Pinarius, and her mother-in-law Gegania. Most of our readers will, we imagine, be of opinion, that this story does not add so much to the reputation of the legislator as it detracts from the merit of the narrator.

It would be impossible, in the compass of a few pages, to investigate all the tales of ancient Roman history, obvious either to suspicion, or convicted of absurdity. The institutions however of Servius Tullius are represented as such masterpieces of political skill, that they must not be passed without notice. His comprehensive legislation embraced (if we may credit Dionysius) every right, and defined every claim of the monarch and the citizen. 'These rights (in Mr. Bankes's words) included every thing which can be desired by a people living under a monarchy; the King was elected by the people, and the senate also; the king was bound to govern himself by their advice: but the sovereignty was ultimately lodged in the body of the citizens, with power to enact laws, to create magistrates, to declare war, and to receive and determine appeals in all causes both from the king and the senate.'† Here all at once, without any preparation, or rather in direct opposition to the previous course of events, the popular part of the constitution is represented as acquiring the ascendancy; the regal power, lately paramount, is virtually annihilated; the king, from being an absolute tyrant, becomes a mere puppet of royalty; the people elect their governor, control him when elected, make their laws, and decide upon the appeals from those laws. Did Servius

* Comp. of Numa and Lycurgus, p. 168, Ed. Bryan.

† Vol. i. p. 39.

Tullius

Tullius himself make these concessions?—that is not very probable. Were they wrung from him?—such a complete revolution could not have taken place between the death of his predecessor and his own elevation; and we have no hints that Tarquin was so fettered during his reign. The regulations said to have been introduced by Servius Tullius, respecting the distinction and qualification of property, are quite inconsistent with the state of manners which must have been prevalent in the infant community to which they were applied. Can we believe that institutions which demand centuries of trial, of alteration, of doubt, and which imply habits of thinking which can exist only in an advanced period of society, the importance and utility of which, so far from being self-evident, are not unfrequently denied by the most enlightened of a civilized age and country, should have at once been devised and enacted by the rude governor of a turbulent populace? Is it within the limits of probability, that he whose police was so wretchedly ineffective that even his palace did not secure him from a violent and ignominious death, should have been the author of a scheme of refined administration, which pre-supposes perfect security and tranquillity both on the part of the governor and the governed? 'The foundation of this great constitutional work was extremely simple and rational,' observes Mr. Bankes. So indeed it may possibly appear to us, amongst whom the various shades of property are marked and discriminated with precision; but how would it have appeared to the barbarous and turbulent Romans; to those Romans who were accustomed to scenes of lawless atrocity, who were soon to behold a son-in-law hurling their murdered monarch from his throne, and a daughter guiding the wheels of her chariot over his mangled carcase? These were the people, no doubt, to comprehend thoroughly the merits of the new system, the nice adjustment of rates and charges, the equal pressure of taxation, the compensating advantages of influence! Let Servius enjoy his reputation with those who are liberal of their concessions, and parsimonious of their scepticism. We may apply to him what Livy said of another hero, perhaps equally imaginary: 'Rem ausus plus famæ habituram ad posteros quam fidei.'

After narrating the tragedy of Lucretia, and the revolution in the government consequent upon her death, Mr. Bankes proceeds at p. 58 thus: 'It is singular that after so sudden and unforeseen a revolution, the government should have at once taken that form which it maintained with some slight and casual interruptions for between four and five centuries; and it evinces great penetration and enlarged views in Brutus, who was the director and contriver of the whole, to have discerned how little was necessary to be done at the first moment, and to have limited the change to the strict exigency

igency of the case.' The penetration and enlarged views of Brutus may, however, well be questioned. That prospective wisdom, that sagacity which provides for the contingencies of five centuries was not possessed by Brutus, nor indeed by any other mortal of whom we have authentic records. Merely to* change the number of elective magistrates from one to two, and to leave to time and chance the task of correcting all those evils which it was evident would and actually did arise from this new constitution, certainly discovered no extraordinary mental vigour. Yet this was all that Brutus achieved, even if we subscribe to the veracity of the statement, which is at least questionable. We, who live after the events, are too apt to mistake natural consequences for predisposed causes. In the words of a philosophical writer, 'Nous oublions en quelque sorte que nous sommes venus après les évènemens. Nous les parcourons d'abord avec avidité; et parcequ' ensuite nous voulons observer l'enchâinement des choses, nous nous transportons dans les premiers siècles, d'où il nous est facile de prévoir ce qu'on ne prévoyoit pas encore. Alors il nous paraît naturel que ce qui a été la suite d'un usage ou d'une loi en ait aussi été l'objet, et nous disons: cette révolution est l'effet de cet établissement, donc cet établissement a été fait dans la vue de la produire.'†

The death of Tarquin forms, Mr. Bankes observes, (p. 70.) 'a remarkable æra, on account of the first appearance of those violent agitations and dissensions which, during a long period, distracted and convulsed the state, and threatened more than once its utter dissolution.' This remark (which Mr. Bankes may have taken from Macchiavelli)‡ is not correct: for Dionysius, speaking of the death of Tarquin, and of the events consequent upon it, says ἡ πολιτικὴ ϛάσις αὖθις ἐπανίϛαται, which of course implies a state of previous dissension. The oppression of the Patricians appears, however, from that time to have been more manifest and decided, and they indulged in considerable exultation at the prospect which his removal opened to them. Nor are there any grounds for another assertion of our historian, (p. 73) that 'there exists probably no parallel instance of a people, in a state of society resembling that of the Romans, rapidly increasing in prosperity and population, and choosing their own magistrates, in which the lower classes lived under so great a degree of depression.' This at least is totally irreconcileable with the picture which he has given us of the preponderance of their authority under Servius Tullius, where, as we have just seen, they are represented as controlling even their monarchs. The depression of which Mr. Bankes complains, was

* Macchiavelli, Discorsi, i. c. 9.
† Condillac, Hist. Anc. c. 9.
‡ Discorsi, i. c. 3.

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in consequence of the division of the citizens into two distinct orders, that of debtor and creditor. As the account is transmitted to us by historians, ancient and modern, we might be led to suppose that one broad and distinct line was drawn between the two classes, and that, according as the party stood on one side or the other, it inflicted or endured the most violent and galling tyranny. But this oppression imposed and submitted to, appears only to have been the natural consequence of a change in the state of affairs, and may be explained satisfactorily. The gradual increase of wealth and property destroyed the original equality of citizens; talents and industry, during the period which had elapsed since the foundation of Rome, rose above stupidity and indolence, and thus exercised a powerful control over them. The wealth and property acquired by the active and intelligent, soon accumulated beyond what they could employ, and they therefore lent the surplus to others. This, as is always the case, in the infancy of commercial and mercantile speculations, bore a very high interest, and produced a great profit—which tempted others to embark in the same career. This consequently lowered its rate, and materially injured the original borrowers, who had still the same high interest to pay, though their gains by the influx of competitors were very considerably diminished. Ruin ensued; the claims which the debtor could not pay in money, he was obliged to satisfy in some other manner. Notwithstanding the rate of interest was lowered for their relief to one per cent. they were still overwhelmed by their difficulties, and were obliged to be bound in service to their creditors. They were then said to be *nexi*.* In some cases, the debtor discharged his obligation by cultivating the landed property of his creditor.† In others, his goods were seized, his remaining property sold, and he himself with his children, reduced to slavery.‡ Here then we see that the debtor suffered very little more at that time than he does now. We have substituted imprisonment for hard labour, and the family is not involved in the responsibility of the parent. There is no occasion, therefore, we apprehend, for that sympathy expressed by Mr. Bankes, for the condition of the lower orders. It proceeded naturally out of the increasing wealth and prosperity of the community.

The secession of the army to the Sacred Mount, which is said to have followed these divisions, its inaction there during many days, its conciliation by a tale of Agrippa, rest on no accounts sufficiently authentic to dispel the air of fable which hangs about them. But whatever may have been the immediate cause of the

* Liv. lib. vii. c. 19. † Dionys. v. c. 64, 65. ‡ Livii, ii. 24.

creation

creation of tribunes, it is probable that it took place about this time, and, by its institution, altered or rather destroyed the ancient spirit of the constitution. This office, wrung from the Patricians by the plebeians, at first aimed at nothing more than the establishing a check on patrician exactions and oppression, by opposing a *veto* to their proceedings. The defence was, however, soon changed into an attack; par une maladie éternelle (says Montesquieu*) des hommes, ces plébéiens qui avoient obtenu des tribuns pour se défendre, s'en servirent pour attaquer; and in the instance of Coriolanus, they succeeded in impeaching a political enemy. Their success is chiefly to be attributed to their having taken the votes by tribes and not by centuries, for which latter method the patricians were most urgent. From this time, a custom began of the tribunes appointing a day for any citizen they chose to impeach, to plead his cause before the people. The consequence of this, was a great increase of power to the popular party, and a corresponding depression of the aristocracy. Dionysius is of opinion that this was upon the whole a salutary practice†—'Many good and honourable men endured' (he says) 'things quite unworthy of their virtues, and lost their lives shamefully and basely by the votes of the tribes; but many bold and tyrannical persons, obliged to give an account of their actions, suffered merited punishment.' The patricians could not, however, be easily brought to accede to such a humiliation. They continued to protest against the authority of the tribunes, asserting that it was a magistracy not of the people,‡ but of the mob, which mob (as Livy elsewhere asserts) controlled, rather than acknowledged, the power of their own popular officers.

The proposal of the Agrarian law, which was introduced about this time, the effects of which were discernible to the latest period of the republic, increased the popular clamour, depressed the patrician influence, and elevated in proportion the wishes and demands of the lower orders. It was the source of much internal division in the state, but it cannot be doubted that it was one cause of its future grandeur, by indirectly extending its passion for conquest. War was the remedy which the rulers constantly applied to the turbulence and demands of the people; the warlike spirit was thus kept alive and encouraged, till it became an essential

* Grand. et Dec. c. 8.

† And so thinks Macchiavelli. Questo ordine (he says) fa duoi effetti utilissimi ad una Repubblica. Il primo è che i cittadini per paura di non essere accusati non tentano cose contra allo stato, e tentandole sono incontinente e senza rispetto oppressi: l'altro è che si da via onde sfogare a quelli umori che crescono nelle cittadi in qualunque modo contra a qualunque cittadino. E quando questi umori non hanno onde sfogarsi ordinariamente ricorrono a modi straordinari che fanno rovinare in tutto una repubblica. Discorsi, i. c. 7.

‡ Livii Hist. ii. 56.: *populus* and *plebs* are the distinctive terms he uses.

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part of the constitution. The continued indulgence of that spirit led to its confirmation; and what was at first only intended to palliate a disorder, became the source of strength and prosperity. The original proposal for dividing lands had been made some time before, and, what is remarkable, by a patrician, Spurius Cassius, but for purposes of his own* personal aggrandizement. He paid for his attempt with his life, but he sowed the seeds of that dissension whose bitter fruit was gathered in subsequent ages. The aristocratic party became, after his death, more overbearing and insolent; the consuls neglected the edicts which the law had passed for a division of lands, and even the tribunes seem to have in some measure betrayed their trust, and to have relaxed their exertions. They were accused at least of treachery. The wildness and impracticability of the scheme did not prevent its being constantly proposed; like Antæus, it rose with additional vigour from each overthrow, and kept alive that discord which finally subverted the state. A factious tribune had only to propose this law, popular clamour was always ready to second the proposal, and the despair and poverty of the lower orders, met by an equal though different degree of irritation on the part of the rich, kept the republic in such a state of inflammability, that the slightest occurrence was able to produce an explosion. The utter impracticability of the scheme, its total inconsistence with an advanced period of society, the obvious truth that if all were equal there would be no expansion of that spirit which, in the ornamental or necessary arts, refines and civilizes life; the death-blow put by such a law to one of the strongest desires of our nature, that of improving our condition; these truths, though apparent on a very little reflection,† made no impression on a people not yet sufficiently cultivated to comprehend their importance. They grasped at the near and tangible forms of immediate benefit, and regarded not the shadows of permanent advantage which faintly appeared in the distance.

The law of Volero, A. U. C. 283, (which Mr. Bankes imperfectly states to have been merely a law for the creation of all plebeian magistrates in the assembly by tribes) gave a deadly blow to the exclusive jurisdiction of the senate. By that, the people acquired the right of assembling the Comitia Tributa, and of there

* Macchiavelli is mistaken in his account of the origin of the law. He attributes it to a general principle, to a continued spirit of aggrandizement on the part of the people, whereas it was one of individual ambition. Disc. i. c. 37.

† And yet Montesquieu asserts, that it was—'le partage égal des terres qui rendit Rome capable de sortir d'abord de son abaissement, et cela se sentit bien quand elle fut corrompue.' Grand. et Dec. c. 3.

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discussing and enacting any topics or laws which regarded their own interests; and as this latitude of expression enabled them to introduce every public measure into their deliberations, they established the privilege of legislating, without the interference or control of the superior assembly.

The next important step gained by the popular party, was the appointment of commissioners to model a system of regulations as to the authority of consuls, which was followed some years afterwards by the establishment of the decemviral power, and a total change in the government.

This remarkable and, we may even say, unnatural change took place upon the return of the ambassadors, who had been sent to Athens to consult the laws of Solon, and the political institutions of the Grecian states. The people who, according to our historian, had been proceeding with rapid strides towards the accomplishment of their wishes, received at once a decisive check. They agreed to resign the fruits of their exertions, and to relax their efforts against the patrician authority. Without any cause being assigned for this sudden and unaccountable change, inexplicable on any known principle or analogy, we are told that they consented to the appointment of ten patrician magistrates, invested with despotic powers, against which there was to be no appeal, for one whole year. If this really happened, it must have been introduced and brought about by circumstances and events of which we have no remaining accounts: for to suppose that the establishment of the decemviral power followed immediately the violent struggles of the plebeians for independence; to imagine that the energy, the activity with which the lower orders had for some years asserted and preserved their rights, produced the torpor of acquiescence, is as absurd as to suppose that concussion is the cause of rest.

There are natural causes and results in the movement of human affairs, as well as in that of masses of matter; and though they are by no means so apparent, yet it is as unphilosophical to disregard the fixed moral principles of our nature in writing the history of our species, as it would be in a mathematical problem to proceed in direct opposition to an axiom. Mr. Bankes has not always kept this in mind, for he informs us (p. 98.) that the appointment of commissioners to establish a permanent system of regulations, as to the authority of consuls, *led to* the extraordinary powers vested in the decemvirs, or, in other words, the triumph of the people led to its submission.

It was the want of a written law that in fact caused the establishment of the decemviral power: for there appears to have been nothing of the sort except what was contained in the sacred volumes, to

to which the patricians only had access.* The kings used to pronounce judgment, and their judgment was law. This power was continued with the consuls, and their decisions were quoted as precedents by their successors in authority. This barbarous mode of proceeding, which evidently put the lives and property of every individual in daily hazard, could not, it is manifest, long continue in an advancing period of society. The desire which the people expressed for the possession of a code of laws, and the sacrifices which they made to obtain it, may be considered as one of the most decisive proofs of their moral and intellectual improvement. Their police at that time, as Hume has remarked,† was not better than that of Tartars, but henceforth they might lay claims to a higher place in the scale of civilization; and though they were betrayed and oppressed by those whom they had appointed to the office, yet they gained the material point for which they struggled, a more exact definition of their rights as citizens, sooner perhaps by the tyranny, than they would have done by the mildness of their legislators.

At this point we take leave of Dionysius, and with him of a good deal of our doubt and uncertainty; for though Livy, our future guide, is not free from contradictions, yet his art was much more refined and his philosophy more sound; so that though he often narrates what he could not possibly believe, he is yet cautious in general not to offend us by a too glaring exhibition of incredibility. The quarrels of the plebeians and patricians respecting the intermarriage of the two ranks, and the admission of the former to the consular power, is what is now represented as having occupied the public attention. War, as usual, was the remedy which the aristocracy applied to the disorder, and a refusal to enlist was the refuge of the commonalty. The demands, however, of the latter seem to have been made merely for the sake of enjoying the pleasures of a contest, solely for the purpose of feeling the agreeable stimulus of galling their superiors: for when the privilege of electing military tribunes with consular powers was conceded to them, the people created all patricians. The military tribunes vacated their office in the third month, owing to some informality at the election, not discovered till then. The patricians chose an interrex. Then was renewed the dispute whether they should proceed to elect consuls or military tribunes; and the patricians, who were in favour of the former, prevailed. Why? for this curious reason—that the people were certain to confer either honour on the patricians, and it was therefore considered useless to contest the

* Dionysius, x. i.; and Livy, iv. c. 3.
† Essay on the Populousness of ancient Nations, p. 438.

point.

point. We are not informed why the people, who are represented as so anxious to elect from their body one of the highest officers of the state, should, when they had with much difficulty obtained that privilege, give up the right of exercising it, because, says the historian, they were sure to choose a patrician, and their leaders preferred not being brought within the possibility of being elected, to the certainty of being passed by as unworthy.* If this account is to be relied upon, it marks undoubtedly a tenacity of power and influence in the patricians, inconsistent with what other parts of the narration would lead us to infer. The plebeian party could not be very strong, if, having at one time obtained a point of great importance for which it contended, it durst not, or could not, exercise it, and at another it feared to use the privilege, lest failure should mark the unworthiness of the candidates which it brought forward. Even when, after the murder of Mælius, by Ahala, master of horse to Cincinnatus, military tribunes were again elected, the people, (these are Livy's words,) although they had been agitated during that year by many and various commotions, did not elect more than three military tribunes, and all of patrician rank. This took place again, shortly after, when the tribunes of the people, having carried their point of proceeding to the election of military tribunes with consular power, had the mortification to find that only patricians were chosen.†

In consequence of these repeated failures, we observe much dissatisfaction amongst the chief men of the popular party. Some were inclined to lay the blame on the people; others accused the patricians of influencing, in an improper manner, their dependants, by prayers and threats. This in part explains the difficulty, and gives us a slight glimpse of the state of society. It from hence appears manifest that the great mass of the people were still decidedly under the influence of the aristocracy, and the struggle for power was consequently the work only of a few of the most factious. The aristocratical authority was so strong, that the people could not break through it. Their submission seemed even to be in part voluntary, for we, on one occasion, find the tribunes upbraiding the poople—'quod admiratione eorum, quos odisset, stupens, in æterno se ipsa teneret servitio:'‡ Or shall we suppose that the tribes were not always true to each other? We read that Appius Claudius, grandson of the decemvir, reminded the senate of the opinion of his ancestor, who advised that the tribunitian power should be rendered ineffective, by courting those tribunes who had not the highest repute with the people. When these observe, he remarked, that their colleagues have pre-occupied the chief places

* Livii Hist. iv. c. 7. † Id. iv. c. 16. 25. ‡ Id. iv. c. 35.

 with

with the popular party, and that there is no hope of distinction left for them in that quarter, they will easily be brought to co-operate with the senate.* Appius showed at least his knowledge of human nature by the advice he gave. Every day's experience will supply us with examples of political adventurers relinquishing the cause to which they had sworn allegiance, by the disappointment of hope, or the despair of success. Few men who have formed exalted notions of their own merit, can forgive neglect on one side, or withstand flattery on the other.

The invasion of the Gauls put a stop for a time to all internal commotions. When we resume the study of the Roman history after that event, we behold the light of truth gradually breaking over the dark horizon which has hitherto surrounded us, until, about the time of the invasion of Pyrrhus, 280 years before the Christian æra, we enjoy at length the full radiance of the day. A wide field of instruction is thenceforward opened to the student's inspection, from whence he may establish his speculations on firm grounds, and enrich political philosophy with important observations. But the extent of the subject warns us from lightly attempting its investigation.

It remains for us briefly to express our opinion of the work which has given rise to the foregoing criticism, and to which we have had occasion so frequently to allude in the course of the disquisition. We entertain much respect for Mr. Bankes's character, we look upon him as an upright and conscientious statesman, and we willingly profess our approbation of the independence of his mind and the general purity of his public conduct. But he appears, we regret to say, very deficient in the powers requisite for the due performance of the historian's office. These powers may with propriety be classed under the three general heads of—1. Investigation. 2. Reflection. 3. Style. And whether Mr. Bankes possesses any of these important qualifications, we shall, with as much brevity as possible, submit to the consideration of our readers.

First, with respect to extent of research—Mr. Bankes, it is evident, has contented himself with the most easy and obvious sources of information. Nor has he attempted in his inquiries to penetrate beneath the mere surface of recorded facts and opinions. He has not been at the pains to reconcile contradictions and explain inconsistencies, nor has he drawn the line between gratuitous assertions and connected proof, on which the credibility of historic evidence, and consequently its whole value, materially depends. He has attributed the same degree of authority to the garrulous inanity of a mere chronicler, as to the hints of the philosophic in-

* Liv. Hist. iv. c. 48.

quirer;

quirer; and of course his narrative can possess little of that trustworthiness which is to be derived only from uniformity of testimony and the correspondence of detached and insulated facts. Mr. Bankes has not indeed himself given us an opportunity of comparing his authorities, and ascertaining the different degrees of credit which are to be attached to each, for he has not indulged us with a single note of reference. He has by these means avoided, perhaps, the danger of having the credibility of his history impugned by the common reader: the authorities of Dionysius, of Polybius, and of Plutarch, do not indeed stare the indolent peruser in the face at the bottom of the page, and make him pause before he gives equal credence to the assertions of authors so different in character, in genius, and veracity; but those who have derived their knowledge of Roman history from the original writers, and have wished at least to form a consistent and impartial idea of it in all its bearings; those who have experienced the contradictions, the inconsistencies, the absurdities of one class of authorities, and have endeavoured to check them by the sagacity and reserve of an opposite order of writers, those only know how to appreciate the credibility of that apparently uniform and continuous narrative which other modern historians, as well as Mr. Bankes, have endeavoured to preserve in their details. The intrinsic value of a history depends upon the extent and accuracy of research displayed in its compilation; and that extent can only be marked, that accuracy can alone be established by copious reference. Notes are indispensable to its existence; they are the guarantees for its trust-worthiness; they are the only measure which the reader possesses of the credulity or discrimination of the writer. Without them he does not know whether he is depending on the assertions of a Dionysius or a Tacitus, and he may, for any thing he knows to the contrary, be reposing on the tales of the former, that confidence which he perhaps would be willing to concede only to the philosophic narrative of the latter. The personal friends indeed of the historian may feel satisfied that he would advance nothing as matter of historic truth except what he had attentively examined and expressly believed; but what inference will all other persons draw from a history without note or reference? They will assuredly never rest their belief on its assertions; they will never receive its unsupported details as matter of strict and conclusive evidence.

When the historian has collected and arranged his facts, the next important operation is that of philosophic induction and reflection. The common course of events can be observed and narrated by the most common understanding; the greater part of those who write and read history, compose and peruse for no other end than to

obtain a continued narrative, a chronicle of the deeds of warriors and of statesmen. History written in this manner may amuse the fancy and saturate the memory, but it affords no exercise to the understanding, it gives us no opportunity of moral advancement, and, as a medium of political instruction, is altogether inert and inoperative. The philosophic investigator of the history of man takes a higher ground, and from that elevated point enjoys a more extensive survey of the moral scene. He distrusts the obvious and superficial causes of the events which he describes; he casts a penetrating glance far beyond the sphere of those actions which others have recorded as the external parts of the political machine, and fixes upon the hidden power which gives motion to the whole. Distant analogies, undesigned coincidence, facts separately immaterial, conjunctively conclusive afford to him grounds of reasoning and conviction; and through the obscure and entangled labyrinth of insignificant and contradictory testimony, from the confusion of discordant opinions and statements which float apparently without order in the stream of tradition, he selects and combines the materials of credible narration and philosophic reflection. The springs of action which he discovers are invisible to common eyes, the narrative which he constructs is derived from sources, and rests upon proofs, which ordinary understandings cannot reach or comprehend, and the moral which he draws from the great and eventful past, impresses by its universal application the statesmen of all ages and of all countries.

It remains that the historian should embody the fruits of his researches in language worthy of the theme. A style perspicuous but not familiar, dignified but not ostentatious, rich in illustration but not redundant in ornament, must display that simple grandeur of fancy, and that lucid depth of intellect which may elevate and inform the mind of a student.——But we have no wish to proceed farther in the inquiry.

We hope we may be mistaken, but we confess that in Mr. Bankes's volumes we do not imagine that many readers will be able to discover any symptoms of those qualities with which we have ventured to invest the character of the genuine historian.

ART. II.—*Plans, Elevations, and Sections of Henry the Seventh's Chapel.* By Lewis Cottingham, Architect. Large folio. London. 1822.

ON a former occasion (vol. xxv. p. 116.) we expressed a desire that some able draftsman would produce a collection of good drawings of Gothic details, such as should be calculated to assist the architect in the erection of correct Gothic buildings, unalloyed by

by the blunders and deformities of the Batty-Langley school. Mr. Cottingham seems to have attended to our wishes; his plates are intelligible, accurate and cheap, but he might have made a selection of more useful examples. The luxuriant Gothic, to which his attention has been principally given, is much less beautiful than the earlier styles. Henry the Seventh's chapel, however fine the vaulting may be, is a bad model for imitation. And, independently of other objections, the expense of working in this style almost forbids the use of stone, and compels the builder to have recourse to cement or composition. The only use to which the Tudor style can be well applied is to interior ornament. In the continuation of the work we would advise Mr. Cottingham to exert his industry upon the architecture of the first and second eras, of which such excellent specimens are found at Ely, Salisbury, and Lincoln, and in the noble buildings of France. In every respect, the simpler orders of the pointed arch are best calculated for revival. Mr. Cottingham has given an interesting account of the restoration of the interior of the chapel, executed under the inspection of Mr. Gayfere, the abbey mason. This work, requiring the greatest care, skill, and yet effected at a most moderate expense, has often occasioned some strangely inconsiderate remarks in the House of Commons. Whenever the motion is made for the annual grant, half a dozen members start up and ask 'why the Dean and chapter do not repair their own church?' Now to this question a ready and convincing answer can be given. Henry the Seventh's chapel, a royal foundation, and the burial-place of so many of our monarchs, has always been regarded as the proper and peculiar object of public munificence. An appeal may be made to the authority of Sir Christopher Wren to show that the Dean and chapter of the collegiate church, to which this sepulchral chapel happens to be annexed, without being a part of it, are, and ought not to defray the cost of its repairs. The public are little aware of the charges to which the Dean and chapter are already subjected. They expend, as appears by a statement submitted to Parliament, more than two thousand pounds a year in the ordinary and necessary repairs of the abbey and the adjoining buildings; and the total sum expended by them for the twenty years preceding the date of the statement, amounted to nearly forty thousand pounds. In the last century repeated grants were made by Parliament in aid of the building funds of the abbey, and certainly upon a proper principle. If it is reasonable that a parish church should be repaired by the parishioners who resort to it, there is surely no injustice in asking this great nation to contribute to the preservation of a structure which may be considered as its property and honour.

We return to our favourite theme of architecture with peculiar

satisfaction at a period like the present, when Parliament, yielding to the wishes of the soundest portion of the community, has applied the sum of a million toward the erection of new churches. We do not bestow the epithets of magnificent or munificent upon this grant, which is scarcely worthy of the nation or of its object. Merely for promoting the temporal interests of the community, and without even considering the benefit which religion will derive from increasing the number of edifices destined for divine worship, it is difficult to deny the national advantages produced by such an expenditure. When the adjustment now taking place between the war and peace currency shall have been effected, a plain and intelligible policy will require many repetitions of the grant. The operation of such applications of the national resources may be best illustrated by transcribing the eloquent arguments adduced by Mr. Southey.

' " Statesmen," says Mr. Burke, " before they value themselves on the relief given to the people by the destruction (or diminution) of their revenue, ought first to have carefully attended to the solution of this problem ;—whether it be more advantageous to the people to pay considerably, and to gain in proportion ; or to gain little or nothing, and to be disburthened of all contribution." And in another place this great statesman says, " the prosperity and improvement of nations has generally increased with the increase of their revenues ; and they will both continue to grow and flourish, as long as the balance between what is left to strengthen the efforts of individuals, and what is collected for the common efforts of the state, bear to each other a due reciprocal proportion, and are kept in a close correspondence and communication." This opinion is strikingly corroborated by the unexampled prosperity which the country enjoyed during the war,—a war of unexampled expenditure : and the stupendous works of antiquity, the ruins of which at this day so mournfully attest the opulence and splendour of states which have long since ceased to exist, were in no slight degree the causes of that prosperity of which they are the proofs. Instead therefore of this senseless cry for retrenchment, which is like prescribing depletion for a patient whose complaints proceed from inanition, a liberal expenditure should be advised in works of public utility and magnificence. For if experience has shown us that increased expenditure during war, and a proportionately increasing prosperity have been naturally connected as cause and consequence ; it is neither rash nor illogical to infer, that a liberal expenditure in peace upon national works would produce the same beneficial effect, without any of the accompanying evil. Money thus expended will flow like chyle into the veins of the state, and nourish and invigorate it. Build, therefore, our monuments for Trafalgar and Waterloo, and let no paltry considerations prevent them from being made worthy of the occasion, and of the country ;—of the men who have fought, conquered, and died for us ;—of Nelson, of Wellington, and of Great Britain. Let them be such as may

may correspond in splendour with the actions to which they are consecrated, and vie, if possible, in duration, with the memory of those immortal events. They are for after-ages; the more magnificent they may be, the better will they manifest the national sense of great public services, and the more will they excite and foster that feeling in which great actions have their root. In proportion to their magnificence, also, will be the present benefit, as well as the future good; for they are not like the Egyptian pyramids, to be raised by bondsmen under rigorous taskmasters: the wealth which is taken from the people returns to them again, like vapours which are drawn imperceptibly from the earth, but distributed to it in refreshing dews and fertilizing showers. What bounds could imagination set to the welfare and glory of this island, if a tenth part, or even a twentieth of what the war expenditure has been, were annually applied in improving and creating harbours, in bringing our roads to the best possible state, in colonizing upon our waste lands, in reclaiming fens and conquering tracts from the sea, in encouraging the liberal arts, in erecting churches, in building and endowing schools and colleges, and making war upon physical and moral evil with the whole artillery of wisdom and righteousness, with all the resources of science, and all the ardour of enlightened and enlarged benevolence?'

With whatever warmth and ingenuity the mode of reasoning adopted by Mr. Southey and by those who profess the same opinions, may have been assailed, no proof has yet been given that they involve any substantial error or mischievous fallacy; whilst it appears more than probable that the doctrines of their opponents are in every respect calculated to check the energies of the community. Perhaps no greater misfortune has ever fallen upon the country than the culpable facility with which government yields to the popular clamour for every kind of retrenchment. But it is not our intention to enter into any questions arising out of politics or political economy. We are quiet men, hating discussions; and consider ourselves sufficiently unlucky in being compelled to assume a controversial tone whilst refuting certain architectural heresies which will come under our consideration, in examining the relative beauties of the different styles of architecture, as applied to practical purposes.

When employed by its authors and inventors, the architecture of Attica and Ionia is faultless. The separate members of the building have a definite relation to the whole. They are aggregated by affinity and connected by apposition. Each one is in its destined place; no one is extraneous or superfluous; all are characterized by fitness and propriety. Grecian architecture is a composition of columns, which are intended to assemble themselves only in the form of a Grecian temple. They seek to enter into no other combination. Beauty and elegance result from their union. The long unvaried horizontal line of the entablature rests in stable tranquil-

lity upon the even ranging capitals below, and the conical shafts are repeated in unbroken symmetry. The edifice is perfect in itself. Therefore it admits of no change in its plan, of no addition to its elevation. It must stand in virgin magnificence, unmated and alone. The Grecian temple may be compared to a single crystal, and the laws by which it is constructed are analogous to the process of crystallization. Disturb the arrangement of the primitive molecules of the crystal, and they will *set* into a misshapen fragment. Increase the number of these crystals, allow them to fix themselves upon each other, and their individual regularity will be lost in the amorphous mass. Thus, in the Grecian temple, the component parts have settled themselves into a shape of perfect harmony, such as is required by their integral figure, but it is a shape which cannot be varied in its outline, nor can it be changed in its proportions. Neither does it submit to be annexed to any other. Every attempt which is made to blend the temple with any other design, produces a lame and discordant effect. We must reject the arch, the noblest invention of architectural science. Porticos cannot be duplicated. Doric columns cannot be raised in stories. No window can open into the cell. No wing can be added to the right or to the left which does not at once convince the observer that it has no real relationship to the centre which it obscures.

How could any other result be anticipated? The sacred architecture of Greece admits of no habitable interior. A cell of narrow dimensions, lighted by an aperture in the roof, and intended to contain a single statue, is the only chamber which can be placed within the walls of the temple. We are not required to enter into the fane. It is a monument which we are to contemplate from without, and which appears in its pride when considered as a portion of the surrounding landscape. The chaste columns and pure sculptures which are now mellowed by the hand of time to a sad and sober grey, originally shone with all the splendour of the east. Every moulding was distinguished by strongly contrasted colours; and the snowy whiteness of the Parian marble was concealed beneath the glowing layers of gold, azure, and vermilion. In the opinion of the Grecian architect, his building was seldom more than the frame-work of his sculpture. He never intended it for social worship. A temple was a shrine upon which decorations were to be displayed. The altar flamed before the portico. The votary was to offer up his sacrifice in the hypæthrum, looking around to the woods, the purpled hills, and the circling horizon.

From the science of its mechanical execution, aided by the transcendent skill of the sculptor, the beauties of the design of the Grecian architect are doubly enhanced. As masons, the Greeks carried

carried the art of building to the highest excellence.* The Grecian architect possessed the means which his mind required. His elements were few. Scarcely any variety of structure was required from his art. He placed a larger number of columns around the more sumptuous edifice, and a smaller number around the more humble structure: he raised the temple and the tomb. His career was definite; he saw the end of it. He was required to perfect, rather than to invent. Grecian architecture submits itself to the judgment, and the judgment is satisfied. A problem has been proposed to which a perfect solution has been given. The Grecian architect performed all that he had promised to himself; all that he wished to have, was given to him: and so soon did the Grecian style attain its wonderful perfection, that, from the earliest to the latest period, a few elegant improvements, scarcely to be discerned even by the practised eye—a few tasteful variations, rather to be described by the learned than felt by the spectator—are the only tokens which denote the progress of Grecian art from infancy to maturity.

Such were not the labours of the Gothic Freemason; he stops frustrated, but not in disappointment. Neither the quarries of Pentelicus nor the chisel of Phidias could assist him. Rude materials and still ruder hands were all that he could command. His architecture must depend upon its innate character and significance. The cathedral is to be considered rather as a forethought than as a finished specimen. It exhibits the effort that has been made to embody those abstract ideas of solemnity and grandeur which could not be fully realized or accomplished by human power. Still the effect has not failed; Gothic architecture appeals to the imagination, and fancy half supplies the deficiencies of the material scene. A Gothic building has always the charms of mystery, it always appears to be larger than its actual dimensions. The mouldings, the pillars, the arches, always create receding shadows; and to the mind, the idea of space arises from a succession of shadows, just as the conception of time results from the succession of ideas. In the earlier Gothic styles, the management of the aërial tints was studied with remarkable skill. The mouldings are all undercut, and the curves are almost invariably of the higher order; and the limbs of the apertures are marked by carrying the mould-

* None of the works on the antiquities of Greece have entered with sufficient minuteness into the examination of the mechanical execution of the Grecian temples. This deficiency will be supplied by Mr. Cockerell's details of the stupendous temple of Agrigentum. Thrown to the ground by an earthquake, it was dislocated at once rather than ruined, and Mr. Cockerell ascertained that it would be very possible to replace many of the blocks in their original order, and thus rebuild a considerable portion of it. The ingenious contrivances by which the huge masses were fixed upon each other without cement are very remarkable.

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ings above the level of the wall. A small fillet also often runs down the front of the lesser columns. By these artifices all the forms of the building are brought out, *painted*, as it were, in chiaro scuro; for the minute linear projections catch the light and heighten it, and the undercutting deepens and mellows the shade. In the more luxuriant styles, however, this attention to the tints was neglected, and the mouldings occasionally became shallow and trivial. Daylight is courted by the Gothic architect. The lines and masses of the roofs, and buttresses, and transepts, the ascending pinnacles and towers, are marked and defined by the full blaze of noon, which falls upon them and contrasts itself with the freshness of the apertures, and the darkness of the walls which are behind the sunshine. Gothic architecture seeks to exclude the sight of middle earth. Its genius delights in quadrangles, cloisters, porches; in piles which expand and close round the spectator, leaving him nought to contemplate but themselves and the sky and clouds.

The Gothic style always fills the eye, and conveys the notion of comprehension and capacity. Habitation, and converse, and congregational worship beneath its roof, are seen to be its intent. We are invited to enter into the cathedral. The portals expand, and in the long perspective which appears between the pillars of the porch, and ends in the distant choir, the light darts downwards through the lofty unseen windows, each marked by its slanting beam of luminous haze, chequering the pillars and the pavement, and forming a translucent gloom. Gothic architecture is an organic whole, bearing within it a living vegetating germ. Its parts and lines are linked and united, they spring and grow out of each other. Its essence is the curve, which, in the physical world, is the token of life or organized matter, just as the straight line indicates death or inorganized matter. It is a combination of arches whose circles may be infinitely folded, multiplied, and embraced. Hence the parts of a Gothic building may be expanded indefinitely without destroying its unity. However multiplied and combined, they still retain their relative bearing; however repeated, they never encumber each other. All the arched openings, the tall mullioned windows, the recessed doors, are essential parts; they do not pierce the walls of the structure, on the contrary, they bind them together. The spire may rise aloft, the large and massy walls may lengthen along the soil, but still the building preserves its consistency. Richness of decoration, colour and gold may increase the effect of the Gothic style, but the inventor chiefly relies upon his art and science. Gravitation, which could bring the stone to the ground, is the power which fixes it in the archivolt, and every pinnacle bears witness to the mastery which the architect has gained. Frequently the details are bad. Parts considered by themselves

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are often destitute of beauty, but they are always relevant, and all minor faults are lost in the merits of the entirety. The history of the style accounts for its propriety, its chiefest merit. Gothic architecture, whatever its primitive elements may have been, was created in the northern parts of Europe; it was there adapted to the wants of a more inclement sky. Its structures were destined for the religious worship of the people amongst whom it was matured. In a Gothic church no idea can possibly arise, save that of Christianity and of the rites of Christianity. We cannot desecrate it even in thought. From its mode of construction no convenience which we need, ever becomes a blemish, and its character assimilates itself to every emblem or ornament which its use requires.

Many of our contemporaries, whose genius no one can respect or prize more highly than we do, are desirous of introducing the *pure* Grecian style for the purposes both of ecclesiastical and of civil architecture. But even their talents cannot naturalize the architecture of ancient Greece in modern England. The Grecian temple will not submit to be transported into our atmosphere. No adaptation can be given which will reconcile it to utility. Plate-glass windows glaring through the intercolumniations, chimnies, and chimney-pots arranged above the pediment, are just as appropriate as English nouns and verbs in a Greek hexameter. When the portfolio is opened and the drawing is shown, these incongruities escape observation in the neat lines and colouring of a geometrical elevation, which can be made to look just as the artist pleases.* But when the scaffold is struck from the real building standing in the open air, then they strike us most forcibly; and we are compelled to acknowledge that its principles are too stubborn and unmanageable. View the Grecian temple as a dwelling and with relation to its inhabitants, and then every part and portion which contributes to comfort or convenience, is a grievous sin against architectural fitness; they are rejected by the very essence of the building into which they obtrude themselves. Is it considered with regard to its destination, is the architect retiring into his study to plan the justice-hall, or the palace, the college, or the church? Why then, every sign which tells the intention of the structure, which connects it with the policy, the learning, or the

* If solid models were more in use, the effect of our buildings would be better understood both by the architect and by his employer. For models on a small scale, a very ingenious application has been made of *elder pith*, a substance hitherto unemployed for this purpose. It is capable of being stamped into the most delicate architectural ornaments, and the fineness of its texture and the mellowness of its colour, add greatly to the beauty of the mimic buildings. This discovery, for it deserves the name, is as yet very little known.

religion

religion of our age, becomes a monstrous and perpetual solecism. If the aid of the chisel is called in for the purpose of decorating any pure Grecian building, we are compelled to abandon every shape and form which bespeak a modern origin. For instance, in the public buildings of all nations, the architect feels, or ought to feel, the necessity of introducing the distinguishing symbols of the people in whose land the pile was raised. From them the structure obtains its national character. Heraldic ornaments may therefore be considered, not as ornaments, but as the significant stamp of our edifices; yet an artist would never venture to place the arched crown or barred helmet in the pediment, or to bring the lion and the unicorn in conjunction with the stately Doric portico.* Would a Roman architect have been afraid of the eagle? These observations may appear trifling, but if they are considered, it will be soon understood how such scruples and difficulties estrange the architect from the intellectual cultivation of his art, and reduce him to a mere mechanical draftsman.

The objections which present themselves against the pure Grecian style, do not operate with equal force against that modification of the Roman orders which was invented by the great Italian architects who flourished after the revival of the arts. This style has been called an adulterated style. It may be admitted that a new compound has been formed, but the alloy possesses a ductility which is denied to the purer metal. And we do not scruple to acknowledge, that, if we were practical architects, we would gladly err like Bramante, and Palladio, and Michael Angelo. This style has been so judiciously matured and naturalized as to acquire great propriety and a great degree of picturesque beauty. Perhaps it was perfected in England. Wren, the Ariosto of architecture, brought it to the highest degree of excellence. It is a bad omen for the progress of architecture, that so many attempts should now be made to depreciate the productions of this great man, the pride and honour of

* It is lamentable to note the treatment which these respectable animals receive from modern sculptors when they seek to *classicize* them. They are usually compelled to turn their rumps against the shield which they ought to support, and that in the most awkward manner. Artists in general are completely ignorant of the decencies of the science of heraldry. One blunder, which they perpetually commit, and which shocks the eyes and the judgment of the herald, is the practice of bundling up the royal bearings in a circle within the garter, instead of representing them on the shield. The prescriptive forms of heraldic animals should never be varied under the mistaken idea that they are improved by bringing them to a nearer resemblance to nature. They are not intended to represent natural animals, they are symbols like the Egyptian hieroglyphics. Brooke, the herald, once went to the Tower for the purpose of seeing the lions. When the worthy King-at-arms was introduced into the presence chamber of the royal beasts, he swore that the warder was cheating him;—he had *tricked* lions any time these forty years, passant, rampant, couchant, regardant, and he ought to know what a lion was. As a herald, Brooke had a right to be incredulous.

English

English art. The exterior of St. Paul's cathedral resulted from the earnest reflection and labour of a most comprehensive mind. From the pavement of the area up to the cross-crowned globe, there is not a portion which can be removed without destroying the integrity of the composition. It was all present and visible to the mind's eye of the architect before a line was drawn upon the paper. It tells a complete story, neither weakened by after-thoughts nor disfigured by redundances. If snail-like we crawl about the surface, we may grope and stumble upon some petty deformities, an unclassical vase or an inelegant scroll, but no one who has the heart to appreciate this master-piece can be patient when he hears such cavilling criticism.

Wren had the conception of a painter. Architects often fail from the poverty and meagreness of the masses and returns. They compose their buildings out of screens and façades. They seem to forget that a building is to be viewed from more than one point of view, and in various lights. One of the pleasures which we derive from the contemplation of architecture, arises from the manner in which the object unfolds and varies as we approach it, or recede from it, or walk around it. We study the play of the perspective and the changes of the shadowing. The spectator wishes to have a spectacle of which the merits are not to be made out at once. A building destitute of these powers of stimulus and provocation, is like a fair woman's countenance without intelligence or passion, a second look begets indifference, a third, satiety. Wren fully understood the method of giving architectural expression. His lines and masses are always working upon each other. The small low door at the side of each belfry of St. Paul's marks the loftiness of the pile. By coupling the pillars of the double portico he obtained further breadths of shadow as well as greater altitude than he could have done by adhering to the plan of the Grecian portico. And the pyramidical belfrys unite in a symmetrical group with the towering dome, based upon the colonnade which circles and retreats below.

The claims of any particular style, and the merit of any building, may be estimated according to a very simple and intelligible principle. The real architect ought not to work by line and rule; he should recollect that he is composing a work which ought to have a given intent. Whenever he determines to adopt any system which prevents him from yielding to the *meaning* of his structure, he ought to apprehend that he is in the wrong. Whenever he feels himself cramped by his pattern, he may be assured that the precedent, however good in itself, is bad for the purpose to which he makes it a slave. Lines of equal length, duly rhymed and well disposed in pages of equal dimensions, do not constitute a poem unless they

it is not proper to innovate by mutilating the building of its accustomed members. The influence of visible objects over the mind cannot be resisted, and the absence of architectural costume, if we may so express ourselves, completely destroys the dignity of the building.

In the disposition of the interior, modern architects vary from the proper ecclesiastical arrangements, in a very unjustifiable manner. It is scarcely possible to create a more palpable blemish than that which is occasioned by placing the pulpit in the centre of the nave. In a dissenting meeting-house, it may be proper to assign this station to the preacher, but it is quite inconsistent with the intent of our liturgy, and should never be tolerated. The situation of the reading-desk below the pulpit, like the desk of an auctioneer's clerk, is equally unappropriate. An organ and an organist *over* the altar must also be considered as an inexcusable violation of the decency of the building. By considering the plans of the earlier Christian churches, many useful hints may be obtained, particularly respecting the situations to be assigned to the ministers and the congregation. Much information on this subject is collected in the 'Origines Ecclesiasticæ' of Bingham, a writer who does equal honour to the English clergy and to the English nation, and whose learning is only to be equalled by his moderation and impartiality.

Ornaments may be soberly and discreetly introduced. When an altar-piece is admitted, it should never be mounted in a fine gilt frame and considered as a *picture*. In every public building, and, perhaps, in most private habitations, paintings or statues should never bear the appearance of pieces of furniture. They should never look like things which can be put up and taken down at pleasure. The effect produced by such works of art is materially diminished if they seem to be strangers and brought in merely for show. They then are redundant epithets in the *work*, which it would be better to expunge. On the other hand, their value is greatly increased when they have the distinctive character of being required by the predetermined plans of the architect; and indeed they should never be treated otherwise than as ancillary to the architecture. Even the clock, which is usually productive of so much unpicturesque deformity in our steeples, might, if the architect considered it, bear the appearance of belonging to *him*, instead of being supplied 'as per order of vestry' by the manufacturer. In the Flemish churches, instead of the solid shining black face and smart gilt numerals, the architects employ large rings or circles of bronze, between which the figures, cut out of plates of the same metal, are fixed. This open-worked metallic tracery agrees completely with the stone tracery, and does not obscure any part of the architecture. A figure of the sun, the measurer of time, is sometimes

times placed in the centre of the inner circle, which it supports by its rays, and when colouring was required, the architects used azure, the tint of the celestial sphere.

Most of our modern churches have a mean appearance in consequence of their want of elevation; they seldom range higher than the adjoining houses. As long as the custom of depositing the dead in vaults shall continue to prevail, we may add to the grandeur of the building without increasing the expense. The body of the church might be made to stand upon an undercroft, the pavement whereof should not be more than one or two feet below the level of the adjoining ground. This crypt might be divided into sepulchral chapels, and the monies to be raised by the sale of the right of interment to families would go in aid of the building funds. No church should be without a lofty steeple. The 'heaven-directed spire' has a sacred dignity which should never be sacrificed except under the pressure of the most imperious necessity.

There is considerable difficulty in combining a steeple with the orders of Grecian or Roman architecture. Wren mastered the difficulty, and produced combinations scarcely inferior to the Gothic. The Grecian or Roman steeple appears worst and ugliest, when, as at St. Martin's in the Fields, it is seen *riding* athwart a Corinthian portico, to which it does not bear the slightest affinity; —and best, when, according to the favourite practice of Palladio, it stands by the side of the edifice as a campanile or bell tower. When so managed, it is grouped with the lines of the building into a pleasing mass, without being based upon a discordant feature. In London we have only one example of this arrangement. It is exhibited in a building which has been scoffed at and scorned, but which, in truth, is one of the most picturesque in the metropolis—the church of St. George, Bloomsbury. Let any unprejudiced observer view the front of this building, divesting himself of traditionary prejudice, and he will acknowledge the truth of this observation. We will not even censure the statue, which, placed on the summit of the pyramid, appears to look down like a tutelary saint.

All things fairly considered, the Gothic style appears to be the most reasonable order for an English church. It is consecrated by its associations, and the most ordinary architect may easily learn to avoid any marked impropriety. It should be managed freely, and although we would not admit of any fantastic or capricious alterations of the style as existing in the great master-pieces, with which this island abounds, still the architect should not be inhibited from such a discreet power of adaptation as the circumstances of the case may require. Such variations, however, will be very rarely

 needed

needed, and then only in the dispositition of the subordinate parts of the edifice. Our modern workmen are capable of executing the finest ornaments of the Gothic style. Mr. Gayfere's restorations of the front of Westminster Hall, and of Henry the Seventh's Chapel, might excite the envy of the most cunning freemason of the elder day. And the science which raised the Waterloo-bridge would enable the architect to groin the loftiest quire. In such of our English Gothic buildings as were erected after the age of Edward I. the drawing of the sculptures is often rude and clumsy: but it is a strange mistake to suppose that when the architect copies the Gothic style, it is also necessary to copy the imperfections resulting from want of skill in a peculiar branch of art. He is under no obligations to reproduce ugliness. Let him take all forms which are beautiful, and reject all such as are unpleasing. In the Gothic of France the human figure is often treated with remarkable purity of design; and there is no reason whatever why the statue in a Gothic tabernacle should not have as much elegance as if it were placed in a Roman niche. The costume of the middle ages may be treated with the utmost elegance. The monumental statues now erecting by Mr. Westmacott, for Lord Grosvenor, point out the method in which *real* classical taste—that is to say, the taste which seeks propriety—may be applied to the Gothic style. If a costume, *not being that of real life*, is to be borrowed for our heroic statues, the ancient English state robes have at least as good claims as the Roman mantle, to which they bear a near affinity: and the open crown of Edward the Confessor, encircled by the mystic fleur-de-lys, of which the prototype appears on the monuments of the Pharaohs, would deck the brows of the monarch with full as much grace as the laurel wreaths of the Cæsars. With regard to the subordinate decorations, it may be remarked that painted glass is usually executed upon an erroneous principle. When large plates are used, as by the artists of the Eginton school, they destroy the effect which it is intended they should produce. This art partakes as much of the nature of mosaic as of painting, and it never succeeds except when, as in the excellent productions of the sixteenth century, the figures are formed of pieces adapted to the outline, the lead being lost in the shadows.

In the country some good specimens of Gothic architecture have been recently erected. The episcopal chapels at Edinburgh are well known. These are in the latter styles; but the new church of Theale, near Reading, built and endowed by Mrs. Sheppard, is a happy employment of the early or lancet Gothic, and affords full proof that no style can be worked more easily or with better effect. This foundation deserves a particular account. Mrs. Sheppard is patroness of the living of Tilehurst, in which parish the

the village of Theale is locally included. Its population had much increased, and being situated three miles from the church at Tilehurst, Mrs. Sheppard obtained an act of Parliament which divided the living of Tilehurst into two rectories, making the new living worth five hundred pounds per annum, while the living of Tilehurst is still worth double that sum. Upon Mrs. Sheppard's determining to erect a handsome and substantial church in the new parish, Mr. Edward Garbett, a young architect, son of Mr. Garbett, the surveyor of Winchester cathedral, was selected to furnish designs, which were submitted to the approval of the Rev. Dr. Routh, President of Magdalen College, Oxford, Rector of Tilehurst, and brother of Mrs. Sheppard. The architect was anxious to produce a building that should be useful and ornamental. His plans were therefore wholly composed from the best examples of the ancient architecture of the early pointed style, which admitted of a design that Mr. Garbett considered he should be able to complete for the sum allowed, and at the same time to imitate as closely as possible all its essential characteristics.

At first the mechanical execution of the mouldings and arches appeared difficult to workmen who had never been accustomed to such employment. Some of the mouldings are seven feet in girth, with numerous enrichments. The architect therefore determined to commence the work himself, and to visit it weekly, or oftener if necessary; and by practice the workmen acquired great facility. The exterior is built of Bath stone, the walls are from four to five feet thick, the length of the church is eighty feet, the width twenty-eight feet, and the height, at the springing of the vaulting, thirty-seven. The whole is built on an arched crypt. Attached to the church is an octagonal robing-room, in a corresponding style. At the west-end of the church is a beautiful open porch, entirely of stone; and although the size of it is only ten feet by thirteen, it contains thirty columns. It is intended to add a campanile or bell tower, copied from that which formerly stood at Salisbury, but which was demolished by the late Mr. Wyatt, under the unhappy notion of improving the view of the cathedral. The building when completed will cost upwards of fifteen thousand pounds, and Mrs. Sheppard defrays the whole expense. In London we have but few specimens of Gothic amongst the new churches. The Commissioners have now determined to adopt nothing but pure Grecian architecture. We greatly regret this resolution, inasmuch as it will tend to give a character of the dullest monotony to the new buildings. The design for the new Gothic church at Chelsea was passed before they had adopted this resolution. This fine building will be distinguished by the peculiarity of possessing a groined vaulting of stone, the first which has been executed since the revival

of Gothic architecture. When the plan of the roof was submitted to the Commissioners they considered it as impracticable; but it has been executed with complete success: and it is ascertained that buildings may be roofed with cross vaulting at less expense than the cost of a roof of iron or timber. If these examples were followed, we might hope for a more speedy improvement in the general feeling.

A few words must be said respecting sculpture. We will not call sculpture a cognate art, because it is really inseparable from architecture. We may lament that in the present age, the professors of the two arts are so completely divorced in practice. They were not disjoined in the good days of Italy, and we have sufficient genius in England to tempt us to wish for their re-union. In historical and monumental sculpture a very questionable taste has been fostered by an ill-directed study of the remains of antiquity. Symbolical representations were employed by the ancients, who always understood their work, with a thorough propriety of invention and of conception. Symbolical figures form as definite a mode of conveying ideas as the letters of the alphabet: when combined they form a word and impart a notion. But the symbols of the classical age are grounded upon a creed wholly foreign to us, and which has reached us only in disjointed fragments. The alphabet has gone out of use, and the language is a dead language; and in its place we mock the ancients by substituting *allegorical* representations, that is to say, by hewing metaphors in stone, vague, strained, and bombastical, affording no satisfaction to the learned, and no instruction to the vulgar.

Artists imagine that they ennoble their work by borrowing ancient costume and attributes; much in the same way as a country school-master keeps up his dignity by making a speech in Latin to the young squire on his birth-day. By these anachronisms, however, they emulate the absurdities of the barbarous ages. In the productions, as well literary as graphical, of the *Gothic* era, there is a constant and ludicrous confusion of costume, both physical and *moral*. Joshua stalks in plate armour; the daughter of Herodias dances and tumbles on her head; the temple of Jerusalem is built with the belfry of a cathedral. No inconsistency was perceived. Guillaume de Lorris describes the church of St. Venus; Parson Cupid mounts the pulpit and preaches a sermon, and the choristers and canons chaunt anthems and psalms. Absurdities like these, arose from ignorance and bad taste; they cannot be condemned too strongly. But let us be impartial, if we can. Perhaps information and *classical taste*, as it is called in common parlance, produce equivalent absurdities. Our artists often violate propriety with as much boldness as the much reviled Gothic artists. They disguise their contemporaries

temporaries in the costume of Greece and Rome. They people the aisles of the church with the lifeless mythology of Olympus. An incessant war is thus waged against reason and propriety.—Do they not forget the great object of their art?—The object of art is to satisfy the reason. Skill may be displayed in the carving of the statue; the limbs may be moulded with faultless accuracy; they may emulate Grecian symmetry: but more, much more than such qualities, is wanting. Unless the sculptor labours to meet the ideas of those who range at the opposite extremes of mental cultivation, he is not imbued with the true spirit of his art, he is a mere workman still. He must satisfy those men who are his friends and companions, the lovers of his art, by the spirit of poetry which he infuses into the representation of nature. He must idealize the countenance, the attitude, the garb, so as to breathe into the figure a spirit of gracefulness beyond the triteness of common life. This is no easy task, and the statue must prove that the artist has overcome the difficulty without destroying the illusion which it is essentially necessary that the art should produce. If we may so express ourselves, he should sculpture in a style analogous to blank verse, avoiding the prose of conversation, and the rhyme of French tragedy. But having effected this end, he must, nevertheless, continue perfectly significant to the unimpassioned, uninstructed spectator, who asks for nothing but the representation of the common form; to him who is merely seeking for the memorial of the King, the Matron, the Commander, whose memory he loves, or whose fame he admires. Works of art are peculiarly addressed to such spectators. A public monument is a book opened for the perusal of the multitude; unless it declares its meaning fully, plainly, and sensibly, the main use is lost. This principle is so self-evident that it is almost unnecessary to discuss it. And yet how many grand statues, groups and cenotaphs have been cast, chiselled, modelled, and manufactured, in which this plain and first intention is wholly lost!

We may here be allowed to relate a true story, which in itself, as well as in its consequences, affords a volume of instruction. Some years ago a sculptor, whose genius may justly be a subject of national exultation, happened to be present at Guildhall when Nelson's monument was first exposed to view. A child who stood before him, was exceedingly attentive from the moment when the canvass began to fall before the marble. The boy looked anxiously at the statues as they appeared. When they were completely unveiled, he could not possibly conceive that the obscure medallion on the lap of Britannia contained the likeness of the naval hero: so he cried out in a tone of mixed inquiry and of disappointment, whilst he pointed at Oceanus,—

 'Father,

'Father, is *that* Lord Nelson?'—The sea god, the most prominent figure of the group, naturally seemed to be the personage in whose honour it was erected; but how could the bearded naked giant be the British admiral? The Guildhall cenotaph is of miserable workmanship, but the just censure conveyed by the exclamation of the child, was not lost upon Chauntrey, who was then at the beginning of the career in which he has since bounded forward. And his productions, which will hereafter form an æra in the history of English art, prove how successfully real genius can discard conventional aids.

Moderate artists resort to graphic allegory for the same reason that poetical allegory has been favoured by poetasters. It is protected by the harmless graces of mediocrity. Affording a convenient help to poverty of invention, it inspires a decorous kind of traditionary respect. We are accustomed to it, and, without much inquiry, its use seems to be sanctioned by the example of a few great men who have employed such representations with success in particular instances, not reducible to general rules. Michael Angelo may be allowed to place Day and Night on the sepulchre. War and Peace, as they are engrafted by Westmacott on the Wellington vase, add to the significancy of the trophy. Sin and Death are embodied by Milton. Yet precedents like these forbid imitation, except by the equals of the mighty masters. We have partly confessed this truth by abandoning all heathen mythology and allegory in literature. Neither Mars nor Bellona are invoked in rhyme to aid the slaughter; and Hymen and his altar, and Cupid and his bow, are never seen in colours except upon the Valentine. Allegory has been wholly repudiated by the poet and the painter, and in process of time the sculptor will follow their example. But, unfortunately, in all branches of the fine arts, bad taste and pedantry retain an inveterate hold. Books which are not worth reading soon cease to be read; but works of art which are not worth seeing do not easily cease to be seen. Versifiers outlive their trash; whilst the productions born in the Grub Street of art, continue, in spite of their recognized worthlessness, to exercise some gentle influence over some docile imitator. As long as they continue to be a part of our common stock of visible objects, they pervert the taste of the artist as well as of the crowd. The eye easily acquires bad habits: bad examples haunt the imagination of the artist, and influence him when he thinks he is a free agent. Every glaring picture, or ranting statue, is sure to become the fruitful prototype of an hundred affiliated deformities.

We have hitherto spoken only of ecclesiastical buildings. Public monuments of another description must now be considered. At the conclusion of the war the legislature considered the propriety of

of erecting some memorial which might perpetuate the memory of the events of the mighty conflict. Various plans for naval and military monuments were designed, but no one has yet been adopted, because the money voted by parliament has never been raised. But in the northern part of our island, where a considerable sum was collected by private contribution, some effectual steps have been taken, and a scheme for restoring the Parthenon on the Calton Hill has been promulgated under the ostensible sanction of the 'Sub-Committee appointed by a General Committee of Subscribers at Edinburgh, for carrying into execution the design of erecting a National Monument in Scotland in commemoration of the Triumphs of the late War by Sea and Land.'

Our readers are aware that upon a late application for parliamentary aid, a proposed grant of ten thousand pounds was refused to the Committee of Subscribers. Upon financial grounds the opposition was captious and futile in the extreme, and such as could never have been engendered but by the comfortable spirit of contradiction which it is so difficult to resist; but if we are to examine the project as lovers of architecture, we must candidly acknowledge that the propriety of sanctioning such a restoration as is now proposed, deserves serious consideration.

In a circular printed letter, to which several signatures purporting to be the signatures of the 'Sub-committee' are affixed, it is stated that—

'The Parthenon was built at a period when the arts of sculpture and architecture had attained their highest exaltation; and that it was formed under the direction of men of the greatest taste which the age of Pericles could produce. It is equally well known that this edifice has stood the test of public admiration for above 2000 years, and that it is still regarded as unique, both in the perfection of its design and the delicacy of its execution.

'It is a matter, however, of very serious regret to the lovers of the arts in every part of the world, that this structure, the most perfect which human genius ever conceived, is not only already in a very dilapidated state, but is placed in a situation where its existence is liable to the utmost danger, in consequence of the political conflicts by which it is surrounded. Not only is it at the mercy of ignorant barbarians, totally incapable of appreciating its value, but its situation on the citadel of Athens, and on a military station of much importance, renders it liable to the still greater danger of being destroyed in the course of the conflicts of which that country is already the theatre. And there is reason to fear that the first struggles of Grecian freedom may be followed by the entire destruction of the monuments of that which is past.

'The restoration of the Parthenon, therefore, in a situation capable of displaying its beauties, and among a people qualified to appreciate its excellence, is an object of importance, not merely to the citizens of this

metropolis but to the lovers of the arts in every part of the world. * * * Nature has here offered a situation better adapted than any other in the island for the destined object, and furnished, in the utmost abundance, all the materials necessary for its completion. The freestone in the vicinity of Edinburgh is equal in texture and durability to the marble of Pentelicus, of which the Parthenon was formed, and the Calton Hill is, in the opinion of those who have visited both, a finer situation for the display of the peculiar beauties of the Grecian temple than even the Acropolis, which its able authors selected as peculiarly adapted for that purpose.'

The names subscribed to the letter command so much of our respect and esteem, that we feel considerable difficulty in venturing to state our doubts respecting the expediency of the scheme. We confess, however, that we earnestly hope that it will prove abortive; but our ill wishes arise solely from the respect which we bear towards the country which has produced the worth and excellence of those, by whom the plan is understood to be recommended.

In the first place, we will venture to ask the Committee *appointed for carrying into execution the design of executing a* NATIONAL MONUMENT *in Scotland in commemoration of the triumphs of the late war;*' whether 'the restored PARTHENON on the Calton Hill' can be truly denominated a *National Monument?* We must confess that we do not clearly anticipate in what manner a satisfactory answer can be given to this question. Possibly we are mistaken; but it seems that it is, at least, desirable, that a *National Monument* should bear some assignable relation to the people by whom it is erected. If the epithet possesses any meaning, the 'Monument' cannot properly deserve the title of *national*, unless it accord with the nation's peculiar customs. Posterity will surely require that the National Monument should be an enduring specimen of the genius and talents of the age when it was planned and executed. Such certainly was the character of the Parthenon of Athens, which we so justly admire. The Parthenon on the Acropolis was truly Grecian. It was the proudest temple of the tutelary goddess of the state. Every portion of the structure was adapted to the religion of the Greeks; every graceful adornment was sanctified by their mythology: and as long as the pages of Thucydides shall be read, the fane will testify the magnificence of the Athenian republic, and the skill of the architects and sculptors who flourished in the age of Pericles. But the Parthenon on the *Calton Hill*, the Parthenon of *Edinburgh*, if it perfectly represents its prototype, will therefore necessarily be a Grecian national monument, and not a monument of Scotland in the reign of George IV. If a sumptuous edition of the Persæ were to be published at Edinburgh or at Glasgow, we could hardly give the title

title of a 'national tragedy' to the drama of Eschylus, although the type might have been cast by Foulis, or the presses worked in Mr. Ballantyne's printing office. A simile, we confess, is always a bad argument; yet, we really do not understand by what poetical right or legal fiction, the new edition of the temple of Ictinus can become the property of the Scottish nation, although 'the freestone of which it is composed, equal in texture and durability to the marble of Pentelicus,' may have been quarried in the Lothians, and though the masons of Edinburgh may have executed the mouldings with all possible delicacy and fidelity.

Supposing that this initiatory objection be removed, and that the Parthenon of Athens be made out to be a *Scottish national monument*, a subscriber might inquire in what manner it is proposed to effect its perfect restoration. If the querist should chance to have seen the admirable drawing in which Mr. Cockerell has embodied the descriptions of the ancients by applying them to the actual vestiges of antiquity, he will doubt whether the most faithful model of the mere walls and columns of the Parthenon can be entitled to the name of a restoration. The purple peplum must be extended; Athene must be called to inhabit her abode. The naked empty copy would be as mournful as a ruin.

With respect to the sculptures of the original, the Letter observes a cautious silence, and in attempting to interpret that silence, we find only a choice of difficulties. If the statuary be wholly omitted, then the *Edinburgh Parthenon* cannot possibly claim the name of a restoration of the Athenian Parthenon, of which the imagery formed an integral part. Supposing copies of the Elgin marbles to be placed in their proper places, and the lost portions to be supplied by conjectural interpolations, then we cannot conjecture by what process they are to be *improved* into '*commemorations of the triumphs of the late war by sea and land.*' Are the slender and graceful maidens of the Panathenaïc procession to be considered as typical of the army list and the navy list, from Admirals and Field-marshals down to the Lieutenants of our men of war and our Cornets of dragoons? Do the combats of the Centaurs and the Lapithæ bear any marked resemblance to the battles of Waterloo and Trafalgar? Perhaps the Committee would wish to obliterate the Grecian relievoes, and substitute other decorations more pertinently 'commemorating the triumphs of the late war by sea and land,' and of which the subjects should be found in the Gazette. But the shade of Phidias would be strangely disturbed by such a restoration. Foot-guards and Horse-guards would look ill at ease in the Metopes. And we ourselves should derive no vivid gratification on beholding the Duke of Wellington stationed in the place of Zeus in the centre of the tympanum, with his staff officers on each side,

side, diminishing in standing height according to the angle of the pediment and the dates of their commissions.

The assertion made in the circular letter that the Calton Hill is, in 'the opinion of those who have seen both, a finer situation for the display of the peculiar beauties of the Grecian temple than even 'the Acropolis which its able authors selected as peculiarly adapted for that purpose,' might be true—provided the Calton Hill stood in Attica, where the Acropolis stands—but it does not—and we have some suspicion that this circumstance makes a great deal of difference. How can the Calton Hill be a proper situation for 'the display of the peculiar beauties of the Grecian temple'—so long as other beauties of so peculiar a nature are displayed around it? and well do they deserve the picturesque and glowing verses of the Minstrel of Scotland.

'Still on the spot Lord Marmion stay'd,
For fairer scene he ne'er survey'd.
When sated with the martial show
That peopled all the plain below
The wandering eye could o'er it go,
And mark the distant city glow
With gloomy splendour red;
For in the smoke-wreaths, huge and slow,
That round her sable turrets flow,
The morning beams were shed,
And tinged them with a lustre proud
Like that which streaks a thunder-cloud:
Such dusky grandeur clothed the height,
Where the huge castle holds its state
And all the steep slope down,
Whose ridgy back heaves to the sky,
Piled deep and massy, close and high,
Mine own romantic town!'

To 'adapt' the Parthenon to this scene, we must begin by blotting out every memorial of Scottish antiquity, power, independence, or piety by which the 'Doric Temple' is *surrounded*. Though the name of Walter Scott be inserted amongst the signatures to the circular letter, can *he* consent to such a sacrifice? Whilst the abbey and the castle continue to hold their state, the Parthenon will be a perpetual and painful solecism. Justly may the people of Scotland be proud of their *own romantic town*, and of *him* whose transcendent genius has conferred upon all its historic monuments a more than classic immortality. Therefore they should seek to decorate it worthily and nobly, obeying the yearnings of *his* mighty spirit, and so as to recall the memory of the ancient days of energy and independence, not by creating a perpetual dissonance in the landscape, jarring to all moral perception, and hostile

hostile to all national feeling. The rudest cairn would be a treasure by comparison.

We have hitherto considered the Parthenon as a 'Scottish historical monument;' we must now proceed to examine its *utility*. We are told in the circular letter, that the restoration is desirable on account of the 'original being at the mercy of ignorant barbarians totally incapable of appreciating its value;' and that 'there is every reason to fear that the first struggle of Grecian freedom may be followed by the entire destruction of the monuments of that which is past.' If the Parthenon is at the mercy of barbarians, we are sorry for the fact; but the Turks have done their utmost to prevent further injury: Lord Strangford prevailed upon the Porte to issue an order especially commanding the Turkish troops, during the present warfare, to respect the monuments of Grecian antiquity. But if the Parthenon should unfortunately be destroyed, if the Greeks should finish the spoil which the Venetians began, still the copy of it will in no respect answer its proposed end. Merely as a model, the restoration of the Parthenon will teach nothing to the architectural student which he cannot learn from the accurate drawings with which he is presented by his contemporaries: there is no lesson relative to the plan, the members, the details, which he cannot now learn upon paper. And, therefore, if it is intended for the purpose of giving instruction in Grecian architecture, it will be simply a useless and expensive work of supererogation. But if it is to answer a more noble intent, if it is to form the taste of the student and rouse his emulation, then we are not without apprehensions that it will be worse than useless.

It is observed in the 'Circular Letter'—

'Of every other species of architecture, however, great and splendid examples are to be found in this island: of the Doric Temple no model yet exists to form the taste of the people, or rouse the emulation of our architects. This, therefore, renders it the more desirable that the present occasion, never likely to recur, should not be lost, of realizing in this island the most perfect model of that style which the world has yet seen, and of spreading over our whole people that warm perception of its beauty which has hitherto been confined to artists who have studied its proportions, or travellers who have explored its remains. By doing this we give the greatest impulse to the *national genius*, and are laying the surest foundation for our own future eminence in the arts of *original design;* conferring thereby the same incalculable benefits upon the architects of this island which the restoration of Virgil and Homer did to the literature of modern Europe, and affording them the means of making the same rapid progress in original design, which Raphael and Michael Angelo did from the study of Grecian sculpture.'

These reasons are specious, yet it is to be feared that the restorers of the Parthenon will not confer an 'incalculable benefit upon

upon the architects of this island,'—that they will not give the greatest impulse to 'national genius,'—and that they will not 'lay the present foundation for our own future eminence in the arts of original design.'—And in denying these propositions, we beg leave to state distinctly that our objections are mainly gathered from the most competent judges in this behalf. We have hardly ventured upon any remark which has not been sanctioned in substance by the approval of the sculptors, architects, and dilettanti of this southern metropolis. We may confidently state that we are the faithful organs of the general sentiment, and that the best informed artists and lovers of art in England oppose themselves to the scheme, because they are firmly convinced that it will powerfully impede the progress and cultivation of architecture and of original design, the great object which it is wished to promote. And here we are glad to find an opportunity of ending the protest which we have entered against these proceedings, and abandoning the plan itself, we will consider, upon general grounds, the most important of the questions suggested by the proposed restoration of the Parthenon.

As similar causes in the physical world always produce similar effects, it may appear reasonable to suppose that the form of a beautiful specimen of architecture, which has afforded a very pleasurable sensation to the spectator, will always retain that power. An exact copy of a pleasing original, when repeated or created anew, may be anticipated to produce the same degree of gratification as it did in its original place. However, when the architect acts upon these premises he is usually disappointed. There are cases, unquestionably, when satisfactory results will follow from such imitations; but a slight consideration of the nature of architecture will convince us that they are of rare occurrence, and that any close or servile imitation of a supposed 'perfect model' must usually prove a complete failure.

Architecture produces its effect upon the mind quite as much as upon the eye. Its forms are understood by the intellect, not merely painted upon the retina. The pleasures which it excites arise from complicated sources; they spring from the thoughts which we bestow upon the object, and not merely from the contemplation of the form. This assertion may be easily exemplified. A building which we *know* to be constructed of Canada deals and cast iron pipes, daubed with 'lithic paint' or 'patent mastick,' will never please us as much as if it were raised of freestone. The lines may have the same elegance, but we cannot disjoin the ideas of grandeur and of durability; and the notion of the instability and slightness of the flimsy edifice derogates from its consequence. Besides which, when we look at a building, we are gratified by considering the

the labour and skill of its construction. We like to see the firm and regular courses of well-squared stone, the shaft compacted with the capital, the wedge stones balancing each other in the arch: but when the materials pretend to perform a part which does not belong to their nature, then we are offended by the deception, at least we receive but a very small proportion of the pleasure which their *forms* would have given if executed in the genuine substance. From the centre of the pit the actress *looks* as fine as the lady in the boxes; but we do not *think* that she is equally well dressed, because we are aware that instead of diamonds, gold, and silk, she is tricked out with glass, tinsel, and gauze, with things that assume to be that which they are not, with *tromperie*. Every deception in architecture becomes a blemish which the mind does not pardon. Windows which exclude the light; doors which cannot be opened; twisted columns which could not stand beneath their superstructure; columns bearing nothing; passages leading to nothing; are imperfections which are obvious to the most inattentive or uneducated observer. They are deformities, because they are of no use; otherwise the idle imposts or columns, which please when properly applied, would have as much inherent beauty—so far as beauty depends upon form—in one situation as in another. But if we cease to derive satisfaction from the parts of a building on account of their false bearing to the whole, can we be better satisfied when the entire building, the 'perfect model,' is a falsehood? Every structure raised by the hand of man, derives its entire value from the feelings of the human heart. The hearth gives sanctity to the dwelling; the throne, to the palace; the altar, to the temple. But if we erect dwellings, palaces, or temples, which never can be used by human kind, the walls will rise in cheerless and desolate mockery. A perfect modern model of the most perfect Doric temple, if not applied to some purpose beyond mere ornament, would excite no other feelings than those of labour in vain. No person of common sense ever was satisfied with a temple in a garden; we know it is built merely for a show, and as a show we undervalue and despise it.

It may be asked in what manner we are to commemorate national victories. Certainly not by what are called 'monuments,' not by pillars, arches, temples, having no assignable use, and built merely as 'examples.' All these are what are vulgarly called 'follies;' and deserve no more respect than the tower on Shooter's Hill. The ancients never raised *monuments;* they never 'realized examples;' they never built for display alone; and it was from its connection with actual life that every ancient work of art acquired its vitality.

In copying any Grecian temple, however beautiful, and calling it a Christian church, we depart still more widely from the practice of

of the ancients. They never imagined that a restoration of a building which did not belong to them was productive of 'perfect beauty.' In fact, such an epithet, as applied to any building, must be erroneous. Architecture is not an imitation of nature. All the forms of architecture are conventional; it is therefore an art of which the objects do not admit of abstract perfection. Buildings are capable of as many varieties of perfection as of destination: each may be perfect in its kind, if it is perfectly suited to its end. But therefore it follows as a necessary consequence, that it is impossible to transfer its merit to an 'example' erected for another purpose, amongst other people, and in another climate: the more the imitation is 'correct,' the more is its application falsified by its original character.

Any system of encouragement for the arts which inculcates, that perfection is to be attained by compelling the artist to 'faithful imitations,' is the bane of all talent. The ancient architects never 'copied' or 'restored' the structures of the stranger. They knew better. Let us attend to the lessons given by those who have attained the highest station in the art. It was from the banks of the Nile that the gifted Greeks received their art and knowledge; but they instantly surpassed the preceptors who taught them the basis of the art, to which their taste and talent, adapting it to their own purposes, gave a beauty, unknown before. Grecian genius refused to reconstruct exact *imitations* of the majestic temples of Egypt in honour of the Hellenic deities. They did not place their gods in the adyts of Isis and Osiris.—The acanthus twined around the capital which had been shaded by the branches of the date tree; new elegance was given to the spirals of the volute; beams of olive crossed the cell instead of the transverse blocks of massy granite. Relieved from the superincumbent weight, the entire frame of the structure sprang up more lightly. The columns diminished in diameter; the architrave ceased to retain a useless solidity; acroteria ranged upon the roof, unknown in the land where the rain of heaven does not fall. The sculptured pediments terminated the required covering and decked the front: and the heavy magnificence of Thebes was lost in the graceful splendour of the Athenian Parthenon.

Whether inherited from their Tuscan ancestors or discovered by their own science, the Romans possessed the art of turning the arch. They had a full perception of the beauties of Grecian architecture then existing in unimpaired perfection. They justly appreciated its excellence, but they never built copies or 'examples' of Grecian buildings. Following the faith of Greece, they bore away the statues of her gods; but they did not enshrine their Jupiter within the Doric columns of Athens; they did not enter the Forum beneath the Propylea, nor did they copy the Parthenon upon the

proud

proud Capitoline. The art which they had learnt, they put in practice with good sense and prudence. Possessed of a new power, of which their teachers were ignorant, they applied it with boldness. The huge dome of the Pantheon swelled behind the Corinthian portico; fretted vaults took their span over the triumphal train; arch rose upon arch in the eternal amphitheatre: and though the relationship was not disowned, still every feature of Grecian architecture received a new character in imperial Rome.

Amidst the ruins of Rome the great Italian architects formed their taste. They studied the relics of ancient grandeur with all the diligence of enthusiasm; they measured the proportions, and drew the details, and modelled the members. But when their artists were employed by the piety or magnificence of the age, they never 'restored' the 'examples' by which they were surrounded, and which were the subjects of their habitual study—No—They turned them to a better use. Crude imitation was disdained by this energetic and intelligent race. They felt and understood the beauties of the ancient style; and causing the elements to enter into another combination, a new style was created, which, considered in relation to its intention and employment, possesses transcendent excellence. Retaining the same affinity to the Roman style which the latter bears to the Grecian, it has all the merit of invention, and all the beauty of propriety; and the Pantheon, high in mid air, was expanded into a cathedral worthy of the supremacy assumed by the Pontiff, who claimed to be the Primate of the world.

It was thus that the greatest impulse was given to national genius in those countries where architecture became an inventive, intellectual art. The architects did not linger in contemplation of their predecessors; former generations had advanced, and they proceeded. No style or structure was held up as a perfect model, or propounded as a test. It was their desire to excel by the mixed exercise of judgment and invention. Selecting from the skill of past ages the ideas best suited to the present, they felt that it was their calling to adapt their art to the wants and feelings of society. It was thus that their structures acquired the charm that we would vainly attempt to impart to cold and corpse-like restorations. Original design will never be fostered if artists are taught to defend themselves by precedents. Those who seek to distinguish themselves by the practice of this, the finest of the fine arts, should not lose the benefit derived from experience. The noble writer who is at once the warmest and most learned admirer of Grecian architecture, will best instruct them how to profit by the contemplation of its excellence. 'These models should be imitated not with the timid and servile hand of a copyist: but their beauties should be transferred to our soil, preserving at the same time a due regard to the changes of customs and manners, to the difference of our climate, and

and to the condition of modern society. In this case it would not be so much the details of the edifice itself, however perfect, which ought to engross the attention of the artist, but he should strive rather to possess himself of the spirit and genius by which it was originally planned and directed, and to acquire those just principles of taste which are capable of general application.' The British architects of the present day are equally distinguished by their genius and their industry: no climate, however remote, has escaped their researches; no toils or dangers are shunned when information and knowledge are to be obtained. The progress of all the mechanical arts has given unexampled means of execution; and the roused spirit of the country will soon furnish them with sufficient employment. Thinking as the ancients would have done, they will not *copy* antiquity, but they will emulate and share its lasting glory.

We might have terminated this Article by making some remarks upon the churches and other buildings which are now constructing in our modern Babylon. It is hardly necessary to observe that the greater part of these edifices do not please us, and that we consider them as liable to censures and objections. But upon consideration we found that we could not dare to criticise. 'Taste' —we dislike the word, but we can find no other—proceeds upon principles which are so uncertain that mere theorists like ourselves must not be allowed to trifle with the reputation of professional men, whose bread depends upon their exertions. We are therefore silent where a loose or hasty observation of ours might inflict a lasting injury; and whatever affection we may feel towards the 'pointed style,' we will never allow our love for lancet arches to become the means of wounding the feelings of the architect who has the misfortune to be equally enamoured with entablatures.

When the fine arts really exert a profitable influence, they act by increasing those sources of reasonable pleasure by which the mind is neither degraded, nor enfeebled, nor depraved. That the love of the fine arts may be made to produce a most beneficial effect, cannot be doubted; for there can be no greater source of good, both to the individual and to the species, than the multiplication of such gratifications as are attainable without diminishing the happiness of our fellow-creatures. But when the fine arts are allowed in any manner to become the subjects of rancour or detraction, then the honour which they possess is lost. The productions of Phidias or of Raphael become despicable if they tend to increase the causes of contention. Unfortunately we are furnished with too many reasons for mutual hostility arising out of important matters. Whether this warfare might not be easily diminished it is not our business to inquire; but at all events let us avoid imitating children—let us not quarrel and fight about our gaudes and toys.

ART.

ART. III.—*The Fortunes of Nigel.* By the Author of 'Waverley,' 'Kenilworth,' &c. 3 vols. 8vo. Edinburgh. 1822.

THE whole reading world has been, for the last eight years, employed in criticizing the 'Waverley Novels,' and we think the judgment of our contemporaries, where it is the result of so much discussion, entitled to a great part of the weight which is usually confined to that of posterity. As we attribute so much to the public voice, we have been anxious to collect its suffrages: and on many points we find them nearly uniform. It seems to be generally admitted that the author is the greatest writer who has ever adorned this delightful department of literature. It seems admitted, though with a less approach to unanimity, that his characters are superior to his plots; his humble, to his higher life; his Scotland, to his England; his tragedy, to his comedy; and, in general, his earlier, to his later works. While we have only to concur in these opinions, the task of criticism is easy and safe; but we own we have been puzzled when we have heard the same quality brought forward as matter of praise and of blame; when we have heard *mannerism* attributed by some to him as a fault, and expressions, which are really circumlocutions for it, 'that it is impossible to mistake his hand,' 'that you may at once tell that all his works are from the same master,' employed as terms of high commendation.

Such contradictions lead us to suspect an ambiguity in the word: and we believe that under Mannerism two very different characteristics are included. A writer of fiction may deserve the name of a mannerist, either by a continual selection of peculiar persons or situations for imitation, or by constantly attributing to his characters, whether taken at hazard or from a limited class, in given situations, peculiar feelings and modes of conduct. Thus a painter may be a mannerist, either if he choose to paint nothing but rocks or ships, or again if, taking his subjects from the common storehouse of nature, he dress them all in one or two uniform tints. The hunting pieces of Snyders and the candlelight figures of Schalchen do not differ from the representations of similar subjects by other masters; but they are both called mannerists because they copied no other objects. On the other hand, the landscapes of Gaspar, and the figures of Nicholas, Poussin are taken from an infinite variety of subjects, but the green medium through which the former, and the red through which the latter, seems to have looked upon nature, though their selection of subjects was free from mannerism, have stamped with it their execution. When Marivaux selects for imitation, almost exclusively, the workings of vanity in the female heart, he is a mannerist of the first class.

 When

When he represents love as, in all cases, an instantaneous and irresistible affection, and makes all his heroes and all his heroines catch it, on the first exchange of glances, with as little interference of the mind as if it were a mere bodily disorder, he belongs to the second. So if a poet choose to represent nothing but pirates and renegades, but give them the characteristics to which we are accustomed, he is a mannerist only in his subjects. If he dress them out with honour, constancy, magnanimity, and every virtue and refinement which other writers have avoided as inconsistent with their situation, he becomes likewise a mannerist in his mode of treating them. It is true that, in such a case, most readers would forget the mannerism while dwelling on the inconsistency; but whether we believe such a representation to be correct or absurd; whether we believe pirates and renegades to be magnanimous and refined ascetics, or to be treacherous, cruel and brutish sensualists, we must admit that the poet who describes them such as they never were described before, is a mannerist. The test will always be, the character and situation being given,—does the author's representation differ from that which might have been expected from any other writer? If it do, he is a mannerist of the second class: if it do not, his mannerism, if any, is of the first kind.

Mannerism of the first kind will be diffused over the whole work, but can be faulty only from its excess. We were told long ago by high authority, that 'to be conversant with all that is awfully vast or elegantly little—to be acquainted with all the modes of life—to be able to estimate the happiness and misery of every condition—to observe the power of all the passions in all their combinations—and to trace all the changes of the human mind, as they are modified by various institutions and accidental influences of climate or custom,' is a task too mighty for a single mind. The knowledge of every individual must be confined within limits, which, however extensive, inclose but a small portion of the whole field open to poetical imitation. Within these limits a prudent author will confine himself; his only caution must be, to avoid that degree of self-resemblance, which would deaden the reader's interest, by re-exhibiting to him characters with which he has already been made familiar, or events following one another in the same train, and therefore capable, when their sequence has once been discovered, of being anticipated. Mannerism of the second kind must be partial, for no writer ever differed from all other writers in his whole representation of every character, in every scene; but, where it does occur, it will generally be faulty. The whole body of poets or of painters is always more likely to be right than an individual: and, though there are doubtless splendid exceptions, it will usually be found that the portraits which differ from all other copies

copies of the same originals, differ principally through their incorrectness.

From this kind of mannerism our author is in general free: though perhaps it is to be found in the powers of conversation and rhetoric with which he invests his young and inexperienced characters. He gives us, in defiance of the classical proverb, born orators: and they are equally independent of education. 'He is not for making slavish distinctions, and giving all the fine language to the upper sort of people.' The illiterate Halbert Glendinning and his rustic attendant, as they ascend the valley of Glendearg, theorize on the effects produced on our language and thoughts by those with whom we converse, with a metaphysical acuteness that would almost appear pedantic in ordinary society.

But of the mannerism, which consists in the selection of peculiar persons and situations for imitation, that is, in the choice of his characters and the management of his plots, he is more guilty than most of his companions. All his readers must have observed the three characters that form the prominent group of almost every novel. A virtuous passive hero, who is to marry the heroine; a fierce active hero, who is to die a violent death, generally by hanging or shooting; and a fool or bore, whose duty it is to drain to the uttermost dregs one solitary fund of humour.

The Abbot, we believe, is the only one of the novels from which all three are absent; but, among the others, the Antiquary alone wants the fierce hero; the passive hero is deficient only in the Bride of Lammermoor, and in Kenilworth alone do we escape the bore: an escape for which we pay dearly in the Pirate. It is, perhaps, an objection to this arrangement, so far as the heroes are concerned, that it is too obvious an imitation of Sir Walter Scott. We are always reminded of the similarly contrasted pair that support the plot of almost all his poems—of his Cranstoun and Deloraine, De Wilton and Marmion, Malcolm Grœme and Roderick Dhu, and Redmond and Bertram. On the other hand, the family likeness of the persons singularly facilitates the adaptation of both the novels and poems to the stage. A performer who has acted in one of them has prepared himself for a whole line of characters. When Mrs. Egerton had studied Meg Merrilies, she was ready for Helen M'Gregor, Norna Troil, the Lady of Branxholm, and half a dozen sisters more. And we suppose that a manager who has once well cast Guy Mannering, feels that he has the scaffolding up for the representation of any piece founded on any novel or romance, written or to be written, by the 'Author of Waverley.'

The only other instance, for which we have room, must be taken from his plots. The dangers to which writers of fiction in general expose their characters, arise from physical causes, or from the

personal hostility of individuals. They are attacked by robbers or assassins, challenged by rivals, exposed to the hazards of battle, or to moving accidents by flood and fire. One source of danger only, and that the most common in real life, they usually avoid; they seldom venture to bring their heroes into collision with the law—to expose them to judicial trial or punishment; partly, perhaps, from the degrading associations connected with such a danger, and partly because it is one from which they can seldom be extricated by their own courage and exertions. But the expedient so generally avoided by his rivals is our author's constant resource. Like the French directory he has placed the gibbet at the end of all his vistas. It terminates the career of his active, and occasions the hazards of his passive, hero. And in the earlier part of the narrative, where he cannot be suspected of any serious designs against his principal character, his favourite amusement is to heap upon him suspicious appearances, to give the details of an examination, and to exhibit the subtility, with which even an honest magistrate may be led to warp facts in support of an opinion originally unfavourable, and the dangers to which innocence may be exposed by the combinations of circumstantial evidence. These peculiarities, as might be expected, are in full force in his first work.* Every body there is hanged, or on the point of being hanged: and, in addition to the dangers incurred by the hero in the actual commission of treason, he is pursued through the two first volumes by false accusations. †Dirk Hatteraick avoids receiving from others the fate of Fergus Mac Ivor only by *inflicting* it on himself. And in Bertram's examination before Sir Robert Hazlewood, and the plausible appearances of guilt in which he is involved, every reader must have recollected the interview between Waverley and Major Melville. Lovel's flight for the supposed murder of M'Intyre, and the commitment of Ochiltree for the theft of the pocket-book, are the corresponding scenes of the Antiquary; wanting the fierce hero, it wants also an execution. In the Black Dwarf, it is by threat of legal evils that Sir Frederick Langley prevails on Ellieslaw and Isabella—and by the power with which the law has armed him, that Earnscliff is ultimately successful. In the tale of Old Mortality, death, by the sentence of a military or a civil tribunal, is ever before our eyes. And again, like Morton, Rob Roy is brought out pinioned for execution. In the same novel, the feeble accusation of Francis Osbaldistone, as to the robbery of Morris, shews how our author clings to this expedient, however unfavourable the occasion. We might have expected him to be satisfied with the legitimate scope which the Heart of Mid Lothian afforded to his legal pro-

* Waverley. † Guy Mannering.

pensities;

peusities; but even there he has brought in the suspicions thrown upon Butler, and his examination before Mr. Middleburgh, which form, in fact, a useless episode, merely, as far as we can perceive, because he cannot resist the temptation of painting such scenes, if he can find any excuse for their introduction. Law, first in the shape of impending punishment, and afterwards in that of process, is again mingled with all the terrors of the 'Bride of Lammermoor; and even among the wild landscape figures of the Legend of Montrose, the most formidable scene of danger is Dalgetty's escape from the jurisdiction of Argyle, and his high gallows and short shrift. The form, but not the substance, is changed in Ivanhoe—witchcraft, the judicial combat, and the stake, are substituted for felony, a jury, and the gibbet; and Bois Guilbert falls under the judgment of God, instead of that of his peers. If any of our author's works could have been privileged from the intrusion of law, it probably would have been the Monastery, for who ever before saw law mixed with the machinery of a fairy tale? But it continues the mainspring of the action, which takes rise from Sir Piercy's retreat to Scotland to avoid legal punishment for his intrigues against Elizabeth, and from the mutual flight of him and of Halbert Glendinning, to avoid the legal consequences of the murder, of which the one is believed by others, and the other thinks himself, to be guilty. Though less obtrusive, legal punishment is the ultimate source of the dangers in the Abbot. When we tremble at the risks of Mary's escape, our real cause of fear is the vengeance which, in case of detection, awaits, under the forms of law, both her and her associate. Again, it is the inquiry, not strictly legal, but certainly judicial, to be held by Elizabeth on Amy's marriage, that knits together the plot of Kenilworth; and Varney, like Dirk Hatteraick, avoids hanging only by suicide. And to conclude an enumeration, which, from the very uniformity which it is meant to prove, must have become tedious, it is the great fault of our author's last work, that the judicial noose, which is kept dangling over the heads of the Pirates from the beginning of the work, does not, at the conclusion, suspend them all.

Our author has not deserted, in the 'Fortunes of Nigel,' a practice recommended to him by so long an experience. An active hero, and a passive hero, are, as usual, the prominent figures. A lawsuit is the basis of the plot. The poor passive hero is buffeted about in the usual manner, involved, as usual, in the chicaneries of civil process, and exposed to the danger of a criminal execution, and rewarded by the hand of the heroine, such as she is, and the redemption of the mortgage on his family estate. The active hero runs his usual career of fierceness and pettifogging, and is, as usual, killed when no longer wanted. But we must proceed to further

details—for the outline we have given would suit a dozen of our author's novels as well as that before us.

The scene is laid in London, just before the termination of the reign of James the First. It opens, on a fine April evening, in the shop of David Ramsay, a watchmaker, in Fleet-street, a few yards to the eastward of St. Dunstan's church. The old and abstracted mechanic, his apprentices, Jenkin Vincent, or Jin Vin, and Tunstall, and the mode of carrying on business by the oral advertisement to passengers of 'What d'ye lack? What d'ye lack? clocks, watches, barnacles—barnacles, watches, clocks'—are set before us with our author's vivid distinctness. A scuffle is heard in the street, and while the apprentices have run out to join it, their master receives a visit from his intimate friend, the benevolent George Heriot, then a goldsmith in Lombard-street. The victim of the fray, a wounded Scotchman, is soon brought in, and a cross-examination by Heriot proves him to be Richard Moniplies, the servant of the passive hero, Lord Glenvarloch.

The next morning finds Nigel Olifant, the young Lord Glenvarloch, in his little apartment, in the mansion of John Christie, a shipchandler, in Paul's wharf. His hostess, Dame Nelly, a round, buxom, laughter-loving dame, with black eyes, a tight, well-laced bodice, a green apron, and a red petticoat, edged with a slight silver lace, and judiciously shortened to show that a light clean ancle rests upon her well-burnished shoe—is endeavouring to account for his servant's absence, when Moniplies himself enters, having spent the night, after leaving Ramsay's shop, in vain attempts to discover Paul's wharf. He is soon followed by Heriot, an old friend of the late Lord Glenvarloch, and the basis of the plot is now skilfully developed in conversation. It appears that Lord Glenvarloch is a creditor of the crown for a very considerable sum advanced by his father to King James—and that his own paternal estate of Glenvarloch is mortgaged for 40,000 marks due ostensibly to one Peregrine Peterson. The nature of this mortgage is so obscure that we give it in our author's own words:—

'"I know nothing of a mortgage," said the young lord; "but there is a wadset for such a sum, which, if unredeemed, will occasion the forfeiture of my whole paternal estate, for a sum not above a fourth of its value—and it is for that very reason that I press the King's government for a settlement of the debts due to my father, that I may be able to redeem my land from this rapacious creditor."

"A wadset in Scotland," said Heriot, "is the same with a mortgage on this side of the Tweed; but you are not acquainted with your real creditor. The Conservator Peterson only lends his name to shroud no less a man than the Lord Chancellor of Scotland, who hopes, under cover of this debt, to gain possession of the estate himself, or perhaps to gratify a yet more powerful third party. He will probably suffer his creature

creature Peterson to take possession, and when the odium of the transaction shall be forgotten, the property and lordship of Glenvarloch will be conveyed to the great man by his obsequious instrument, under cover of a sale, or some similar device." '—vol. i. p. 99, 100.

The interview ends by George Heriot's inviting the Earl to dine with him at noon the next day, and undertaking to present to the King a petition on his behalf for the payment of his claim on the treasury. The good citizen's ride for that purpose from St. Paul's to the palace at Whitehall, his two visits by the way, to G. Ramsay to invite him and his daughter to join the dinner party the next day, and to Andrew Skurliewhitter, a scrivener, who ingrosses the petition, and his reception at Whitehall, are sketched with masterly ease and probability.

'The scene of confusion amid which he found the King seated, was no bad picture of the state and quality of James's own mind. There was much that was rich and costly in cabinet pictures and valuable ornaments, but they were slovenly arranged, covered with dust, and lost half their value, or at least their effect, from the manner in which they were presented to the eye. The table was loaded with huge folios, amongst which lay light books of jest, and ribaldry; and amongst notes of unmercifully long orations, and essays on king-craft, were mingled miserable roundels and ballads by the royal 'prentice, as he styled himself, in the art of poetry, and schemes for the general pacification of Europe, with a list of the names of the King's hounds, and remedies against canine madness.

'The King's dress was of green velvet, quilted so full as to be dagger-proof, which gave him the appearance of clumsy and ungainly protuberance; while its being buttoned awry communicated to his figure an air of distortion. Over his green doublet he wore a sad-coloured night-gown, out of the pocket of which peeped his hunting-horn. His high crowned grey hat lay on the floor, covered with dust, but encircled by a carkanet of large balas rubies; and he wore a blue velvet night-cap, in the front of which was placed the plume of a heron, which had been struck down by a favourite hawk in some critical moment of the flight, in remembrance of which the King wore this highly honoured feather.'—vol. i. p. 124—126.

'Such was the monarch, who, saluting Heriot familiarly by the name of Jingling Geordie, (for it was his well-known custom to give nick-names to all his familiars,) inquired what new clatter-traps he had brought with him to cheat his lawful and native Prince out of his siller.'—vol. i. p. 128.

By a manœuvre, which is perhaps a little too theatrical, Heriot places the petition in his hands; and after a little petulance and some debtor-like shifts, easily baffled by the experienced citizen, the king promises, in verbo regis, that the young man shall have his siller.

The next scene is George Heriot's dinner, which appears to

have been intended to introduce to the reader some characters whom he has often to meet again.

'Mr. David Ramsay, that profound and ingenious mechanic, was safely conducted to Lombard-street, according to promise, well washed, brushed, and cleaned, from the soot of the furnace and the forge. His daughter came with him, a girl about twenty years old, very pretty, very demure, yet with lively black eyes, that ever and anon contradicted the expression of sobriety, to which silence, reserve, a plain velvet hood, and cambric ruff, had condemned Mistress Marget, as the daughter of a quiet citizen.

'There were also two citizens and merchants of London, men ample in cloak, and many-linked golden chain, well to pass in the world, and experienced in their craft of merchandize, but who require no particular description. There was an elderly clergyman also, in his gown and cassock, a decent venerable man, partaking in his manners of the plainness of the citizens amongst whom he had his cure.

'These may be dismissed with brief notice; but not so Sir Mungo Malagrowther, of Girnigo Castle, who claims a little more attention, as an original character of the time in which he flourished.'—vol. i. p. 148.

We are sorry we cannot give Sir Mungo at full length. He is a man of birth and talents, but naturally unamiable, and soured by misfortune, who now, mutilated by accident, and grown old, and deaf, and peevish, endeavours by the unsparing exercise of a malicious penetration, and a caustic wit, under the protection of his bodily infirmities, to retaliate on an unfriendly world, and to reduce its happier inhabitants to a momentary level with himself.—The dinner is ushered in by a rather exaggerated exhibition of Sir Mungo's peculiarities. He is silenced by a reply of George Heriot's, and the whole entertainment is then slurred over with a brief indistinctness. We are merely told that the dinner and the wines were excellent, that Nigel could extract nothing beyond monosyllabic replies and slight simpers from the watchmaker's pretty daughter, and that the old citizens and the goldsmith talked over commercial matters in technical phraseology. The company soon after separate, Nigel and the clergyman alone remaining with their host while prayers are read. Wine, fruit, and spices are then produced, and Nigel, after having made an appointment with George Heriot to go with him to court the next day, takes his leave.

This appears to us one of the least finished scenes of the work. We expected the manners and the conversation of the city two centuries ago, but we have a mere description of a dinner which might have been given by any modern shopkeeper. It is impossible even to account for the time which it consumes. The guests arrive at twelve; soon after the dinner, which cannot be supposed to employ more than two hours, they separate and prayers follow. Nigel almost immediately departs, under the guidance of a link-boy, which could

could not have been necessary before seven on an April evening. How has the time from noon been passed? We mention an inaccuracy, which may appear trifling, because we are sure that it is on the completeness of the details, upon a perfect consistency in times and places, that the illusion of fiction principally depends. It is this which gives such an appearance of verity to Swift, and Defoe, and Richardson: and we should be sorry to see our author neglect to keep up a merit which he has as yet possessed in an extraordinary degree.

The next morning is employed in Nigel's presentation at court. In the anti-rooms he is recognized by Lord Huntinglen, once the enemy, and afterwards the friend, of his father. Our author has invested Lord Huntinglen with the privilege which was really enjoyed by Sir D. Ramsay, of obtaining an annual boon from the King. As James's conduct seems to presage the failure of Lord Glenvarloch's petition, Lord Huntinglen descends, e machina, to ask as his boon for the year, that the King will make an instant decision, without reference to his council.

'"To grant the truth," he said, after he had finished his hasty perusal, "this is a hard case; and harder than it was represented to me, though I had some inkling of it before. And so the lad only wants payment of the siller due from us, in order to reclaim his paternal estate? But then, Huntinglen, the lad will have other debts—and for what burthen himsell with sae mony acres of barren woodland? let the land gang, man, let the land gang; Steenie has the promise of it from our Scottish Chancellor—it is the best hunting ground in Scotland—and Baby Charles and Steenie want to kill a buck there this next year—they maun hae the land—they maun hae the land; and our debt shall be paid to the young man plack and baubee, and he may have the spending of it at our court; or if he has such an eard hunger, wouns! man, we'll stuff his stomach with English land, which is worth twice as much, ay, ten times as much, as these accursed hills and heughs, and mosses and muirs, that he is sae keen after."

'All this while the poor King ambled up and down the apartment in a piteous state of uncertainty, which was made more ridiculous by his shambling circular mode of managing his legs, and his ungainly fashion of fiddling on such occasions with the bunches of ribbands which fastened the lower part of his dress.

'Lord Huntinglen listened with great composure, and answered, 'An it please your Majesty, there was an answer yielded by Naboth when Ahab coveted his vineyard—'The Lord forbid that I should give the inheritance of my fathers unto thee.'"

'"Ey, my lord—ey, my lord!" ejaculated James, while all the colour mounted both to his cheek and nose; "I hope ye mean not to teach me divinity? Ye need not fear, my lord, that I will shun to do justice to every man; and, since your lordship will give me no help to take up this in a more peaceful manner—whilk, methinks, would be better

better for the young man, as I said before,—why—since it maun be so —'sdeath, I am a free king, man, and he shall have his money and redeem his land, and make a kirk and a miln of it, an he will." So saying, he hastily wrote an order on the Scottish Exchequer for the sum in question.'—vol. i. p. 248, 249.

Nigel, accompanied by Lord Huntinglen and G. Heriot, now leaves the palace, and they encounter on their way the Duke of Buckingham, who, as he passes on to the king, very unnecessarily insults the two latter, and informs Nigel that he is his enemy. Lord Huntinglen's house is now the scene of two important events. One is the introduction of Lord Dalgarno, Lord Huntinglen's son, a favourite of Prince Charles and of Buckingham, and the active, or villain, hero of the tale; the other is the transfer to a customer of Heriot's of the mortgage on Lord Glenvarloch's estate. We must again use our author's words, for as we are not sure that we understand them, we cannot give their substance.

'" I partly hinted to Lord Glenvarloch already," said Heriot, "that the redemption-money might be advanced upon such a warrant as the present, and I will engage my credit that it can. But then, in order to secure the lender, he must come in the shoes of the creditor to whom he advances payment."

'" Come in his shoes!" replied the Earl; "Why, what have boots or shoes to do with this matter, my good friend?"

'" It is a law phrase, my lord. My experience has made me pick up a few of them," said Heriot.

'" Ay, and of better things alongst with them, Master George," replied Lord Huntinglen; "but what means it?"

'" Simply this," resumed the citizen; "that the lender of this money will transact with the holder of the mortgage, or wadset, over the estate of Glenvarloch, and obtain from him such a conveyance of his right as shall leave the lands pledged for the debt, in case the warrant upon the Scottish Exchequer should prove unproductive. I fear, in this uncertainty of public credit, that, without some such counter-security, it will be very difficult to find so large a sum." '—vol. i. p. 260.

The scrivener, Andrew Skulliewhitter, is set to work on the deeds, and before the close of the evening, Lord Glenvarloch and the citizen

'signed and interchanged, and thus closed a transaction, of which the principal party concerned understood little, save that it was under the management of a zealous and faithful friend, who undertook that the money should be forthcoming, and the estate released from forfeiture, by payment of the stipulated sum for which it stood pledged, and that at the term of Lambmas, and at the hour of noon, and beside the tomb of the Regent Earl of Murray, in the High Kirk of Saint Giles, at Edinburgh, being the day and place assigned for such redemption.'—vol. i. p. 287.

The

The first event at Nigel's lodgings the next morning is a visit from Lord Dalgarno, who, after a conversation, filled on his own side with warm protestations of kindness, and an exhibition of fashionableness rather too flaunty to be characteristic of a high-born and high-bred courtier, induces, almost by force, his new friend to accompany him to an ordinary, an institution then new and fashionable, and serving at once the purposes of a table d'hôte and a gambling-house. The representation of the company, the host, and the entertainment, deserves the high praise of being in our author's best manner. Our expectations rose high when we found the two friends proceed to see Burbage in Richard the Third, and that they were to sup at the Mermaid with two or three of the most accomplished wits and poets of the age: but our author seems to have been attacked by an unfortunate fit of indolence or timidity. He dispatches the play in two sentences, and the supper in one; and tantalizes us with a bare statement of excited spirits and emulous wit, which we are not permitted to share. A similar disappointment followed. Nigel is presented to his friend's sister, Lady Blackchester, and spends, we are told, a lively day among the gay and the fair: but our author, with unaccustomed and ill-timed caution, shrinks from an exhibition of the high-born dames of King James's days, and introduces no British female of higher rank than the watchmaker's daughter. The narrative, which has as yet been a journal, now for the first, and indeed the only, time, ceases to be so for several weeks, during which Lord Glenvarloch's life is thus described.

'The ordinary was no bad introduction to the business of the day, and the young lord quickly found, that if the society there was not always irreproachable, still it formed the most convenient and agreeable place of meeting with the fashionable parties, with whom he visited Hyde Park, the theatres, and other places of public resort, or joined the gay and glittering circle which Lady Blackchester had assembled around her. Neither did he entertain the same scrupulous horror which led him originally even to hesitate entering into a place where gaming was permitted; but, on the contrary, began to indulge the idea, that as there could be no harm in beholding such recreation when only indulged in to a moderate degree, so, from a parity of reasoning, there could be no objection to joining in it, always under the same restrictions. But the young lord was a Scotsman, habituated to early reflection, and totally unaccustomed to any habit which inferred a careless risk or profuse waste of money. Profusion was not his natural vice, or one likely to be acquired in the course of his education; and in all probability, while his father anticipated with noble horror the idea of his son approaching the gaming-table, he was more startled at the idea of his becoming a gaining than a losing adventurer. The second, according to his principles, had a termination, a sad one indeed, in the loss

loss of temporal fortune—the first quality went on increasing the evil which he dreaded, and perilled at once both body and soul.

'However the old lord might ground his apprehension, it was so far verified by his son's conduct, that from an observer of the various games of chance which he witnessed, he came by degrees, by moderate hazards, and small bets or wagers, to take a certain interest in them. Nor could it be denied that his rank and expectations entitled him to hazard a few pieces (for his game went no deeper) against persons who, from the readiness with which they staked their money, might be supposed well able to afford to lose it.

'It chanced, or perhaps, according to the common creed, his evil genius had so decreed, that Nigel's adventures were remarkably successful. He was temperate, cautious, cool-headed, had a strong memory, and a ready power of calculation; was, besides, of a daring and intrepid character, one upon whom no one that had looked at him even slightly, or spoken to though but hastily, would readily have ventured to practise any thing approaching to trick, or which required to be supported by intimidation. While Lord Glenvarloch chose to play, men played with him regularly, or, according to the phrase, upon the square; and, as he found his luck change, or wished to hazard his good fortune no farther, the more professed votaries of fortune who frequented the house of Monsieur le Chevalier de Saint Priest Beaujeu, did not venture openly to express their displeasure at his rising a winner. But when this happened repeatedly, the gamesters murmured among themselves equally at the caution and the success of the young Scotsman; and he became far from being a popular character among their society.'—vol. ii. pp. 34—37.

We must add that he leaves Paul's Wharf, and fixes his residence near the Temple. The first symptom of the effect of his present conduct on his reputation is a request from his servant, Moniplies, to be discharged.

'"This chambering, diceing, and play-haunting," says the honest, conceited, and pedantic Scotchman, "is not my element—I cannot draw breath in it—and when I hear of your lordship winning the siller that some poor creature may full sairly miss—by my saul, if it wad serve your necessity, rather than you gained it from him, I wad tak a *jump over* the hedge with your lordship, and cry 'Stand!' to the first grazier we met that was coming from Smithfield with the price of his Essex calves in his leathern pouch!"

'"You are a simpleton," said Nigel, who felt, however, much conscience-struck; "I never play but for small sums."

'"Ay, my lord," replied the unyielding domestic, "and—still with reverence—it is even sae much the waur. If you played with your equals, there might be like sin, but there wad be mair warldly honour in it. Your lordship kens, or may ken, by experience of your ain, whilk is not as yet mony weeks auld, that small sums can ill be missed by those that have nane larger; and I maun e'en be plain with you, that men

men notice it of your lordship, that ye play wi' nane but the misguided creatures that can but afford to lose bare stakes."

' " No man dare say so!" replied Nigel, very angrily. " I play with whom I please, but I will only play for what stake I please."

' " That is just what they say, my lord," said the unmerciful Richie, whose natural love of lecturing, as well as his bluntness of feeling, prevented him from having any idea of the pain which he was inflicting on his master; " these are even their own very words."—vol. ii. p. 54.

' " And so, my lord, to speak it out, the lackies and the gallants, and more especially your sworn brother, Lord Dalgarno, call you the sparrow-hawk. I had some thought to have cracked Lutin's pate for the speech, but, after a', the controversy was not worth it."

' " Do they use such terms of me?" said Lord Nigel. " Death and the devil!"

' " And the devil's dam, my lord," answered Richie; " they are all three busy in London—and, besides, Lutin and his master laughed at you, my lord, for letting it be thought that—I shame to speak it—that ye were over well with the wife of the decent honest man whose house you but now left, as not sufficient for your new bravery, whereas they said—the licentious scoffers!—that you pretended to such favour when you had not courage enough for so fair a quarrel, and that the sparrow-hawk was too craven-crested to fly at the wife of a cheese-monger." '—vol. ii. p. 59.

Moniplies departs, and Nigel immediately afterwards receives an anonymous caution against relying on Lord Dalgarno, or winning at the ordinary. To dissipate by exercise the uneasy reflections which are thus forced upon him, he repairs to St. James's Park, and is instantly pounced upon by Sir Mungo Malagrowther. In the exquisite scene which follows, he hears again all that Moniplies had collected of painful and degrading reports, sharpened and aimed by the wit and malignity of his misanthropic countryman. The conversation is interrupted by the appearance of Prince Charles, accompanied by Buckingham and Dalgarno, and a splendid train, who sweep across our author's stage with the picturesque reality that belongs to his representations of visible objects. A few words addressed by the Prince to Sir Mungo, and a frown cast on himself, convince Nigel how far and how high the misrepresentations of his character have extended, and on the separation of the prince's train he fastens on Lord Dalgarno to demand, in no very placable manner, an explanation. We must insert the termination of the spirited dialogue which follows.

' " I will cut this matter short," said Lord Dalgarno, with haughty coldness. " You seem to have conceived, my lord, that you and I were Pylades and Orestes—a second edition of Damon and Pythias—Theseus and Pirithous at the least. You are mistaken, and have given the name of friendship to what, on my part, was mere good-nature and compassion for a raw and ignorant countryman, joined to the cumber-

some

some charge which my father gave me respecting you. Your character, my lord, is of no one's drawing, but of your own making. I introduced you where, as in all such places, there was good and indifferent company to be met with—your habits, or taste, made you prefer the worse. Your holy horror at the sight of dice and cards degenerated into the cautious resolution to play only at those times, and with such persons, as might ensure your rising a winner—no man can long do so, and continue to be held a gentleman. Such is the reputation you have made for yourself, and you have no right to be angry that I do not contradict what yourself knows to be true. Let us pass on, my lord; and if you want further explanation, seek some other time and fitter place."

'"No time can be better than the present," said Lord Glenvarloch, whose resentment was now excited to the uttermost by the cold-blooded and insulting manner in which Dalgarno vindicated himself,—"no place fitter than the place where we now stand. Those of my house have ever avenged insult, at the moment, and on the spot, where it was offered, were it at the foot of the throne.—Lord Dalgarno, you are a villain! draw and defend yourself." At the same time he unsheathed his rapier.

'"Are you mad?" said Lord Dalgarno, stepping back; "we are in the precincts of the court."

'"The better," answered Lord Glenvarloch; "I will cleanse them from a calumniator and a coward." He then pressed on Lord Dalgarno, and struck him with the flat of the sword.

'The fray had now attracted attention, and the cry went round, "Keep the peace—keep the peace—swords drawn in the Park.—What, ho! guards!—keepers—yeomen rangers!" and a number of people came rushing to the spot from all sides.

'Lord Dalgarno, who had half drawn his sword on receiving the blow, returned it to his scabbard when he observed the crowd thicken, and taking Sir Ewes Haldimund by the arm, walked hastily away, only saying to Lord Glenvarloch as they left him, "You shall dearly abye this insult—we will meet again."

'A decent-looking elderly man, who observed that Lord Glenvarloch remained on the spot, taking compassion on his youthful appearance, said to him, "Are you aware this is a Star-Chamber business, young gentleman, and that it may cost you your right hand?—Shift for yourself before the keepers or constables come up—Get into Whitefriars or somewhere, for sanctuary and concealment, till you can make friends or quit the city."'—vol. ii. pp. 100—103.

To Whitefriars accordingly, now a collection of warehouses and manufactories, lined by wharfs and bustling with industry, but then consisting of crowded and ill-built houses, privileged in most cases from the intrusion of legal authority, and therefore inhabited by those whose safety was inconsistent with the administration of the law, Lord Glenvarloch betakes himself, under the guidance of Reginald Lowestoffe, a young Templar, of the frank, thoughtless, bustling character which seems appropriated, in fiction at least, to his

his class. The remainder of this day, the whole of the next, and the following night,* are spent by the hero in Whitefriars, or Alsatia, as was then its cant name; and the scenes to which his residence gives rise are as powerful in conception and execution as they are, to us at least, disagreeable in their effect. They are pictures of avarice, sensuality, rapaciousness, falsehood, selfishness, cruelty and want; of all the lowest misery and debauchery of a capital; of objects which excite neither our sympathy nor our curiosity, and where the only merit is fidelity of resemblance—a merit which our want of familiarity with the originals makes us taste very imperfectly. We must pass rapidly over Nigel's reception into the freedom of Alsatia, and his establishment as a lodger in a large dilapidated house occupied by Trapbois, a superannuated usurer, and his daughter Martha, a new variation of our author's well known class of tall, decisive, unsympathizing and masculine females. He receives the next morning, from Lowestoffe, the casket containing his money and papers, the most important of which is the King's order in his favour on the Exchequer; and, after a day varied only by the intrusive visits of his associates in the sanctuary, retires to bed.

'There was a slight fever on Nigel's blood, occasioned by the various events of the evening, which put him, as the phrase is, beside his rest. Perplexing and painful thoughts rolled on his mind like a troubled stream, and the more he laboured to lull himself to slumber, the farther he seemed from attaining his object. He tried all the resources common in such cases, kept counting from one to a thousand, until his head was giddy—he watched the embers of the wood fire till his eyes were dazzled—he listened to the dull moaning of the wind, the swinging and creaking of signs which projected from the houses, and the baying of here and there a homeless dog, till his very ear was weary.

'Suddenly, however, amid this monotony, came a sound which startled him at once. It was a female shriek. He sate up in his bed to listen, then remembered he was in Alsatia, where brawls of every sort were current among the unruly inhabitants.—But another scream, and another, and another succeeded so close, that he was certain, though the noise was remote and sounded stifled, it must be in the same house with himself.

'Nigel jumped up hastily, put on a part of his clothes, seized his sword and pistols, and ran to the door of his chamber. Here he plainly heard the screams redoubled, and, as he thought, the sounds came from the usurer's apartments. All access to the gallery was effectually excluded by the intermediate door, which the brave young lord shook with eager but vain impatience. But the secret passage occurred suddenly to his recollection. He hastened back to his room, and succeeded

* This is our computation. The author has in one place, vol. ii. 152, supposed the time longer.

with

with some difficulty in lighting a candle, dreadfully agitated by hearing the cries repeated, yet still more afraid lest they should sink into silence. He rushed along the narrow and winding entrance, guided by the noise, which now burst more wildly on his ear, and while he descended a narrow staircase which terminated the passage, he heard the stifled voices of men, encouraging, as it seemed, each other. "D—n her, strike her down—silence her—beat her brains out,"—while the voice of his hostess, though now almost exhausted, was repeating the cry of "murder," and "help." At the bottom of the staircase was a small door which gave way before Nigel as he precipitated himself upon the scene of action, a cocked pistol in one hand, a candle in the other, and his naked sword under his arm. Two ruffians had with great difficulty overpowered, or rather were on the point of overpowering, the daughter of Trapbois, whose resistance appeared to have been most desperate, for the floor was covered with fragments of her clothes and handfuls of her hair. It appeared that her life was about to be the price of her defence, for one villain had drawn a long clasp-knife, when they were surprized by the entrance of Nigel, who, as they turned towards him, shot the fellow with the knife dead on the spot, and when the other advanced on him, hurled the candlestick at his head, and then attacked him with his sword. It was dark, save some pale moonlight from the window, and the ruffian, after firing a pistol without effect, and fighting a traverse or two with his sword, lost heart, made for the window, leaped over it, and escaped. Nigel fired his remaining pistol after him at a venture, and then called for light.

' "There is light in the kitchen," answered Martha Trapbois, with more presence of mind than could have been expected, "Stay, you know not the way—I will fetch it myself.—Oh! my father—my poor father!—I knew it would come to this—and all along of the accursed gold! They have MURTHERED him." '—vol. ii. pp. 331—334.

' It was no pleasant situation for one unused to such scenes to remain in the apartment with two dead bodies, recently those of living and breathing men, who had both, within the space of less than half an hour, suffered violent death; one of them by the hand of the assassin, the other, whose blood still continued to flow from the wound in his throat, and to flood all around him, by the spectator's own deed of violence, though of justice. He turned his face from those wretched relics of mortality with a feeling of disgust, mingled with superstition; and he found, when he had done so, that the consciousness of the presence of these ghastly objects, though unseen by him, rendered him more uncomfortable than even when he had his eyes fixed upon, and reflected by, the cold, staring, lifeless eye-balls of the deceased. Fancy also played her usual sport with him. He now thought he heard the well-worn damask night-gown of the deceased usurer rustle; anon, that he heard the slaughtered bravo draw up his leg, the boot scratching the floor as if he was about to rise; and again he deemed he heard the footsteps and the whisper of the returned ruffian under the window from which he had lately escaped. To face the last and most real danger, and to parry the terrors which the other class of feelings were like to impress

impress upon him, Nigel went to the window, and was much cheered to observe the light of several torches illuminating the street, and followed, as the murmur of voices denoted, by a number of persons, armed, it would seem, with firelocks and halberds, and attendant on Hildebrod, who (not in his fantastic office of duke, but in that which he really possessed of bailiff of the liberty and sanctuary of Whitefriars) was on his way to inquire into the crime and its circumstances.'—Vol. iii. p. 9, 10.

Among the crowd is a young man in the green plush jacket of a waterman, who informs Nigel, on the part of his friend Lowestoffe, that a warrant from the Lord Chief Justice is out against him, and that a wherry will be at the Temple stairs early the next morning to take him out of its reach; and accordingly, as soon as grey, or rather yellow light is beginning to twinkle through the fogs of Whitefriars, the hero embarks, accompanied by Martha Trapbois, who takes this opportunity to remove herself and her father's strong box from her dreadful residence. He lands Martha and her treasure at Paul's Wharf, with a recommendation to his old landlord John Christie, and as soon as they are off Greenwich, by an exertion of independent volition, quite solitary in his history, he forces the watermen to abandon their own scheme of taking him to a vessel bound for Scotland, and to land him at the palace. Determined to appeal to the king himself for justice or mercy, he gains admittance into the park, and is fortunate enough to meet with James unattended, just at the conclusion of the chase. 'And wha may ye be, friend?' says the King, now finding leisure to take a nearer view of Nigel, after having received his assistance in breaking the deer,

'And observing what in his first emotion of sylvan delight had escaped him,—"Ye are nane of our train, man. In the name of God, what the devil are ye?"

'"An unfortunate man, sire," replied Nigel.

'"I dare say that," answered the King, snappishly, "or I wad have seen naething of you. My lieges keep a' their happiness to themselves, but let bowls row wrang wi' them, and I am sure to hear of it."

'"And to whom else can we carry our complaints but to your Majesty, who is Heaven's vicegerent over us?" answered Nigel.

'"Right, man, right—very weel spoken," said the King; "but ye should leave Heaven's vicegerent some quiet on earth, too."

'"If your Majesty will look on me," (for hitherto the King had been so busy, first with the dogs, and then with the mystic operation of *breaking*, in vulgar phrase, cutting up the deer, that he had scarce given his assistant above a transient glance,) "you will see whom necessity makes bold to avail himself of an opportunity which may never again occur."

'King James looked; his blood left his cheek, though it continued stained with that of the animal which lay at his feet; he dropped the knife from his hand, cast behind him a faultering eye, as if he either

 meditated

meditated flight or looked out for assistance, and then exclaimed,—"Glenvarlochides! as sure as I was christened James Stuart. Here is a bonny spot of work, and me alone, and on foot too!" he added, bustling to get upon his horse.

'"Forgive me that I interrupt you, my liege," said Nigel, placing himself between the King and the steed; "hear me but a moment."

'"I'll hear ye best on horseback," said the King. "I canna bear a word on foot, man, not a word; and it is not seemly to stand cheek-for-chowl confronting us that gate. Bide out of our gate, sir, we charge you, on your allegiance.—The de'il's in them a', what can they be doing?"

'"By the crown which you wear, my liege," said Nigel, "and for which my ancestors have worthily fought, I conjure you to be composed, and to hear me but a moment!"

'That which he asked was entirely out of the Monarch's power to grant. The timidity which he shewed was not the plain downright cowardice, which, like a natural impulse, compels a man to flight, and which can excite little but pity or contempt, but a much more ludicrous, as well as more mingled sensation. The poor King was frightened at once and angry, desirous of securing his safety, and at the same time ashamed to compromise his dignity; so that, without attending to what Lord Glenvarloch endeavoured to explain, he kept making at his horse, and repeating, "We are a free King, man—we are a free King—we will not be controlled by a subject.—In the name of God, what keeps Steenie? And, praised be his name, they are coming—Hillo, ho—here, here—Steenie, Steenie!"—vol. iii. p. 86—88.

The train of hunters gallop up, Nigel is roughly seized, and the discovery of pistols under his cloak convinces the timorous king of his treasonable intentions. He is dragged through the town, placed in a boat with a poursuivant and two yeomen of the guard, and rowed swiftly up the river.

'They passed the groves of masts which even then astonished the stranger with the extended commerce of London, and now approached those low and blackened walls of curtain and bastion, which exhibit here and there a piece of ordnance, and here and there a solitary sentinel under arms, but have otherwise so little of the military terrors of a citadel. A projecting low-browed arch, which had loured o'er many an innocent, and many a guilty head, in similar circumstances, now spread its dark frowns over that of Nigel. The boat was put close up to the broad steps against which the tide was lapping its lazy wave. The warder on duty looked from the wicket, and spoke with the poursuivant in whispers. In a few minutes the Lieutenant of the Tower appeared, received, and granted an acknowledgement for the body of Nigel, Lord Glenvarloch.'—vol. iii. p. 102.

We have now reached the point at which the underplots bear on the main story, and must lead our readers back nearly to the spot from which they set out. We must inform them that Margaret Ramsay,

Ramsay, the watchmaker's pretty daughter, notwithstanding her sense and his reserve; notwithstanding their difference in rank, greater then than even it would be now, though knowing nothing of him but that he was handsome and a lord, fell deeply in love with Lord Glenvarloch when he spent an hour or two in her company at George Heriot's formal dinner. What is, if possible, still more extraordinary, she is instantly aware of the nature of her feelings, and the same evening makes a confidante of Dame Ursula Suddlechop, one of those bustling intriguantes of lower life whom our author generally employs to connect the broken threads of his story, to do whatever is below the dignity or beyond the power of his other agents, and to perform for him the services which his early predecessors in romance received from the fairy or the enchanter. Through Dame Ursula, Margaret learns from time to time the progress of Glenvarloch's fortunes—by her assistance she transmits to him the anonymous note which warns him of his danger from Lord Dalgarno; and, when ruin seems coming upon him 'like an armed man,' she employs Ursula to contrive his escape from Whitefriars. The instrument whom Ursula selects for this purpose is Jenkin Vincent, the watchmaker's apprentice, whom our author generally designates by the pet appellative of Jin Vin. But there are obstacles which seem to disqualify him. He had himself, after the manner of apprentices whose master has an only daughter, formed designs upon Miss Margaret; and Ursula, to whose counsels he had resorted, had dressed him in fine clothes and sent him to the ordinary, where he was to learn the manners of the court, and win a fortune at Gleek and Primero, and gain his mistress's heart in his assumed character, as soon as he was 'perfect in his gallantries and as rich as the king.' Nigel, however, has crossed this hopeful scheme, by winning, first, Margaret's heart, and, afterwards, Vincent's money; and the poor apprentice comes in great wrath to reproach Ursula with the consequence of her advice. In a long dialogue, which is one of the most masterly passages in the work, she soothes his anger, feeds his hopes, coaxes his vanity, and at length induces him to play the part of the green jacketed waterman in Nigel's escape.

While agents, of whom he scarcely knew the existence, were thus labouring for the hero,—events, equally uninfluenced by him, had prepared the ruin of his enemy. Lord Dalgarno, while in Spain, about three years before the opening of the story, had seduced, by the trite experiment of a mock marriage, a Genoese lady of large fortune, called the Lady Hermione. After some very novel-like persecutions by inquisitors and lady-abbesses, she takes refuge with her deceased father's correspondent, G. Heriot, and on the morning of Nigel's adventure in Greenwich Park, she forwards to the king,

by her attendant, Monna Paula, a petition, containing a statement of her injuries. Margaret Ramsay, in boy's clothes, accompanies Monna Paula, to the palace, and in the alarm excited by Nigel's supposed attempt, she is seized as a stranger, and carried before the king. She manages to plead the cause of Nigel; and her beauty, the romance of her situation, and James's own self-satisfaction at the dexterity with which he has detected her disguise, assist the earnestness of her representations. This impression is aided by the proofs of Lord Dalgarno's villainy contained in the petition of the Lady Hermione; and the king resolves to ascertain his prisoner's guilt or innocence, by placing himself in a situation in which he can hear all that passes, and then exposing him to the visits of those with whom his conversation was likely to be unguarded. Margaret Ramsay, in her boy's disguise, is first introduced into his apartment as a fellow-prisoner. He is then visited by John Christie, who charges him with having seduced his wife —a crime of which Lord Dalgarno had in fact been guilty, but which Christie, aware how faintly he had denied an undue intimacy with her, very plausibly fixes on Nigel. Christie is followed by Heriot. As his business relates to the obscure affair of the mortgage, we must let our author explain it.

'" You cannot have forgotten, my lord," said Heriot, " the transaction which took place some weeks since at Lord Huntinglen's, by which a large sum of money was advanced for the redemption of your lordship's estate?"

'" I remember it perfectly," said Nigel; " and your present austerity cannot make me forget your kindness on the occasion."

' Heriot bowed gravely, and went on.—" That money was advanced under the expectation and hope, that it might be replaced by the contents of a grant to your lordship under the royal sign-manual, in payment of certain monies due by the crown to your father. I trust your lordship understood the transaction at the time. I trust you now understand my resumption of its import, and hold it to be correct."

'" Undeniably correct," answered Lord Glenvarloch. " If the sums contained in the warrant cannot be recovered, my lands become the property of those who paid off the original holders of the mortgage, and now stand in their right."

'" Even so, my lord," said Heriot; " and your lordship's unhappy circumstances having, it would seem, alarmed these creditors, they are, now, I am sorry to say, pressing for one or other of these alternatives —possession of the land, or payment of their debt."

'" They have a right to one or other," answered Lord Glenvarloch; " and as I cannot do the last in my present condition, I suppose they must enter on possession."

'" Stay, my lord," replied Heriot; " if you have ceased to call me a friend to your person; at least you shall see I am willing to be such to your father's house, were it but for the sake of your father's memory.

If

If you will trust me with the warrant under the sign-manual, I believe circumstances do now so stand at court, that I may be able to recover the money for you." '—vol. iii. pp. 146, 147.

But when the casket that has contained it is opened, the warrant is missing. Nigel's expressions of surprize extort little confidence from his matter-of-fact friend.

'" Ay, ay, young man," said Heriot, shaking his head, " make me believe that, if you can.—To sum the matter up," he said, rising from his seat, and walking towards that occupied by the disguised female, " for our matters are now drawn into small compass, you shall as soon make me believe that this masquerading mummer, on whom I now lay the hand of paternal authority, is a French page, who understands no English." '—vol. iii. p. 152.

Nigel had already discovered his companion's sex, had felt that he recognized her features, and had been trying in vain to recollect where he had seen them, when her detection by Heriot removes all the mystery. We must let our author relate how he falls in love with her almost literally stans pede in uno.

'" Here, warder," says George Heriot, " permit us to pass to the Lady Mansel's apartment."

' The warder said he must have orders from the lieutenant; and as he retired to procure them, the parties remained standing near each other, but without speaking, and scarce looking at each other save by stealth, a situation which, in two of the party at least, was sufficiently embarrassing. The difference of rank, though in that age a consideration so serious, could not prevent Lord Glenvarloch from seeing that Margaret Ramsay was one of the prettiest young women he had ever beheld—from suspecting, he could scarce tell why, that he himself was not indifferent to her—from feeling assured that he had been the cause of much of her present distress—admiration, self-love, and generosity, acting in favour of the same object; and when the yeoman returned with permission to his guests to withdraw, Nigel's obeisance to the beautiful daughter of the mechanic was marked with an expression, which called up in her cheeks as much colour as any incident of the eventful day had hitherto excited. She returned the courtesy timidly and irresolutely—clung to her godfather's arm, and left the apartment, which, dark as it was, had never yet appeared so obscure to Nigel, as when the door closed behind her.'—vol. iii. pp. 162, 163.

If this exchange of glances left any thing undone, it is completed by a visit from Sir Mungo, who, after bestowing upon his young friend much benevolent information as to the certainty of his conviction and the mode of his punishment, lets him know the state of Margaret's affection, for the kind and prudent purpose of cautioning him against giving way to it.

With this interview end the king's experiments on Lord Glenvarloch; and, to sum up this part of his story, he receives a full

pardon the next day, asks instantly the hand of the watchmaker's daughter, and is, of course, accepted.

Lord Dalgarno's business is now to be decided on. He is offered by the king the alternative of marrying the Lady Hermione, or banishment from court; and after going out of his way to insult, de gaieté de cœur, the king, the prince, Buckingham, and his father, he chooses the former, chiefly moved, as he states, by finding in the list of the lady's effects, the mortgage on the Glenvarloch estate. The next day at noon is the time fixed for its redemption, and, confident that Nigel cannot pay the mortgage money, Dalgarno anticipates the delight of starting the day after to take possession. But to secure a vengeance by violence if civil means should fail, he sends to him by Moniplies a challenge to meet him at Camlet Moat in Enfield Chase, at four in the evening assigned for his journey, a message, which that prudent servitor carefully neglects to deliver.

Lord Dalgarno, it appears, was right in supposing that the estate would not be redeemed by its proprietor; but at half past eleven the next day, while his agent the scrivener is counting the minutes to the fatal hour of noon, Richard Moniplies, with Lowestoffe and another templar as his witnesses, and followed by porters bearing the 40,000 marks in gold, stalks into the office, tenders the redemption money, forces the unwilling scrivener to accept it, and bears off in triumph the title-deeds of the estate. They have scarcely departed before Lord Dalgarno arrives, and desperate at the interruption of all that remained to him, his vengeance, he resolves still to pursue his northern journey, taking with him the gold, and to hold out Glenvarloch Castle against the owner by means of his own ammunition. Unhappily he mentions the road he intends to take, and the hour at which he is to be the next day at Camlet Moat. From the scrivener this information passes to a Captain Colepepper, a bully and bravo, who fills much too large a space in the work, but who appeared to us too trite and uninteresting to deserve earlier mention. Colepepper resolves to way-lay so rich a traveller, and Vincent, driven to despair by the failure of his schemes on Margaret Ramsay, is solicited to join him. While raging with disappointment and indignation, he is encountered by Moniplies, and in giving vent to his grievances tells the insulting proposal that has been made to him. Moniplies, anxious to save 'a kindly Scot,' and having private reasons to desire a meeting with the bravo, who was suspected of the murder at Whitefriars, forms a plan with Vincent and the two templars to rescue Lord Dalgarno and surprize Colepepper and his gang, and Camlet Moat becomes the next day the rendezvous of three separate parties.

The first on the scene is Lord Dalgarno, followed by a page, whose

whose horse bears the money, and accompanied by John Christie's faithless spouse, a companion whose presence, inconsistent as it is, with Dalgarno's first object, we must forgive, while we read the dialogue which beautifully contrasts her folly and her goodnature, her vanity and her shame, her regret for what she has lost and her anticipation of grandeurs to come, her fond recollection of poor old John Christie and her love and fear of her seducer. He seats himself on Camlet Moat, and thinks over the encounter that is to come.

'As he thus reflected, and called to mind the disgrace which he had suffered, as well as the causes he imagined for hating Lord Glenvarloch, his countenance altered under the influence of his contending emotions, to the terror of Nelly, who, sitting unnoticed at his feet, and looking anxiously in his face, beheld the cheek kindle, the mouth become compressed, the eye dilated, and the whole countenance express the desperate and deadly resolution of one who awaits an instant and decisive encounter with a mortal enemy. The loneliness of the place, the scenery so different from that to which alone she had been accustomed, the dark and sombre air which crept so suddenly over the countenance of her seducer, his command imposing silence upon her, and the apparent strangeness of his conduct in idling away so much time without any obvious cause, when a journey of such length lay before them, brought strange thoughts into her weak brain. She had read of women, seduced from their matrimonial duties by sorcerers allied to the hellish powers, nay, by the Father of Evil himself, who, after conveying his victim into some desert remote from human kind, exchanged the pleasing shape in which he gained her affections, for all his natural horrors. She chased this wild idea away as it crowded itself upon her weak and bewildered imagination; but she might have lived to see it realized allegorically, if not literally, but for the accident which presently followed.

'The page, whose eyes were remarkably acute, at length called out to his master, pointing with his finger at the same time down one of the alleys, that horsemen were advancing in that direction. Lord Dalgarno started up, and shading his eyes with his hand, gazed eagerly down the alley; when, at the same instant, he received a shot, which, grazing his hand, passed right through his brain, and laid him a lifeless corpse at the feet, or rather across the lap, of the unfortunate victim of his profligacy. The countenance, whose varied expression she had been watching for the last five minutes, was convulsed for an instant, and then stiffened into rigidity for ever. Three ruffians rushed from the brake from which the shot had been fired, ere the smoke was dispersed. One, with many imprecations, seized on the page; another on the female, upon whose cries he strove by the most violent threats to impose silence; whilst the third began to undo the burthen of the page's horse. But an instant rescue prevented their availing themselves of the advantage they had obtained.'—vol. iii. pp. 312. 314.

The rescue, thus a moment too late, consists of Moniplies and his companions; and that moment has been lost in mounting Chris-

tie behind one of the party. But, though too late for prevention, they are early enough for vengeance. Colepepper is killed on the spot by Moniplies, the page gallops off with the treasure, and Nelly is restored to her husband: how soon, and how far forgiven, is not expressly stated. The wedding of Nigel and Margaret is now celebrated with the forms and the publicity which were in fashion 200 years ago, and while the company are waiting the summons to the banquet, unbidden guests arrive, Richard Moniplies, gorgeously attired, and the austere form of Martha Trapbois, his new made bride. She comes to restore to Nigel the king's warrant, which had been purloined from him at Whitefriars by her father, and to give up to him, as the preserver of her life, the title-deeds of the Glenvarloch estate, the redemption of the mortgage having been effected, as our readers will anticipate, by Moniplies as her agent, out of the funds collected by her father's long accumulation. The king, a guest at the wedding, and now under the influence of a hearty cup of wine, hastily knights Mr. Richard, and drops the curtain by exhorting his lords and lieges present to haste to dinner, 'for the cock-a-leekie is cooling.'

We feel that our readers must have had great difficulty in following our abstract of the fable. Part of the blame we are ready to take on ourselves, but we must be allowed to throw part on our author. To confess the truth, the narrative is perplexed and unintelligible even beyond his wont. On one point, the mortgage, he appears either to have had no distinct conception of his own meaning, or to have trusted that the indolence of his readers would prevent their detecting its inconsistency. The transaction, as he has described it, affords some pretty 'coups de theâtre,' but a little reflection will convince us that it never could have taken place. The property is pledged for one-fourth of its value, and Nigel is unable to borrow the money on so ample a security, though he can obtain it on the very questionable one of the King's warrant. The money indeed is advanced, and the estate redeemed, or rather the mortgage transferred, twice in the short time occupied by the fable; but each time, it is done as a great favour to Nigel, and in the first case the party advancing the money is supposed to risk it, and in the second, absolutely to give it up. But as the lender always had, in the estate itself, a security of four times the amount, it is obvious that no risk could ever have been incurred, and that Nigel, without recurring to any other funds, could always have paid off his mortgagee for the time being, by having the mortgage transferred to a new creditor, not as a matter of favour, but of mutual accommodation. And thus the estate, as has been the case with half the great estates in the kingdom, might have continued subject to the mortgage, from century to century, without the proprietor

prietor or his heirs running the slightest risk of losing the lands, or the mortgagee his money. And let us not be accused of hypercriticism, for we are discussing the mainspring of all the machinery. The contest, whether this mortgage shall be redeemed or foreclosed, first sets the fable in motion, and gives it all its unity and connection. It is the ground, not indeed sufficient, or clearly made out, of Buckingham's and Dalgarno's hostility towards the hero; it is the motive of his visit to London, and alone gives interest to the success of his claim on the treasury. It is continued throughout the three volumes, and the decision is reserved as a bonne bouche for the catastrophe. When we discover that the question, so long, and so fiercely debated, never could have arisen, the whole story loses its credibility. If our novels are to consist of law, we really may demand that it be good law.

It is unfortunate that the three characters who principally support the action,—Nigel, Dalgarno and Margaret, should be those in whom our author has been least successful. Nigel is to us, less interesting than even most of his insipid predecessors. 'A thing never acting but perpetually acted upon,—protected by one friend, deceived by another; but in the advantage he receives from the one, and the evil he sustains from the other, as passive and helpless as a boat without oar or rudder,—a courtier, because Heriot so advised it,—a gamester, because Dalgarno so contrived it—an Alsatian, because Lowestoffe so willed it. Even his marriage seems the result of circumstances rather than of well founded love, or even preference. The author is, of course, in these his dominions supreme. We believe therefore that Nigel was a man of good sense, and good feeling, and that among his foibles was an overweening sense of the pride of birth, and a disposition to value others according to the number and fame of their ancestors. We believe all this because we find it so written: but if we were to judge him, like other men, from his actions, we should say that he was a man of weak judgment, and facile disposition, whose pursuits, when left to himself, generally terminated in the acquisition of money. It is to solicit a claim on the treasury that he first comes to London,—it is no slight inducement to his ignoble practice of gambling, that it places him beyond the necessity of borrowing. And when, after only a second interview, he engages himself to marry the wealthy daughter of a mechanic, as there really does not seem to have been time for very violent love, we cannot but suspect either that Lord Glenvarloch's pride of birth was not so overweening, or that in conquering it, Love was assisted by the clearer perception, and more rapid operation of his powerful and long tried auxiliary—Avarice.

But his conduct, however unheroic, is unhappily not improbable:

bable: we doubt whether such a being as Lord Dalgarno ever existed. His prominent quality is malevolence, generally on inadequate grounds, and sometimes without any. It was probable that he should be hostile to Nigel's suit, while there was a chance of his patron's obtaining the Glenvarloch estate: but the instant Heriot had paid off Peregrine Peterson, a transaction which took place in Dalgarno's presence, Buckingham's hopes were at an end, and all the advantages to be obtained from Nigel's ruin appear, from the story itself, to have belonged to the person for whom Heriot was the agent. Yet it is now that Dalgarno's malignity commences. After the blow in the park, we can understand it; but till then it seems absolutely without a motive, unless we suppose one in the former feud between their families, long ago healed; which Nigel does not seem even to have known, which Lord Huntinglen remembered only as matter of history, and which Lord Dalgarno, after an English education, was less likely to have attended to than either of them. We cannot but attribute this deficiency to the practice, against which our author must permit us again to remonstrate, of writing without a digested plan. He had resolved to persecute and dignify his hero, by giving him a powerful enemy; and began to write without deciding on a cause for Lord Dalgarno's hatred—but, as he went on, he forgot, or would not take the trouble, to supply one, and the work has been finished, or to speak more correctly, published, with a principal link omitted. Lord Dalgarno's behaviour, again, at the council table, where he insults all those whose hostility would be most fatal to him, and whose favour he had spent his life in acquiring, merely, as it seems, to vent his spleen upon the witnesses of his humiliation, is totally inconsistent with the powers of self-command and dissimulation attributed to him at the outset, and which are implied in the character of an accomplished courtier. It is, indeed, the constant fault of novelists to paint villainy more intense and more unmixed than it is found in nature, but our author is too superior to his companions to shelter himself under their example.

Margaret is well drawn as a city beauty and fortune,—demure among strangers, and pert where she is familiar, very headstrong and very good natured, with a characteristic contempt of her equals, and readiness to attach herself, at first sight, to the first nobleman she meets. The suddenness of her love, her relative situation to the person who is its object, the mode in which it exhibits itself, the dangers by which it is stimulated, even the male disguise under which it becomes successful, are rather too obvious repetitions of the story of Mysie Happer and Sir Piercy Shafton. But our author in that case foresaw the mesalliance, and softened it

it by degrading the Percy blood with a sartorial infusion. Margaret's noble marriage was probably an afterthought. She seems to have been originally intended for Jin Vin or Tunstall. We doubt whether any of our readers have been quite satisfied with her elevation to be Countess of Glenvarloch.

The remaining characters, and they are unusually numerous, bear the sçeau de Voltaire. It is difficult to select where all are admirable; but perhaps the very best is the King. History presented to the author a character in which reserve and familiarity, avarice and profusion, knowledge of books and ignorance of mankind, the most absolute pretensions in theory, and the meanest practical subservience, are so closely interwoven and so glaringly contrasted, that the boldest colouring could not be accused of caricature. And in the boldest colouring he has indulged; using only the precaution of covering his picture of united wisdom and folly, with a varnish of bonhommie which would have reconciled us to its apparent inconsistences, even if we had not known them to be warranted by history.

Moniplies and Sir Mungo are both portraits of the highest merit: opposed to each other in their principal features—separated again by the peculiarities which give to each of them an existence as individuals, and yet corresponding in one tinge of nationality. Sir Mungo is our favourite—chiefly perhaps from personal feelings. When we found him invested with the office of bore, we prepared ourselves, and with as much resignation as we could muster, for his exercising it after the manner of his predecessors: and we hope we feel properly grateful to our author, and to Sir Mungo, for having abandoned a system which confounded in suffering, the innocent reader with the personages on the stage; and for having adopted one which, while it administers to the latter their fair quantity of torment, spares the former the ennui of hearing it inflicted, by the eternal iteration of the same sentiment, couched in the same expressions.

Vincent and Tunstall do not appear to retain, in the progress of the story, the precise rank which was intended for them at its commencement. The latter, after having been elaborately finished, remains on our author's hands unemployed during the remainder of the work; while Jin Vin acts a more important part than could have been anticipated at his introduction. Well as he is drawn, we must confess we often wished him away: but, in a representation of London at the beginning of the seventeenth century, so important a body as the apprentices deserved perhaps to appear at full length. George Heriot is another full length in the same picture,—and not so much the portrait of an individual as the representative of the commercial aristocracy of that period. The

same

same remark applies to most of the remaining figures; they are well made out, and bear the character of the age, and of the situation assigned to them, but they are in general too distant from the spectator, and occupy too small a space on the canvas, for the minute touches which produce individual distinctness.

On the whole, we are not sure that 'the Fortunes of Nigel' will be a great addition to Captain Clutterbuck's patrimony. In dramatic power, and in the delineation of character, it is equal to any thing our author has written, and there are no words by which higher praise can be given; but the obscurity and improbability of the fable, the uninterestingness of all the actors, excepting the King, and the harassing, or degrading, or painful nature of the scenes through which we follow the hero, will always make it among the last to which we shall recur, while enjoying, what we hope again and again to enjoy, a reperusal of the novels by the 'Author of Waverley.'

ART. IV.—*Travels in South Africa, undertaken at the Request of the London Missionary Society; being a Narrative of a Second Journey in the Interior of that Country.* By the Rev. John Campbell. 2 vols. London. 1822.

WITH every feeling of respect for the 'Directors of the London Missionary Society,' and every disposition to approve their motives and applaud their exertions—with the utmost readiness to acknowledge the gratification we have received whenever we found (to use their own words) 'pious missionaries, whilst zealously pursuing their grand object—the conversion of the heathen to Christianity—materially contributing to the stores of general science, and particularly to the advancement of geographical knowledge'—we must honestly confess that the impression left on our minds by the perusal of the present work is not so favourable to their judgment as we could have wished. To speak plainly, the person selected appears but indifferently qualified for fulfilling either of the purposes which the Directors state themselves to have had in view; but more especially that 'of exploring the treasures of nature.' We are aware of the difficulty of combining the two characters, and of procuring men possessed of the requisite qualifications for instilling into the minds of the lowest of the human species the light of the gospel; and, at the same time, directing their attention to the secondary object of making observations on men and manners and of entering upon physical researches. We know that, in general, these pious men, neither from education nor previous habits, are qualified for such undertakings; yet we also know that there are a few among them, who, by

by a very short preparation and with a few plain instructions, would be able to note down observations of considerable value to physical science, and to collect objects of natural history at once interesting and important.

From a former work of Mr. Campbell, we judged him to be a person of this description. We could not but observe that, with all his zeal for the conversion of the heathen, his attention was occasionally drawn aside to some of the various objects which passed before him; and we took up the present volume in the full expectation of finding that he had turned the interval between the two Journeys to account, and acquired some preliminary information on the natural objects which promised to solicit his notice. In this we have been grievously disappointed, and are therefore led to conclude either that on his former journey he must have derived some assistance from others, or that, in the late one, the directors omitted to furnish him with instructions for collecting subjects of natural history, and to direct his attention to particular objects of interesting inquiry: he could not else have failed to bring back with him a more satisfactory account of his travels into one of 'those extensive regions of the earth which remains to be explored.' In his First Journey, he considerably enlarged the sphere of our knowledge of Southern Africa; but we cannot say much in favour of the result of his Second Expedition. In going over a great deal of new ground he has collected but few observations, and those are thrown together in a very loose and slovenly manner. A considerable portion of the work is occupied with what he calls 'the Lives' of a few savages, whose names are now heard of for the first and probably the last time; consisting, as might be expected, of little more than a dull and uninteresting summary of the number of cattle stolen from their neighbours, and of the owners killed in defending them. Another part is made up of the absurd conversations which Mr. Campbell held with the various wild tribes he visited, which tend rather to impress us with an idea of the simplicity of his heart, than of the depth of his understanding. Several of the questions put to these untutored children of nature—to say nothing of those of an irreverent tendency, such as 'how long God had lived,' &c.—respecting the matter and magnitude of the sun, the stars, the earth, and others far more abstruse and obscure than these, to few of which Mr. Campbell himself could give any satisfactory answer—evince a very lamentable want of the proper mode of dealing with them. In the midst of this idle farrago, however, there is still something left to cull; something that justifies the old adage—*Africa semper aliquid novi offert.*

Mr. Campbell begins well. On reaching the Gomka, a small stream

stream that loses itself in the Karroo, or desert, 'I took a ramble,' he says, 'along its banks'—

'Many lizards were running about in various directions. A wide-spreading mimosa, standing by itself a little way off, attracted my attention by the liveliness of its green foliage and the number of the flowers with which it was studded, and which glittered in the sun like so many newly-coined guineas. It consisted of seventeen long shoots proceeding from one ancient stump; the circumference of the ground which it shaded measured sixty-six steps; our cattle were feeding around, coveys of pheasants were flying over it, butterflies of great beauty were extracting their food from its honeyed treasures, and lizards of various hues were enjoying its shade. Those persons only can appreciate such an assemblage of the most beautiful objects in nature, who have met with them as we have in the midst of a desert.' —vol. i. p. 15.

Had we found a few passages of this lively and pleasant strain, we would gladly have followed our traveller in the earlier part of his journey; but as this was not the case, and we have had so many occasions to describe that portion of South Africa which lies to the southward of Orange River, we shall content ourselves with taking up Mr. Campbell at Griqua town, to the northward of that river, where a mission has been established for some years. Mr. Helm, who superintends it, has introduced the Madras system of education, and, by the appointment of four native Hottentot boys as monitors, and the activity and authority displayed by them, succeeded in obtaining an attendance of about one hundred children of both sexes. The town had increased in size, and the buildings were in an improving state. Many of the female inhabitants had adopted the European dress. The scholars, to the number of a hundred, were examined in the Dutch catechism, and 'I never heard children,' says Mr. Campbell, 'repeat more readily, not only the answers, but many of them, the proofs from the Scriptures.'

About a hundred miles to the northward of Griqua is New Lattakoo, situated near the source of the Krooman, a main branch of the Orange River; and fifty miles beyond that stands Old Lattakoo, which was visited by Messrs. Truter and Somerville some years ago; each of these towns contains about four thousand inhabitants, whom Mr. Campbell sometimes calls *Bootshuanas*, and sometimes *Matchappees*. Their king (for every petty chief is a *king*, in the vocabulary of our author) is named Mateebe. Here also is a mission, apparently in a thriving state: a commodious place of worship had been erected, capable of containing four hundred persons, and a long row of missionary houses, to each of which was attached an excellent garden. It

It does not appear, however, that any progress had been made in the improvement of the natives or in the instruction of their children, for, on Mr. Campbell expressing to the king his regret at finding so few children in the school, his majesty carelessly observed, 'they had to look after the cattle.' From mere curiosity some of the inhabitants occasionally attend the prayer-meetings of the missionaries, but are little solicitous in being instructed in any thing which these pious people have yet proposed to teach them. They appear to be a peaceable and good humoured race, with faculties somewhat obtuse and dull: the men pass the day in indolence, lounging and sleeping in the public squares or enclosures, whilst the women are employed in reaping the corn, or in the various branches of domestic duties. The former, however, tend the cattle, which are sent out to a distance to graze, and are frequently carried off by the Bushmen. On such occasions, the whole male population is summoned to pursue the spoilers, who, if overtaken, are put to death without mercy. On their return from these expeditions, the women and children go out to meet the conquerors, singing and dancing before them till they reach the public square, where a *peetso*, or general meeting of the captains, takes place, when the chiefs in set speeches relate to the assembly all the circumstances of the contest, and its result.

These *Peetsos* are also held on any great public occasion, when long orations are delivered by the chief; and the debates are conducted with the greatest freedom and the utmost latitude of speech: from the pauses and measured cadences, Mr. Campbell thought that some of them resembled blank verse. He gives an instance of the liberty of speech in which the orators indulge, by quoting that of a young captain, (a kind of Matchappee *dandy*,) who told the king, that he did not like to see kings with thick legs and corpulent bodies; they ought (he said) to be kept thin by watching and defending the cattle. The reply of the monarch was not without point:—'You come before me powdered and dressed, and boast of your expeditions, but I believe you are unwilling to go on them; you can talk bravely before the women, but I know you too well to take you against those nations'—namely, those who had stolen their cattle. These speeches are accompanied with dancing, shouting, and all manner of tumultuous noise. 'Few scenes,' Mr. Campbell says, 'can be conceived more completely savage, almost bordering on the frightful; but the tones of voice and the actions of most of the speakers were oratorical and graceful, and they possessed great fluency of utterance—in fact they exhibited a singular compound of barbarism and civilization.' Had Mr. Campbell ever assisted at a debate in the camp before Troy, we suspect that he would have spoken less harshly

harshly of the mode in which the Booshuanas express their approbation or disapprobation (for it is nothing more) of the sentiments of the different speakers.

The peetsos may certainly be considered as singular exhibitions among a people so little advanced in civilization. If correctly reported by our author, they display a much greater share of talent, notwithstanding the 'three howls,' or 'yells,' or 'shrieks,' or 'barks of a young dog,' with which the disputants are said to commence their oratory, than one would expect to find among so slow and phlegmatic a people. There are however to be met, even in Lattakoo, men possessed of a larger share of cunning than the rest, which enables them to live upon the credulity of their countrymen. The first in rank of this description is the Rain-maker. This important personage is found in all the separate states; but as a prophet (which he also is) has no honour in his own country, Lattakoo sends a rain-maker to Mashow, and Mashow to Kurrekanee, while the latter probably supplies the other two places. As rain is indispensable to the growth of their crops, the rain-maker's employ, in seasons of drought, is to gather the clouds, and compel them to discharge their contents. To effect this, (in other words, to gain time,) he contrives something of a tedious and difficult nature to be performed by the people, as a necessary prelude to success; and in case of failure, he is never at a loss to contrive a plausible excuse. And well may the poor Booshuanas be deceived, when even Mr. Campbell seems to think that these conjurors are in earnest, and that they believe in their own power, notwithstanding their frequent failures and the shifts to which they are sometimes driven in consequence of them. When the old Egyptian astronomer told Imlac of the powers which he possessed in regulating the seasons, *he* was in earnest: the rage of the dog-star which he restrained, and the fervours of the crab which he mitigated, were the rage and the fervour of a distempered brain, over which he could exercise no controul. And we also believe Mr. Campbell to be in earnest when, after all the efforts of the rain-maker had failed, the missionaries, at the request of the natives, held meetings to pray for it, 'and it pleased Divine Providence to answer their prayers by causing rain to come.' We doubt not his sincerity, because the sect to which he belongs believes in the interference of a special and particular providence. But the Booshuana rain-makers are evidently impudent impostors, who, by his own showing, are constantly employing craft to conceal their impotency;—one proof of which is, that, like wise folks in other countries, they have sagacity enough to fix on the changes of the moon as the likeliest times for the success of their operations.

The

The next considerable personage to the Rain-maker is the doctor, who deals partly in simples, but mostly in quackery. During the continuance of sickness in a family, a reed is stuck on the fence before the door, as a warning against entering uninvited;—a precaution not taken with any view of guarding against infection; but because, so long as the doctor is in attendance, every thing in the house belongs to him; and he would therefore have a claim on the portable property of every stranger who might chance to come under the roof: the whole concern, as the Polynesians would say, is *Tabboo* to the doctor. Thus when Mr. Campbell asked for the two twirling sticks, with which *King* Mateebe excited fire, he was refused, under the pretence that his majesty had been sick, and that every thing was still under the gripe of the Lattakoo Galen.

The following are a few of the peculiarities of this people. A Booshuana, after his return from a journey, washes himself from head to foot, and has the hair of his head and beard shaven clean off, lest strangers should have subjected him to the power of witchcraft, sorcery, or any other evil. On a cloudy morning, while the corn is on the ground, no one must go into the fields, lest he should frighten away the rain; nor must the milk-tree be cut down at that time, as it would cause drought. Fond as they are of salt, they never take it out of the pond, but purchase it from others; and though they readily eat potatoes, they cannot be prevailed on to plant them, because they resemble nothing which has been handed down to them by their forefathers, to whose manners and customs they appear to be strongly, not to say superstitiously, attached. The women eat with their husbands at home, but are not allowed to be present at public feasts. If the wife should fail in providing a supper for her husband according to his liking, he proceeds to the door of the house, and certifies her negligence, with a loud voice, to the whole neighbourhood. If, on the contrary, the husband takes the correction of his wife into his own hands, she repairs to the same spot, and publishes her grievance to such of her neighbours as may choose to listen to it. Something not much unlike this, takes place, we believe, in countries nearer home.

These, however, are innocent prejudices and habits; but they have other customs which are of a contrary character. When a woman, for instance, bears twins, one of them is put to death. Old age, which by most nations is held in respect and reverence, is here utterly disregarded. 'An old woman,' says Mr. Campbell, 'was lately allowed to starve at Lattakoo for want of food, after which they dragged her body, as if she had been a dog, to the outside of the town, that it might be devoured by the wolves; and

 such

such is their want of feeling and humanity, that an old man in the town, from total neglect, was actually eaten up by the dogs.'—Yet they are described as friendly to each other, affectionate towards their children, and sincerely sorrowful at the death of their relations.

Circumcision is universally practised, and the preparation for it is to flog the boys severely, and to make them abstain from certain viands. King Mateebe's eldest son, it seems, cried under this wholesome discipline, which raised a grave doubt among the captains whether such an unmanly act had not disqualified him for assuming the reins of government. As the reader may like to know the musical intonation of the young prince's woe, we subjoin the natural gamut. 'Their *infants*' (Mr. Campbell says) 'cry or weep exactly as they do in England; but those who are *above three or four years* of age, bawl out yō . . . yŏ . . . yŏ . . . yŏ . . . yō; yō . . . yŏ . . . yŏ . . . yŏ . . . yō.'—vol. i. p. 90.

The king of the Mashows, a country about 150 miles to the north-eastward, was on a visit to Mateebe on Mr. Campbell's arrival at Lattakoo. Encouraged by this potentate, and accompanied by Mr. Read, a missionary established among the Booshuanas, they set out on their journey to his country. In their way they passed through Old Lattakoo, and found Mahoonoo Peloo, the king, sitting in the square, surrounded by his captains, and busily employed in sewing a leather cap. Having assuaged their thirst with some thickened sour milk, with which he presented them, they pursued their journey, and passed on their left, close to the town, a field of Caffre-corn (holcus), extending at least two miles in length and one in breadth (upwards of twelve hundred acres.) The first place they reached, (after six days travelling) was Meribohwhey, the capital of the Tammahas. The intervening country was well covered with long grass, which in many places reached to the bellies of the oxen; and a constant succession of trees, scattered about and beautifully clumped, put our travellers in mind of a gentleman's park in England. The temperature and the scenery had the feeling and appearance of an English summer. The rhinoceros, the lion, the camelopardalis, the gnoo, the quacha, and all the larger species of wild beasts, common to this part of South Africa, frequently crossed their path, and haunted their nightly encampments. They killed several animals, and among others a fine large quacha striped like the zebra; and they were fortunate enough to lose only one ox, which was carried off by a lion.

Their approach and entrance into Meribohwhey are thus described.

'At length we cleared the wood and entered what resembled an extensive

tensive English common, when we observed scores of women and children running with all possible speed from the corn-fields to witness the novel sight of travelling houses, or waggons. They all kept at a respectful distance, except a few boys who had the boldness to approach within twenty yards of the waggons; for boldness it certainly was when all things are considered. The motion of the wheels appeared the chief attraction, and proved highly diverting to them. They no sooner saw a spoke pointing upwards, than immediately its position was reversed; this wonder they were noticing to each other as the waggons went forward.

'On drawing near to the town, a great number of the inhabitants came rushing forth armed with spears, battle-axes, and long sticks, wearing hairy skin caps, skin cloaks, and sandals, and all of them painted red. Altogether they presented a frightful appearance, though they certainly came to us as friends. After some salutations we all walked into the town together, and, by their directions, our waggons were brought into an inclosure near the chief entrance, about three P. M.'—(vol. i. p. 153.)

The population of this town is stated to be from six to seven hundred souls, the greater part of whom regarded the Missionaries and every thing belonging to them with the utmost astonishment. Having favoured these people with a discourse, which was conveyed to them at second-hand by an interpreter, they continued their journey to Mashow, passing through extensive fields of caffre-corn till they reached a hill covered with mimosas, from which, says Mr. Campbell, 'we had a view of a country exceeding in beauty any thing I had yet seen in Africa.' From this place, hills and valleys, richly clothed with wood, succeeded each other, till the *city* of Mashow appeared on an eminence, and shortly after the inhabitants, pouring forth in crowds to meet them. On entering, they were led, as usual, to the great public enclosure, where his majesty, king Kossie, and his chiefs were assembled to receive them.

Mr. Campbell speaks of nine-and-twenty villages which he could see from Mashow, and estimates the population at ten or twelve thousand, scattered over a circumference, mostly of corn-fields, of more than twenty miles. The people differ in nothing from the Booshuanas; but their houses are somewhat better built and more commodious, having in their front raised terraces, about three feet in width, and in the shape of a crescent. The women were observed to be somewhat smarter in their dress, and wore a profusion of beads round the neck and arms. Mr. Campbell says, the Mashows inoculate in the forehead for the small-pox, a practice which they told him they derived from white people who lived in the north-east,—the Portugueze, no doubt, at or about the Mozambique.

As they proceeded, the beauty of the country continued to increase. Hitherto all the streams which Mr. Campbell had crossed ran to the westward, but at the distance of two days journey beyond Mashow their direction changed to the eastward. The country on all sides was so thickly covered with trees as to exhibit a boundless forest. The larger species of wild beasts were abundant; and gnoos, hartebeests, quachas and rhinoceroses supplied the party with plenty of food. Of the last mentioned animals one, of a large size, was shot near the waggons. 'I was astonished,' says Mr. Campbell, 'at its bulk, being eleven feet long; six feet in height; four feet broad or in thickness; three feet from the top of the nose to the ears; length of the fore legs two feet; circumference of the upper part of the fore leg three feet; length of the hind leg three feet, and its circumference at the upper part three and a half feet; the circumference of the body about eleven feet. —The whole party set about cutting it up, and in less than an hour every inch of that monstrous creature was carried off, and nothing but a pool of blood left behind; and when they halted in the evening no less than fifteen fires were set a blazing, and eighty-nine persons all busily employed in roasting, frying, boiling and devouring rhinoceros flesh with disgusting voraciousness.' A dead quacha was brought in by way of a second course. In order to cook the lower legs and hoofs of the rhinoceros, (the calipash and calipee of a Booshuana epicure,) an ant's nest is selected, being a structure of hard clay about three feet high, and shaped like a bee-hive; the inside is a cellular turfy substance, which being removed, and the cavity heated by burning brushwood within it, an excellent oven is prepared for the purpose.

A river running to the west was said to be the Molopo, the farthest point from which any direct intelligence was received from the unfortunate Cowan and his companions. Near the same spot other streams were running to the eastward. From this circumstance it was evident that Mr. Campbell was now travelling on the highest ridge of this part of Africa, a continuation of the Niewfeld, the Sneuberg and the Tarka mountains, and of that immense chain behind the Mozambique, (said to be perpetually covered with snow,) which are marked upon our charts as the Lupata mountains, and which are probably continued to the border of the Red Sea. The Portugueze are the only people who have seen, or are supposed to have seen these mountains, of which their account is very jejune and vague. That the land in the interior rises to a great height towards the equinoctial we have no doubt; the fact, indeed, was confirmed a few years ago from the report of the severity of the weather given by some slave children who had been marched down for sale to the infamous slave-mart of

of Zanzibar, established by the Portugueze, (but to which the only traders now resorting are the subjects of his Most Christian Majesty,) and who, in describing their journey to the coast, (to a lady at Bombay, who had taken great pains to instruct them in the English language) said, that they waited on the borders of a great inland sea till the water became *hard*, and would allow them to walk over it: this was probably the large lake marked on the charts by the name of Maravi or Zemba, near the western margin of the above mountains, and supposed to stretch almost to the equator.

Mr. Campbell was delighted, and apparently not without reason, with the beautiful appearance of the country, which continued to improve in every respect the farther he advanced to the northward. On the eighth day from Mashow the party crossed a large river, called the Lukoowhai, and entered a picturesque valley, which opened upon a large plain, with corn-fields of great extent, from which they had a view of the *city* of Kurreechane, situated upon one of the highest hills in this part of Africa. In an instant men, women, and children poured down from every side to gaze upon the strangers, and their horses, who were at least objects of equal curiosity. All was clamour and confusion and wild screaming for joy. The strangers were conducted, as a matter of course, to a large enclosure within the town surrounded by a stone wall. The *king* was a minor; but there was a regent, and he lost no time in waiting on the strangers. Mr. Campbell was proceeding to state the object of their visit, when the chief stopped him short, observing that this could be done only at a public meeting.

In the mean time milk, boiled caffre-corn and sugar-cane were sent to them; after which they ascended the heights, and were surprized to see an immense plain bounded by hills, with large towns on each of them: they then walked about Kurreechane, and observed, with pleasure, that every house was surrounded with a good stone wall, some of them plastered on the outside, and painted yellow:

'In some houses there were figures, pillars, &c. carved or moulded in hard clay, and painted with different colours, that would not have disgraced European workmen. They are indeed an ingenious people. We saw among them various vessels, formed of clay, painted of different colours, and glazed, for holding water, milk, food, and a kind of beer, made from corn. They had also pots of clay, of all sizes, and very strong. Every part of their houses and yards is kept very clean. They smelt both iron and copper. The rain-maker took us to see one furnace, in which they smelted the iron. It was built of clay, almost equal in hardness to stone. A round opening was left at the top for receiving the ore, and an excavation underneath for holding the fire, which was open behind and before, not only for admitting the fuel, but also the wind from the bellows.'—vol. i. 228.

After allowing the travellers a few days for repose, the Peetso, to which Mr. Campbell naturally looked forward with some anxiety, was announced. It seems to have been got up with a good deal of savage magnificence, and must really have been a very interesting spectacle. The speeches, in which there was no novelty, were preceded by song and dance, and wild and fantastic displays (not always ungraceful) of courage and dexterity. The appearance of the chiefs is thus described.

'There were a great diversity of dresses at the peetso. They all resembled each other, however, in having their bodies painted with pipe-clay from head to foot, and in wearing a kind of white turban, made from the skin of the wild hog, the bristles of which are as white as the whitest horse-hair. Many wore tiger-skins, and several were ornamented with eight or ten coverings resembling fur tippets, hanging from their shoulders, and others wore them depending from the middle of their bodies. There were a great variety of skin cloaks without the hair. Yet, notwithstanding all this finery, few scenes could be conceived more completely savage, almost bordering on the frightful; but the tones of voice and the actions of most of the speakers were oratorical and graceful, and they possessed great fluency of utterance. None seemed to have the smallest timidity, nor were they reluctant to express their minds with freedom.'—p. 268.

The Kurreechanes are chiefly employed in attending the cattle, dressing skins, and making them into cloaks; their women are occupied in domestic concerns, in threshing the corn, and storing it up in large clay vessels, also made by them, each capable of containing from ten to twelve bushels. Our travellers observed several blacksmiths at work, whose implements were pretty nearly the same as those in use at Lattakoo; consisting of a stone anvil, an iron hammer, and bellows made of skins with a cow's horn at one end for the pipe, two pair of which one workman contrived to blow, by alternately lifting the upper wooden board of each. Articles of copper were so common that Mr. Campbell had no doubt they were manufactured on the spot, as he had been previously informed; but he was unable to satisfy himself on this point, as the furnaces were said to be behind the houses of some of the captains, and there was an apparent unwillingness to let him see them: they made no difficulty, however, in showing him the iron furnaces, which were constructed of clay. He brought home several specimens of their earthenware, which is generally of a chocolate colour; many of the articles are handsome in shape and texture, and far superior to the common Roman pottery. Of ivory these people make knife-handles, whistles, rings for the legs and arms; of copper, rings for every part of the body; of rushes, baskets and bonnets; of leather, cloaks, caps, sandals and shields; of wood,

wood, household furniture, dishes and spoons; and of a soft stone, pipes to smoke tobacco, which Mr. Campbell says they raise in great abundance. Whence did they get it?—or does not Mr. Campbell mean hemp? which is used as tobacco by the Booshuanas and other South Africans, and which we think he occasionally calls by that name.

Like the Booshuanas, the *Marootzee* inoculate for the small-pox between the eye-brows; and the Regent informed our traveller that they procured the matter from a people to the north-east, called Mahalatyela, who ride upon elephants. They make incisions in the temples to cure the head-ache, and bleed copiously for several diseases. 'It was impossible,' Mr. Campbell says, 'to number the houses in Kurreechane, but probably the population may amount to sixteen thousand, it being at least four times the size of New Lattakoo.'

From many circumstances which Mr. Campbell observed among these people, particularly from the rite of circumcision and from the practice of the king sitting in the gate to administer justice, he considers them to be of Arabian or Jewish origin. There is not the smallest doubt of this; the whole Caffre nation, of which they form a part, is obviously derived from a mixed breed of Arabs and native Africans; but Mr. Campbell has not observed attentively when he talks of the men having wool on their heads, and the sheep hair—the covering of the latter is certainly a mixture of hair and wool, but the heads of the men, though curly, are not covered with woolly hair. We suspect that, in tracing this ridge of South Africa to the northward, the inhabitants will be found to approach more and more to the Jewish character, until all traces of black blood lost are in the Abyssinians.

It appears, from various sources of information procured by Mr. Campbell, that the whole country to the eastward of the elevated level on which he travelled was fertile and populous, but that to the westward it was one continued karroo or desert, on which a few miserable Bushmen gained a scanty subsistence, as far as to the shores of the southern Atlantic; stretching northerly to the Portugueze settlements on the western coast, or up to the fifteenth parallel of south latitude. On account of its barren uniformity and vast extent, Mr. Campbell thinks it may properly enough be named the Great Southern Zahara. The latitude of Kurreechane, the extreme point of his travels to the northward, is placed in 24½° S. which is about a degree and a half to the northward of De la Goa Bay. The streams therefore which he saw running to the eastward united probably in the great river Mafumé, which falls into that bay.

The peetso, of which we spoke above, having determined that

it was a good thing to have missionaries among them, Mr. Campbell, who had no ulterior object in view, returned to Mashow. During his absence several rhinoceroses had entered the town, two of whom were killed by the inhabitants, and two others by a hunting party, not far from it. One of these was either of a different species or a variety of the common African species. The head was presented to Mr. Campbell, and is now in the museum of the Missionary Society in the Old Jewry. He thus describes it.

'The common African rhinoceros has a crooked horn resembling a cock's spur, which rises about nine or ten inches above the nose and inclines backward; immediately behind this is a short thick horn; but the head they brought had a straight horn projecting three feet from the forehead, about ten inches above the tip of the nose. The projection of this great horn very much resembles that of the fanciful unicorn in the British arms. It has a small thick horny substance, eight inches long, immediately behind it, which can hardly be observed on the animal at the distance of a hundred yards, and seems to be designed for keeping fast that which is penetrated by the long horn; so that this species of rhinoceros must appear really like a unicorn when running in the field. The head resembled in size a nine-gallon cask, and measured three feet from the mouth to the ear, and being much larger than that of the one with the crooked horn, and which measured eleven feet in length, the animal itself must have been still larger and more formidable. From its weight, and the position of the horn, it appears capable of overcoming any creature hitherto known. Hardly any of the natives took the smallest notice of the head, but treated it as a thing familiar to them.'*—vol. i. p. 294.

The length, the little curvature, and the position of the horn, together with its very superior size, are differences from the common species sufficiently remarkable; but they become still more so, if, as Sir Everard Home has asserted, 'they make it bear so close a resemblance to the fossil skull from Siberia as to leave no prominent characteristic mark between them;' and that 'were it not that the one is in a fossil state and the other recent, they would be decided to belong to the same species.'† We cannot, however, agree with Sir Everard, that this solitary fact, supposing it to be so, has at all shaken the theory that 'all the bones hitherto found in a fossil state, differ from those belonging to animals now in existence.' We believe they are all essentially, if not speci-

* Mr. Campbell tells us the lower jaw was left behind, but that the upper part is in the Missionary Museum, and that for such as may not have the opportunity of seeing the head, (it is the skull merely) 'the annexed drawing of it has been made.' Having seen that skull, we do not hesitate to say that the *drawing* is no more like either the head of the animal as it was, or of the skull as it is, than the head of a cow is like that of a horse. Indeed the *London-made* prints to the work are paltry daubs, and calculated only to mislead.

† Philosophical Transactions, part 1, 1822.

fically

fically different. Whether, as he supposes, this African rhinoceros be the unicorn of Job, we pretend not to decide; but we feel no difficulty in saying that the rhinoceros of the country where Job lived, is wholly different from the African rhinoceros; and, with submission, we do not see why the common Asiatic species would not suit the lofty metaphorical and poetical description of Job as well as the other.

From Mashow, taking a sweep to the eastward, Mr. Campbell returned to the missionary establishment of Griqua town, where we took him up, and where we must now take our final leave of him.

We are not aware that, in passing over these desultory volumes, we have omitted any thing that could be considered as interesting or amusing in any material degree. In justice to Mr. Campbell, however, (whose piety and many amiable qualities command our respect,) we ought to remark that the subjects connected with the southern angle of Africa are so nearly exhausted, that none but a skilful physiologist can now hope to succeed in giving to it much additional importance.

Art. V.—*The Elements of the Art of Packing, as applied to Special Juries, particularly in Cases of Libel Law.* By Jeremy Bentham, Esquire, Bencher of Lincoln's-Inn, London.

IN the earlier part of Mr. Bentham's life, his philanthropic mind was employed in many ingenious endeavours, to bring to perfection the art of constructing places for the confinement of his fellow-creatures. None of his contrivances perhaps were more deserving of eulogy than those adapted for retaining the objects of incarceration within the precincts of their dungeon, and securing to them the benefits of prison-discipline, by providing against furtive or forcible eruptions. To facilitate the discovery of treachery or insurrection, light was to be copiously diffused, and in all directions eyes were to be placed, 'availing themselves of that light;' conversation tubes were to convey speedy intelligence to the remotest cells; and it was proposed to surround the panopticon with a range of wires, connected with a series of bells, so placed, that an attempt at escape would detect itself by communicating, throughout the circumference, a tintinnabulous sound.* But all this was not sufficient; and as a last precaution, guard-houses were to be erected at convenient distances, each of them furnished with

* 'On the top of the wall all round, a range of spikes, iron or wooden, of such slightness that in the attempt to set a ladder against them, or throw a rope over them, to get up by, they would give way and break, and in either case strike against a range of wires, by which a number of bells would be set a ringing.'

'a dog

'a dog or dogs, of the sort of those which in the night are set a barking by any the least noise.' When the dogs were 'set a barking,' and the bells 'set a ringing,' the fugitive was sure to be brought back.

But it is not only for the protection of a prison, that animals endowed with the propensity to bark on slight occasions are serviceable. Such qualities are found to be equally advantageous in the guardians of the body politic; and it is fortunate for the country we live in, that our English watch-dogs are not without a due proportion of the attributes of the cur. No deficiency on this head can be imputed to our author; a very little of fact and less of reasoning is sufficient to call him into action: and his proneness to bark at 'any the least noise' is well evinced by the present publication, originating, as he informs us, in a newspaper article, and unsupported by any other proof of the existence of the evils for which it proposes a remedy.

The work was written, it is stated, in 1809, and printed in 1810; but 'circumstances prevented its being at that time exposed to sale.' What these circumstances may be we are not informed, except by an intimation, that, if known, they would 'afford a striking illustration of the baneful influence of the principles and practice it is employed in unveiling.' We have not been able to call to mind the subject of this mysterious allusion, unless it be the circumstance of Mr. Bentham's having, since the date assigned to the composition of his work, been relieved from the situation in which he then stood, or considered himself to stand, of a government contractor. A plan had been in agitation for the erection of a prison, according to his theory, and to be placed under his superintendance: it had proceeded so far that a considerable sum of money had been advanced to him for the purpose, and a piece of land of sufficient value to produce an agreeable addition of about £700 per annum to his income, had been purchased and put into his possession.* The scheme was abandoned, and we know not whether Mr. Bentham may have been dissatisfied with the compensation awarded him for the loss of the emoluments which he anticipated from his reversionary gaolership; or whether it has happened to him, as it has to many others, that the 'abruption of a connection' with the 'executive' has opened his eyes to its vices, and impressed on his mind a more lively sense of the evils arising from misrule: but it is certain that, since that time, he has found frequent occasion to lift up his voice in the public cause, and that his writings, no longer merely speculative, have assumed a tone of

* See Report of the Committee of the House of Commons on Penitentiary Houses—1811. p. 147.

rancorous

rancorous abuse against all who stand in the way of his projects. It is since that time, that he has made those numerous assaults upon the religion and constitution of his country, which have not failed of being mischievous from any want of intention on the part of their author; and it is since that time that this fierce attack upon the purity of the administration of justice has been released from the concealment which it endured, as long as he entertained an hope of the humblest employment under those whom it denounces.

It is the common error of projectors that, aggravating the importance of their own discoveries, they are apt to imagine that whatever evils they either see or fancy, are referable to causes to which their theories would afford a remedy. Mr. Bentham carries this parental weakness somewhat farther: not content with attributing the mischiefs which he discerns, to the disregard of his doctrines, he collects by some process of reasoning what mischiefs the errors of the present system must, according to his views, occasion, and thence assumes as a fact, that those mischiefs actually exist; from this cause his writings present a frightful but fancied picture of the miseries and vices of mankind.

Thus he has persuaded himself, by arguments, for which he refers to another of his multitudinous publications, that from our judicial system having been framed when the world had not the benefit of his legislative inventions, the interest of the judge and 'the prejudices begotten by those interests, are in a state of constant, universal, and diametrical opposition to his duty—to every branch of that duty,—to every one, without exception, of the ends of justice.'—(p. 59.) It should be observed that it appears to be part of the moral theory of Mr. Bentham, that pecuniary interest is not only the primum mobile, but the paramount and exclusive director of human actions. His limited acquaintance with his fellow-creatures, or the peculiarities of those from whom he has formed his opinion of the rest, seem to have concealed from him the fact, that there are men who do not always postpone their duty to the love of lucre. The existence of such characters is not dreamed of in his more simple philosophy. Rejecting the complication of motives to which others would be inclined to attribute some weight, it is sufficient with him to ascertain what line of conduct will be most productive of emolument, and it follows as a necessary consequence that that line will be pursued. Having therefore satisfied himself that the interest of a judge is always directly at variance with his duty, he does not hesitate to adopt the conclusion that that duty is always disregarded; a conclusion which, as far as we can perceive, he only arrives at by the process we have described. There is, we are told, no other country in which corruption in the highest rank of judges has place to an extent approaching

proaching that to which it has spread in this; it is in fact 'constant and universal.' They (the judges) are *comforted* exactly in the same proportion in which the suitors are tormented; they are 'linked by the bands of a common interest' with every delinquent; falsehood, extortion, swindling and deception are familiar to them.

A result thus condemning to infamy one of the most respected classes of society would, to one less confident in his own philosophy, present something startling, and tempt him to inquire into the fact, and ask whether all this depravity actually exists, and what symptoms of it are discernible? But Mr. Bentham scorns an appeal to facts; and admitting, as he does, that the purity of the English judicature is so universally believed in, as to have become in a manner proverbial, this 'contradictoriness' of general opinion only renders him more positive. It is by no means 'vulnerary' to his hypothesis, but on the contrary, is 'evidentiary' of its truth. 'The popularity of the system, so far from being a proof of its excellence, affords a proof, inasmuch as it is among the results, of its depravity.'—(p. 71.) It arises, in fact, chiefly from the interested eulogies bestowed on the system, by the 'men of law,' which others are simple enough to believe, and which, singular as it may seem, rise in proportion to its demerits. Though we are not disposed to admit this proposition, or the former one connected with it, that popularity is the result and proof of depravity, yet a reference to the events of our own times forbids us from denying them altogether; and we are not sure that our author in propounding them has not been slily casting a stone at some of those whose notions are most nearly allied to his own.

This judicial iniquity has been more felt in its effects on our system of trial by jury than any where else. It seems that at a very early period the judges, to gain their private ends, formed 'a determination to subvert, as far as it might be found practicable and convenient, this part of the constitution.'—(p. 18.) But prudently resolving not to hazard the achievement of their object by attempting too much, they limited their design 'to all cases in which it was likely that the judge, or any of the servants of the crown, his confederates, would have any special interest.'—(p. 19.) The means employed were chiefly those of corruption and deception. Our author, fond of displaying his discriminative powers in forming classifications, has explained to us the different kinds of deception most frequently in use: it may be *special* or *general*; it is sometimes *humiliative* or *depressive*, and sometimes *self-exaltative:* again; there is the *regular* and the casual *corruptor*. So numerous are the snares laid for the probity of jurymen!

Special juries were introduced as one step towards the accomplishment of the object on which the judges had resolved; it being found,

found, we suppose, that men of property were most easily bribed, and men of intelligence most easily imposed upon. It may perhaps be matter of surprize to the many excellent persons who have at some time of their lives found themselves 'inhabitants of a jury-box,' to be informed that they have only been placed there from their known corruption, and from the other qualifications they possess for forming part of 'a board secretly composed of commissioners, paid, placed, and displaceable by the servants of the crown.'—(p. 43.) But this is nevertheless the fact; our author has discovered by a process of reasoning, unaided by facts, that the jurymen are selected from a secret list 'of sure men,' of persons on whom the officer of the court who nominates them can depend, to return whatever verdict he may think fit; the power of challenging is merely nugatory; the officer of the court notwithstanding directs the verdict: 'the whole forty-eight being alike at his devotion, alike the creatures of his choice, what matters it to him which are the twelve that serve?'—(p. 32.)

In the general profligacy that surrounds us, we are not only taught to dread the influence of the crown and the judges, the *regular corruptors* of juries; there is, besides the casual corruptor, the individual party who, desirous of justice, buys the votes of his jury by private contract. We are told a story of a verdict that cost as much as £1500; a story probably fabricated by some person indulging his 'quizzatorial' propensities, at the expense of our author's credulity of evil. He talks familiarly about 'corrupting the requisite number of jurymen,' and we do not collect that he apprehends any other difficulty than that of providing sufficient funds. Such is the force of money, that if one be corrupted, the verdict is secured; the influence of bad motives is, at least, eleven times stronger than that of good, so that one who has been bribed may always bring over to his side the other eleven.—(p. 242.) It is to be observed that the whole of this rests upon inferences, suspicions, and possibilities; no attempt is made to show by any facts that, in any single instance, a corrupt or undue influence has been used; it is supported only by hypothesis, or by reasonings which will be found to resolve themselves into a principle, on which a great part of our author's ethics are apparently founded;—namely, that every man practises all the wickedness that his situation in life admits of; no opportunity for crime is lost; and when it is shown that there is some mode in which, at the risk of a heavy responsibility, a jury might be packed; it is assumed that, in point of fact, every jury is packed. It does not, of course, occur to him to reconcile with his notions, the fact that in so many cases verdicts are given against the crown, and in many more against the opinion of

of the judge; if his accusations required an answer, that alone would be sufficient.

We wish, for the sake of Mr. Bentham, that before he proceeds in his inquiries, he could a little elevate his opinion of those beings for the government of whom he employs himself in framing laws. For of what avail are all his contrivances, if his fellow-creatures be the wretches that he supposes them? If mankind be so intensely corrupt, if the world be the pandæmonium which he paints it, legislation would be in vain: chrestomathic education, and panopticon discipline would be fruitless: let the laws be ever so good, and codified after the latest pattern, unless there be some portion of integrity in those to whom the execution of them is confided, the labour of the lawgiver will be lost. The machine cannot work without a fulcrum; and if there be no honesty or virtue to which we can trust the support of our system, we may be assured, however much its checks and counter-checks may be multiplied, it will not support itself.

ART. VI.—*Œuvres complètes de Démosthène et d'Eschine, en Grec et en François. Traduction de l'*Abbé Auger, de l'Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres en Paris. Nouvelle Edition, revue et corrigée par J. Planche, Professeur de Rhétorique au Collège Royal de Bourbon. Tom. i.—iv.

WHATEVER political economists may say to the contrary, man is a generous and magnificent animal, fond of prodigality and amorous of expense. Of all the periods of human history, the most grateful to a lettered mind are those in which the names of Pericles and Augustus, Lorenzo and Louis, imply, that princes could afford to be generous, and that the arts which minister to the pride and pleasure of man could throw into the shade those which contribute only to his necessities.

Whoever shall be content to accompany us through our remarks (and it is for the purpose of looking into one of the most splendid departments of human literature, that the present title stands at the head of our pages) will see hereafter that these thoughts naturally arise out of a subject well deserving a much more extensive investigation than we can give, but of which we can at least promise a fuller account than the unsatisfactory dissertation prefixed to the volumes before us. If the greater part of Grecian oratory was dedicated to the business of life, it will be our future business to show, that one branch of it (and that not the least delightful) was devoted to the amusement of life; that its chief appeal was to the ear, and that it regarded the pomp

pomp and prodigality of *words* without any close attention to the truth or reality of *things*.

That we may not, however, to other faults add that of exciting expectations only to disappoint them, we hasten at the very outset to observe, that almost our last purpose in thus taking up the Greek orators will be that of discriminating and appreciating their various styles and beauties; and they who are most versed in the critical writings of antiquity, and who are aware that difference of style among the Greeks depended upon such minute shades and differences,* that the most exact erudition is perhaps only capable of *knowing* and not *feeling* them, will be the first to absolve us for not making such an attempt. Our object will be rather to make ourselves acquainted with the character, manners, and institutions of the singular people of whom these orators formed a part, and to see whether graver authorities bear us out in that estimate and opinion of the Greeks, which we may by some be thought to have taken up on much lighter testimony. If the value of our undertaking be considerably lessened by such an explanation, we feel very sensibly that we have also much lessened the difficulty and responsibility of our enterprize.

Grecian eloquence began, where among such a people we should look for its origin: it was cradled in poetry. That wonderful being, who stands before us, like the stupendous Asiatic ruins, a proof of some anterior state of empire, made his two great poems the depository of all that went before him, and left in them the germ of all that was to follow him; history, geography, tactics, the fine arts, philosophy and oratory. The eloquence of Homer, like the music of Handel, is not less the expression of impassioned feeling in the individual, than of that mass of feeling, which is to be found in multitudes, and of which the most popular speakers embody into themselves a portion. The opening speeches in the Iliad are more particularly, as it were, the pibrochs of different clans; and only he, whose powerful genius has seized upon a similar state of manners with Homer, could have put a meeting of Highland chiefs into speech and action with the same perfect mixture of roughness and refinement, ferocity and gentleness, which in all ages belongs to a state of half-civilized manners. But it is less with a view of specifying the eloquence of Homer, than of pointing out the results which, thus embodied, it had upon the Grecian oratory, that we have

* For a confirmation of this opinion we refer generally to the writings of Dionysius of Halicarnassus, and more particularly to his treatise 'De Compositione Verborum,' a delicious piece of criticism, but which gives less pleasure perhaps from the information it imparts, than it does mortification from showing us, how much there is in antiquity which we can never thoroughly appreciate.

been

been led into these remarks. That beautiful structure of verse, in which the Iliad is composed, and which, it has been observed, under all faults of pronunciation, is found to contain something universally agreeable to the ear, had an effect upon the lively minds of his countrymen, which nothing could efface. Even where language was relieved from the strict confinement of metre, some portion of its graceful slavery was still thought requisite: and oratory more particularly was not to be without its chains. A metrical arrangement therefore, though differing in its kind, is perceptible even to a modern ear, in all the speeches of antiquity. It is found in the fiery zeal of Lycurgus, in the angry invective of Deinarchus, in the sad and chastened tone of Andocides: in Demosthenes, it is one among all other excellencies; while on a portion of Grecian oratory, to which we have already alluded, and on which we shall presently dwell somewhat fully, it bestowed cadences of the most soothing and melting modulation.

> Night-dews fall not more gently to the ground,
> Nor weary worn-out winds expire so soft.*

Had the philosophical poems of Empedocles come down to us, it is probable that we should have found in them a golden link to let us down from the eloquence of poetry into the eloquence of prose: he had the two noblest ingredients of an orator in him—a powerful intellect and an upright life—and his diction was said to be as poetical as Homer's: but these poems have been lost in the stream of time; and the speeches of Peisistratus, Solon, and Cleisthenes were, we believe, never collected or put into writing. Tradition has said so much of the eloquence of Themistocles, that there is still more reason to regret, that time has allowed us no proof of the excellence on which this fame is built. We have to descend therefore at once from the simple and sublime eloquence of Homer, into eloquence in its most hateful, and eloquence in its most perfect shape: into a war of opinion between all that is sound in principle and correct in taste, with all that is false in the one and vicious in the other. Never did the two principles of

* As our remarks are addressed to general readers, we must refer for more particular information on this point to various passages in Cicero's rhetorical pieces, and to the critical writings of Demetrius Phalereus, Dionysius of Halicarnassus, and Hermogenes. The latter more particularly (a remarkable youth, in whom nature revenged an early precocity of intellect by an early imbecility) specifies the particular feet which the Greek orators were fond of using, according to the precise feeling of mind which they wished to excite. For those who think that this nicety of rhythm might be neglected with impunity, we quote the following indignant protest. ἐν ᾳ ἐστι πρωτος τε και τελευταιος και μεσος ὁ Μαγνης σοφιστης Ἡγησιας; ὑπερ ὁ, μα τον Δια και τους αλλους θεους ἁπαντας, κκ οιδ' ὁτι χρη λεγειν, ποτερον τοσαυτα περι αυτου ην ανεισθησια και παχυτης ὡστε μη συνοιδαν αἵτινες εἰσιν ευγενεις η αγενεις ῥυθμοι, η τοσαυτα διεβλαβεια και διαφθορα των φρενων, ὡστε ειδοτα τους κρειττους, εωσιτα αἱρεισθαι τους χειρους; ὁ και μαλλον πειθομαι.—Dion. Hal. de Verborum Compositione. p. 18. Sylb. edit.

good

good and evil come into a more awful conflict than they did, as far as oratory is concerned, in the separate schools of Gorgias and Pericles. There is something consolatory in the reflexion, that this conflict never takes place but the end is invariably the same: the battle may be for a while with the latter, but the final victory, whatever havoc and ruin may intervene, inevitably remains with the former. The speeches of Pericles, accordingly, are yet a perennial fountain at which the wise of all ages feel themselves too happy to be allowed to drink; the eloquence of the sophists has become a bye-word of infamy and contempt, and it is perhaps known only to the most learned of our readers, that any specimens of it are yet to be found. Two * speeches however of Gorgias, their prince and leader, have contrived to escape that gulph into which his fellow-traders in iniquity have dropt; and, as curiosities in themselves, they may not be undeserving a moment's notice.

It was our melancholy task once before to follow this pestilent race into their dark recesses, and to point out by what means they endeavoured to effect that dislocation and looseness in the moral frame, which their infamous doctrines caused among the *men* of Greece. But they were not persons who did the work of villainy by halves, or who were content to debase only the rougher part of the creation. Woman was their game as well as man: and as they varied their attack on the latter, because man, being attached to society by many links, may perhaps hold faster by one, since he has broken ten others; so in their powerful assault upon the gentler sex, they skilfully selected that point of attack which, by severing woman from the tie of family feeling, throws her at once out of the system, and leaves her an erratic comet, in whose very beauty there is fear; and which gives the first promise of security, when it sinks into that privacy, out of which it has too suddenly risen. For a being weak by nature, and whose feebleness is often rather increased than supported by society; for a creature, whose aberrations society takes care severely to chastise, and who sins less, perhaps, from motives of self-gratification, than because she wants power to deny any thing to those she loves; for such a being, we have all the compassion which the common infirmities of our nature demand: but if there be in nature one feeling of abhorrence more strong than another, it belongs to a writer like that before us, who endeavours to loosen all the ties between woman

* The second of the speeches ascribed to Gorgias seems to us to bear marks of being a forgery. At least we remember no other speech, where the term ἀγῶνας is applied to men acting in a judicial character, otherwise than at the theatres. Every one must feel the 'Enconium Helenæ' to be a genuine production; or, if a copy, to be so perfect a facsimile, that, like the Lexiphanes of Lucian, it does not much signify whether we have the original.

 and

and such a situation; who deliberately sits down to a defence of adultery as to the solution of a mathematical problem, with only this difference, that the demonstration comes first and the enunciation afterwards; and who rises from his 'plaything' (to use his own expression) with that apparent satisfaction, which we had been taught to believe, resulted only from the successful investigation of abstract truths. Yet, stript of its flimsy sophistry, what is the speech in praise of Helen but that which we have described? and by what infatuation of the human mind was it, that a speech as contemptible in composition, as it is corrupt in principle, is to be numbered among those, which gained for its author, when living, a statue of gold?

What Burnet, on some occasion, says of the learning of the Popish doctors, may not unaptly be applied to the species of eloquence, which we are now considering;—'that it was a slight of tossing some arguments from hand to hand, with a gibberish kind of language, that sounded like somewhat that was sublime, but had really nothing under it.' A profusion of those splendid words, which, because singly they characterize noble things, are supposed by incautious readers to do the same, when heaped together—a smaller particular insidiously hung upon a manifest truth, and the subordinate article passed off upon the credit of the main proposition—a solemn mode of enunciating very common-place matter, and the terms of the schools thrown out at decent intervals, as if there was more in these things than philosophy is aware of—things earthly and things heavenly, the properties of substance and the accidents of metaphysics all hashed up into an heterogeneous jumble—a judicious mixture of those mysterious terms, to which fools give up their reason, and fine gentlemen and poets surrender their better spirits—fate, fortune, destiny, necessity—these, with all the jugglers' tricks that could be played on a language plastic to every volition of the mind; strong antitheses not only of sentiments and words, but even of syllables—short sentences, which put the fiat upon the author's own opinions, or which are fired like minute-guns over opinions of others sent to an early grave—these, with other tricks of legerdemain, make Gorgias a sort of antic to laugh at in a sultry summer's day, when the mind feels unequal to graver and to better business. Whence then did the sophistic eloquence derive its success in its own day? There was novelty, that moon at the full, which finds every crack and crevice in weak brains—there was a new people, and a new people, like a new man, must have every thing levelled down to its own capacity—there was an administration, which for its own selfish purposes had opened a door for the licentiousness it was afterwards unable to restrain;—and there was a swarm of cunning and needy adventurers,

venturers, who had skill to discern, and perseverance to complete the plans by which such a system of things might be turned to most advantage.

We feel no temptation to transfuse into our pages any portion of this scribbler's works, at once a coxcomb and a villain; but we take advantage of this brief reference to his remains to impress upon our readers, these incontrovertible truths—that there is a succession of moral as well as physical cycles in the world; that national manners and national style have a more intimate union than is often imagined; that the outworks of man's intellect are to be as vigilantly guarded as the outworks of woman's chastity; that he who allows himself to be cheated with words, will soon allow himself to be cheated with things; that there is a fruit, (fabulous it may be,) which, though fair to the eye, turns to ashes in the mouth; and that the lightning, which plays brilliantly round the head, has within it a bolt which may penetrate to the heart, and leave it a scathed and withered waste!

We have but one word more to add on the subject of this wretched sophist. That the style of Gorgias, with all its faults, had some unaccountable fascination in it, there can be little doubt; since Plato, the foremost and the happiest to ridicule it, had, if we may believe an eminent critic of antiquity,* the weakness to vitiate his own style by an occasional imitation of it; but that Cicero should have left the immoral tendency of this sophist's writings untouched, and have visited his defects of style with no great severity, will appear little extraordinary to those who have somewhat more than a common acquaintance with that great man's own writings. Next to the establishment of his own fame as an orator, it is clear that the great object of Cicero's literary life was to make the Grecian literature both known and fashionable at Rome; and these two purposes he completely effected, not less by exquisite translations in verse as well as in prose, (for we must not take a sarcastic line of Juvenal in too close a sense,) than by artful and well-timed compliments to the powers of his native language.† Now it certainly did not fall in with such a purpose to place any part of Grecian literature in an unfavourable light, even on mere points of style; and a less satisfactory reason must be given, why the reader is to expect little caution against the moral defects of Gorgias in the pages of Cicero. Among the few painful impressions which

* Dionysius Halicar. in Epist. ad Cn. Pompeium.

† Quintilian, writing at a later period, and when Cicero's object had been completely accomplished, could assume a very different tone from his predecessor, and more safely pronounce upon the respective merits of the two languages. *Institutiones*, lib. xii. cap. 10.

the perusal of those pages leaves behind them, is the irresistible conviction that their author had trod the mazes of the Academic school, till his moral perception of the effects of literature had become almost lost; that he judged of compositions merely as a matter of art; and that a writer was little more in his opinion than an actor, whose business it was to throw the utmost effect which he could into that character which he sustained for the moment.* With the exception of that fervid strain of eloquence into which a comparison† of the Epicurean and Peripatetic philosophies hurries him, only a few detached passages of his writings can be brought to indicate, that, consummately versed as he was in the Greek writings intellectually considered, he ever bestowed much thought upon them, in their moral or political relations to mankind.

We have now, as well as the slender materials we could find would allow us, brought down the progress of Grecian oratory to a period, when it would be advisable to trace it rather in masses, than in detail; but before we come to this division of our subject, it will be proper to place one more of our band of orators before the reader, because he has left specimens of his labours, which bring him into relation with the better and the worse species of orators, of whom we have just been treating; and because a fair opportunity occurs of hanging upon him some general observations relative to Grecian eloquence, for which we might not elsewhere find so convenient a place. The writer to whom we allude is Antiphon of Rhamnus.‡

If the son of Sophilus had possessed no other claim to notice than that of having formed the mind of Thucydides, posterity would have awarded him, for that single service, no mean place in the annals of Grecian eloquence; but Antiphon can stand upon claims of his own. Fifteen of his speeches have come down to us; and if twelve of these must for manner, though not for matter, take their place in the school of the sophists, and may therefore be hardly said to deserve a perusal, the three remaining speeches will to those, who wish to see the Grecian eloquence in all its forms, be as much an object of curiosity as any which have reached us. They are indeed the only specimens now left

* Mr. Melmoth remarks (vol. ii. p. 232.) that in his Letters it is no unusual thing with Cicero to vary his sentiments so as to accommodate them to the principles or circumstances of his correspondents; and that even on so important a doctrine as the soul's immortality, his opinions are by no means consistent.

† De Finibus, lib. v.

‡ The Antiphons were a numerous family in Athens; and according to the practice of the times, they were characterized by a variety of nick-names. The orator was generally distinguished, as in the text, by the title of his ward or borough.

of

of what was considered the austere* style in oratory; for we presume that the judicial speeches of Antiphon bore somewhat of the same character as his political did. As our object, however, is not mere curiosity; and little is to be found in them which bears very decidedly upon the inquiry we have in view, we shall consider the two kinds of speeches into which we have divided the remains of Antiphon, merely as a means of adding something further to our general knowledge respecting the nature of Grecian oratory.

Such trifling prosers as Goethe's Wagner may complain of the hardships, and such dauntless orators as ———,† may think themselves above the necessity of much mental labour. The Greek orators, however, were too wise in themselves not to be well aware that as perfection in the commonest art is unattainable without labour, so any degree of skill in the noblest of all arts is unattainable without consummate labour; and they had audiences to deal with who presently let them into the secret, whenever it happened to slip them. Hence we find, among the comparatively small remains of Grecian oratory which have come down to us, occasional specimens of the mere exercises of the professors, (μελεται) trials of their skill, or what painters would call studies. To this class may undoubtedly be referred the twelve speeches of Antiphon to which we have alluded, as they all grow out of one common subject, the supposition of an accidental murder, in which the charge of criminality is alternately urged and refuted: and to the same class may perhaps be referred many speeches, which the critics have determined not to be genuine productions of the authors to whom they are ascribed, and which, it is probable, were only the exercises of young practitioners, endeavouring to copy that author's particular style and manner. We are fearful of overloading our subject, or this might be the place to refer to another set of writings, which we know indeed rather by tradition, than by any actual remains of them. It is impossible, however, to look over the list of the lost works of antiquity, of which the titles are preserved in Diogenes Laertius, without perceiving that every philosopher made it a sort of duty to deliver his sentiments on that feeling which has been the most powerful in the world ever since

* Ἡ δε τοῦ Θουκυδίδου λεξις και ἡ Αντιφωντος τοῦ Ῥαμνουσιου, καλως μεν συγκειται τα δια, ειπερ τινες και αλλαι, ου μην ἡδυς γε παυ.—Dion. Hal. de Collocatione Verborum. Sylb. edit. p. 9. Ταυτης δε τῆς ἁρμονιας (τῆς αυστηρας) πολλοι μεν εγενοντο ζηλωται κατα τε ποιησιν και ἱστοριαν και λογους πολιτικους, διαφεροντες δε των αλλων, ον μεν επικῃ ποιησει ὁ τε Κολοφωνιος Αντιμαχος και Εμπεδοκλης ὁ φυσικος· εν δε μελοποιιᾳ, Πινδαρος· εν δε τραγῳδιᾳ, Αισχυλος· εν δε ἱστοριᾳ Θουκυδιδης· εν δε πολιτικοις λογοις, Αντιφων.—Idem. p. 22.

† We want a term and a name for what Cicero calls the 'Operarii quidam linguâ celeri et exercitatâ;' i. e. Corporation Orators.

its creation; and what the philosophers made a matter of sentiment, the orators no doubt made a matter of language. Love, after all, was so much 'the unknown god' of the ancients, that from the two specimens preserved on the subject, there seems no great reason to lament, that where Lysias and Demosthenes can hardly be said to have succeeded, there should want proofs for showing, that their rivals and competitors absolutely failed.

But the writings of Antiphon remind us of a much more important remark to be made on the subject of which we are treating; a remark without which Grecian eloquence will be ill appreciated as a matter of art, and incautious readers be much deceived by writers on Grecian oratory in matters of fact. It has been well observed by the English historian of Greece, that in a popular government the art of public speaking cannot fail to be important, and that in Atheus it was more extensively so; because no man, who possessed any thing, could, by the most upright conduct, be secure against prosecution,—and because it was expected of the prosecuted, though friends or counsel might assist, that they should nevertheless, also, speak for themselves. Hence the profession of the rhetorician, who composed orations to be spoken by others, arose, and gained high credit. The joint testimony of Quintilian and Diodorus assures us, that this practice originated with the orator of whom we are now treating, and the three speeches therefore, to which we have referred above—that which details the crimes of the cruel stepmother and her guilty accomplice,—that which shows how soon a Greek litigant began to strain the laws to his own feelings—and that wherein some of the customs connected with the Greek stage are detailed in so interesting a manner, may all be considered as growing out of the writer's trade. If the term last used should suggest something to the disadvantage of the Greek pleader as compared with the Roman advocate, (whose labours were generally at the *gratuitous* service of the distressed,) some consolation will be derived from the reflection, that posterity by this practice have gained something on the side of truth, and something, also, on the side of art. Many hints and reflections on the nature and character of his country escaped the rhetorician, when writing for another, which in his own person, perhaps, he would have been cautious of hazarding; and there can be little doubt that this practice obliged the writer to mix somewhat of the dramatist with the rhetorician, and while he drew up the argument and arrangement of the speech from his own resources, to give to the language and manner a certain colouring, derived from the manner and language of the person in whose service it was composed. The intelligent reader will easily suggest to himself,

himself, that while this consideration adds greatly to the interest with which Grecian oratory may be perused in a body, it adds very much to the difficulties, before pointed out, of selecting, in a short disquisition, any one single speech which shall give a clear idea of a speaker's peculiar manner. There is one more reflection connected with the name of Antiphon, and, agreeably to our first annunciation, we ought to pursue it; but we shall have tragedies enough to commemorate hereafter, not to make us delay the task as long as we can.

Our way now lies pretty clear before us: we have only to lay open our general division of the Grecian oratory, and as our task will then lie a great deal in translation, those who have been content to follow us through these opening remarks will perhaps be reminded of certain mountains mentioned by a lively French traveller,* whose sides, he says, it was sufficiently laborious to ascend, but on whose tops there was found a bed of violets.

Of the three branches into which Grecian oratory divides itself, the nature of two, the judicial and deliberative, or the legal and political, will be easily comprehended by the least learned of our readers. With the third there will be a little more difficulty. Of the three terms by which the ancients themselves characterized it, the first will not be understood at all by the general reader; the second will be misunderstood, and the third will be thought unnecessary, as being comprehended in the second. We hesitate, therefore, whether to call it for the present Epideictic, Panegyrical, or Laudative. The second will perhaps be the best; and the reader will not have very far to go, before it will lie in our course to make all the three terms perfectly intelligible to him.

We believe it was the French mathematician Le Sage, who, when his day's labour was concluded, invariably dressed in full costume; and then to the tones of his valet's violin, (himself in gala dress,) the good man, with a large bouquet at his breast, used to dance the Minuet de la Cour. As Science closed her day's labours in France, so it appears to us that the Panegyrical Oratory must have begun her's in Greece. We never think of Isocrates, her principal favourite, but our minds insensibly slip over twenty centuries, and he is visibly manifested to us at his studies in the severest costume of modern days; ruffles, bag-wig, and sword; every cut in his coat anatomically arranged, and every plait in his linen as virtuously correct, as if morality had applied the crimping irons. On one occasion the unwearied man is supposed to have preserved this attitude for ten years, and then to have left his study as if it had been his dressing-room. The

* Mémoires du Baron de Tott, t. ii. p. 26.

result of this * 'séance extraordinaire' is now in our hands, and a noble performance it certainly is. Like Goldsmith's Mr. Crispe, it is somewhat *oriental* in its turn of expression, but then the 'bounce' is made with so grave a face, and in so magnificent a tone, that none but cold-hearted people like ourselves would ever think of questioning its veracity; and its praises more particularly of democracy are in such a transcendant style of excellence, that to translate them with spirit might cost half the sovereigns of Europe their crowns.

To prevent this catastrophe, let us bestow a few moments attention on the Panegyrical oratory both as to its outer and inner form. A little sober examination may perhaps tend to show, that its vehement praises of ancient Democracy are less at variance than might at first be thought with our own recorded opinions on that subject; and in building up this species of oratory, like the Russian ice-palace, only to dissolve it into thin air as soon as it has served our purpose, we shall perhaps impress upon our readers that very idea of the splendid pageant which its authors themselves intended to convey.

And first for the Panegyrical oratory in its outward form. It was into this branch of the art that the Greeks threw all the powers of a language, compared with which, as Voltaire observes, all succeeding tongues have been like the croaking of crows compared with the songs of nightingales, and allowed themselves ample compensation for that abstinence of imagination to which they rigidly submitted in their stricter oratory. The Panegyrical oratory was not merely art, but the ostentation of art; it was not plenty, but luxuriance; it was lusciousness rather than sweetness, profusion rather than liberality. Diction, as bold as that of poetry itself—rhythm that bordered on the very confines of metre—the most elaborate opposition of sentiment, and the most polished balance of sentences—every artifice, in short, which could not merely satisfy but satiate the ear, was allowed to this favourite branch of the art. And the inner form and substance adapted itself to the outward frame and structure. In the Panegyrical oratory, all the ordinary rules of composition were suspended, or thrown aside. 'To diminish the great—to magnify the small—to dress up in a new form what was ancient, and to give an air of antiquity to what was recent,'† were privileges

* Wieland, in his admirable translation of the 'Oratio Panegyrica,' has laboured hard to prove from internal evidence, that the length of time usually ascribed to its composition is an exaggeration. The common statement, however, does not, as the learned German seems to suppose, rest upon the assertion of Plutarch, but upon a much better authority, that of Dionysius of Halicarnassus.—*De Compos. Verb.* 30.

† Isocr. in Paneg. i. p. 100. From the ridicule which Longinus (sect. 38.) throws upon this passage, it is not impertinent to say, that that eminent critic had wholly mistaken the nature of the Panegyrical oratory.

which

which she claimed, not merely as occasional licenses, but as her birthright, and groundwork of existence. There are times when even the gravest among ourselves consider that a happy moment which throws them back into the feelings of infancy; and the oratory, of which we now treat, formed part, as will be seen hereafter, of a season of festive mirth and geniality, when Wisdom in her severest garb would have been ridiculous, and when the intellect itself, if we may so speak, was allowed to be in that very sort of state of boyhood which Longinus makes a subject of complaint.

Anticipating with almost prophetic view, that Greece would ever remain the central point of civilization to the world, the orator took care that the leading state of Greece should be drest in the gaudiest of colours; and it was accordingly declared, that what had not immediately descended from heaven to bless mankind, had come to them from Athens; for Egypt was as much forgotten on these occasions as the ladder which the ambitious man kicks from under him as soon as it has served his purpose of rising in the world. It was too notorious, indeed, that Athens had *invented* little more than the drama, for her to claim this praise unquestioned; but there is a way of stating things without absolutely asserting them, and this the Panegyrical oratory well understood: *τας μεν ευρουσα, τας δε δοκιμαζουσα*, is therefore the mode of establishing this part of the praises of the imperious metropolis of Greece, as if what she had not herself invented was of little worth till her stamp of acknowledgment had been set upon it. With history he took a bolder step. Seizing upon a number of traditions, all small in themselves, or of which the individual chronology was very uncertain, the orator boldly put the fragments together, and pronounced the pretty piece of mosaic to be the early history of Athens. Paradox, above all things, was his delight; he raised or diminished numbers* as he pleased; he altered periods and events,† as suited his purpose; and, for so doing, he appealed only to one arbiter—the ear. Leaving truth as a domain for the advocate and the senator, the panegyrist claimed for him-

* It would carry us far beyond our limits to give proof of all these assertions; but one will serve instead of twenty. There is no circumstance in Grecian history more known or better ascertained than the arithmetical number of Greeks, who achieved the celebrated retreat under Xenophon. This numerical account it suited the purpose of Isocrates on one occasion to conceal; he accordingly diminishes it at once from ten thousand to six; and as if this were insufficient, he adds, 'and these were not picked men of Greece, but men who from poverty or flagitiousness had not the means of living in their own country.'

† A curious proof of this occurs in Isocrates's Panath. ii. 271, where the orator confesses that he has altered some historical facts, or what were considered as such, for the purpose of improving some political arrangements between the Athenians and their general enemies, the Thebans.

self the land of illusions; he plunged into the mythological tales of his country, and rioted in all those enchanting fables which delight us in infancy, and which return, with double force, upon our manhood, when experience has taught us that there is little new or interesting, and that the world, that growth of 6000 years, displays some of her best attractions in her cradle.

It is to two speeches of Isocrates, (for these, with a fragment of Lysias, comprehend the whole of this species of oratory now left us,) that the reader must look for a fuller development of these opinions than we can now afford to give; and we have no doubt that an attentive consideration of the notices scattered about in the speeches themselves, and a comparison of the assertions of oratory with the recorded facts of history, will bring a reader to the same conclusions as ourselves. As to any weakening, which the argument might receive from the authority of Longinus, we beg to oppose the opinion of another great critic of antiquity, who, if he wanted something of the exquisite taste of Longinus, had at least an equal share of his judgment. In speaking of the style of Demosthenes, Dionysius asserts as we did, without being aware that we had so good an authority for the opinion, that it was a style formed out of the best models of every opposite species of style, worked up into one common and consistent texture. But when, in this description of opposite styles, we find *Panegyrical* opposed to *veracious*,* just as grand to simple, loose to compact, or austere to cheerful, it seems pretty conclusive, that the critic of Halicarnassus allowed of the same difference between the Panegyrical and the other two branches of Grecian oratory, which it has been our object to establish; that he felt, in short, that the Panegyrical oratory was in prose, what the Aristophanic comedy was in verse, A GREAT LIE; that both speakers and auditors knew it to be such, with this difference, that the dramatist's lie was directed to the imagination, and his truth to the judgment; while the orator was allowed to play the trickster both with the judgment and the imagination. And, indeed, upon what other principle can we explain the contradictions, which, without this easy solution, meet us in every page of Isocrates? We have been in the habit of passing some reflections on the Greeks more severe than is agreeable to our own taste, and in the necessity of justifying them we know no ancient writer to whom we might with more propriety have recourse than to Isocrates. Had it in the same way been our duty

* εξ ἁπαντων δ' αυτων ὅσα κρατιςα και χρησιμωτατα ν, ειλεγμενος, συνυφαινε, και μιαν εκ πολλων διαλεκτον ἀπετελει, μεγαλοπρεπη, λιτην· πικριτην, ἀπικριτον· εξειλεγμενον, συνθετον· ΠΑΝΗΓΥΡΙΚΗΝ, ΑΛΗΘΙΝΗΝ· αυχηραν, ἱλαραν· συντομον, ἀπιμελον· ἡδυαν, πικραν· ὀδυνων, παθητικων. κ. τ. λ. Περι τ. Δημοσθ. Δεινοτητος. p. 167.

(which

(which it was not) to hold up democracy and Athens to approbation, we could have dressed up both in the most glowing colours from this very writer. How is this contradiction to be explained? By a very simple process,—the reproaches of Isocrates occur, where he writes for the closet; the praises, when he was composing, as we shall presently see, for the public festivals of Greece or the private festivals of Athens: in the one instance he spoke in all the admitted license of fiction; in the other, he wrote like a man of honour and veracity. We must always, in short, distinguish between Isocrates the pamphleteer, and Isocrates the rhetorician; as no man could turn a compliment with more address than he, so no man could tell wholesome truths with more courage, yet withal with more candour and discretion.* If satire ever occurs in his Panegyrical oratory, it is always under a covert form, and is insinuated as what 'our ancestors' did not do. As long as 'our ancestors' imply the heroes of Marathon and Platæa, we have nothing to object to the assertion: but besides her stately step, the Panegyrical oratory had a large mouth, and a far vision, and 'our ancestors' were soon found at as dim and convenient a distance, as any new family could wish the genealogical trunk to be, from which are to sprout out for them the honours of antiquity.

Nothing now remains but to give a more definite meaning to a term, which we have hitherto been obliged to employ somewhat loosely and inaccurately; and if in so doing, it should appear that the Panegyrical oratory grew out of a strong feeling of the pleasure of existence, we shall be able to apply a collateral class of speeches to the development of another powerful affection in the Greek mind—a strong feeling of the privation of existence.

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* We had some thoughts of collecting a set of opposite passages from Isocrates for this purpose; but it would have led us too far. The real state of Athenian supremacy, (and to enforce the claim to this supremacy was one of the great objects of the Panegyrical oratory) is thus truly detailed in a few sober words of Andocides. 'The time was, when our city possessed neither walls nor ships; but with the acquisition of these two articles originated all our prosperity; and if that prosperity be still an object of ambition, we must look to these two materials as the instruments of it. Upon this principle our fathers set out, and upon this foundation they created such a superstructure of power as no other city ever possessed—employing for their purpose, as occasion might require, PERSUASION, STRATAGEM, BRIBERY and VIOLENCE. As an instance of the first, I mention that proceeding which made Athens the common deposit of the treasures and fleets of Greece: as an instance of the second, that artful trick practised on the Peloponnesians, when our walls first rose: for a proof of bribery, I need no other appeal than to the sums expended at Lacedæmon, as a preventive against the vengeance which awaited these proceedings; and the sway which we hold over universal Greece, is the best proof of the fourth.'. In the Panegyrical oratory all this passed off in a well rounded period, which informed the auditors, who no doubt kept their gravity, 'that for seventy years their wise guidance had kept the allied states of Greece in perfect repose.' When people are bound hand and foot, (and Athens so bound her allied states,) it is difficult for them, as Wieland observes on the passage, to be otherwise than in a state of repose.

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Man, a solitary animal in cold and cheerless climates, and requiring a literature which will adapt itself to solitary feelings, or which will cherish and support the domestic ones, is, under warmer suns, the most gregarious of creatures; and literature, always following the progress of the mind, invents the means of meeting it half way, whatever may be its mood. Out of this feeling grew that species of the Panegyrical oratory, to which we have hitherto more immediately directed our attention, and with which we have not yet done. Though every city in Greece had its calendar crowded with holidays, and though the common intercourse of life drew its inhabitants together, much more than modern habits do, all this was insufficient for their social inclinations; and the least learned of our readers must have heard of those annual meetings in Greece, where the separate states melted, as it were, into one body, and came to recognize certain common principles among themselves. No operation of war or other circumstance was allowed to interfere with these regular assemblies: a solemn truce for the time rendered them safe; and meetings, adapted to all the sensations of peace, and arising, perhaps, out of the very bosom of the most ferocious warfare,* were among those contrasts in which, as we have had frequent occasion to observe, the Greek character so much delighted. On his road to these meetings the Greek became, what every traveller in some degree becomes—Briareus-handed, and Argus-eyed: the beautiful spots which every where arrested his attention, gave him the traveller's 'thirsty eye,' and the Athenian more particularly returned to his home, ready to devour all those splendid descriptions of external nature, which the tragedians of his country so continually supply. What he found at these meetings themselves, every school-boy knows—every specimen of strength, activity, and skill; all the pomp which wealth could display, or vanity command, and every species of intellectual amusement, from the reading of Homer's poems to the attractions of the booth and the fair, dance, lyre, and song included. Out of all this aggregate of men and objects, mind and matter, grew the word Panegyrical, which we have so long used without fixing on it a definite meaning; and to a more severe and simple branch of this species of oratory our attention may now be turned.

In considering the Funeral and Panegyrical Oratory of the Greeks, as divisions of one and the same class, we feel fully jus-

* For a proof of the contrast between personal security during the games, and danger from almost perpetual hostility at other times, see Demosthenes, 2, 1248—50. The Greek love for these periods of festivity is powerfully shown in a few words of Antiphon, (7, 762,) ἐμγεσθαι πολεσι, ἰδεῖν, θυσιαν, ΑΓΩΝΩΝ. Such was the painful climax of exclusion.

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tified by the numerous topics which belonged to them in common. Both delighted in recurring to the early antiquity of Greece—to those mythical stories which belong to the physical history of the world—to those fabulous wars and combats which always precede the moral history of a nation. The funeral too, like the panegyrical oratory, dealt in large masses and divisions of mankind, of which as Spartan and Athenian were the more immediate, so Greek and barbarian were the more general lines of demarcation. Theories of government were favourite themes with both; and vehement praise of Athens and democracy was scarcely more certain with both, than was violent abuse of monarchy, Sparta and Lacedæmon. The right of presidency (ἡγεμονία) over the inferior states of Greece was also a darling topic of both; and the orators of either kind, while they pursued their separate subjects of enconium, as regarded others, took care to cast also a side-look of commendation upon themselves; it being a recognized principle in both branches of oratory that the speaker was to *show off* himself as well as others, to the utmost advantage; in other words, that he was to be *laudative* in the one case, and **epideictic* in the other. For those who read with a critical eye, some reflections may hereafter arise, growing out of the different manner in which these common materials of the funeral oratory were handled by different artists, according to their several sentiments and dispositions. But let us first trace the feeling itself, and the manner in which that feeling was expressed.

Death was by necessity to the Greek, what to such men as Hobbes it is by choice—a great leap in the dark; and if our utmost admiration is commanded by the general courage with which this leap was taken, our sympathies are not less alive to the amiable weaknesses, and even to the superstitions which, among a people so nicely organized, the 'mysteries of death' occasioned. How much these 'mysteries' sometimes affected even the least thoughtful of the sons of Greece, may be easily traced in the liveliest of her poets. Amid his cups, his roses, and his light loves, a tender melancholy still creeps upon the Teian bard, and still he reverts to the unsubstantial realm,

> Where nought but silence reigns, and night, dark night,
> Dark as was chaos, ere the infant sun
> Had tried his beams athwart the gloom profound.

With the bright sun of Greece before his eyes, and an unclouded atmosphere, that never pressed upon the sense, above him, his

* Ἅμα δὲ περιεργίας τινὰς καλλίστας εἶναι τῶν λόγων, οἱ τινὲς περὶ μεγίστων τυγχάνουσιν ὄντες, καὶ ΤΟΥΣΤΕ ΛΕΓΟΝΤΑΣ ΜΑΛΙΣΤΑ ΕΠΙΔΕΙΚΝΥΟΥΣΙ, καὶ τοὺς ἀκούοντας πλείστα ὠφελοῦσιν.—Isocr. in Pan. 98.

thoughts

thoughts had still a downward look, and he asked, with the first wanderer,

> Where is my earth? let me look on it,
> For I was made of it.

But the feelings which Anacreon threw into verse, belonged also to the veriest dealer in prose; and hence those feelings for the dead, and that regard for the tomb, which often touch us so closely in the works of the ancients. To have done service to his parents—to have fought his country's battles—*to see that there was a paternal sepulchre*—and to have paid his taxes and his contributions, were four things more particularly required of those who aspired to the direction of public affairs: as in private life to have portioned the daughters and sisters of indigent citizens—to have redeemed captives from slavery—and to have given money for the purposes of sepulture, were among the most distinguished marks of a liberal citizen. A dying person sometimes specified by name what persons he did not wish should approach his tomb; and if the most painful of death-beds was that where the dying left a 'desolate house,' and no family to bring sacrifices to his manes, there was a painful reflection which seemed to go even beyond the grave—the fear lest some hateful enemy should participate in the rites which at stated seasons were paid there. We could fill pages with traits of this and a similar kind, but we should be forgetting the purpose for which they are introduced.

If this feeling for the dead has led to some results in Grecian poetry, which rather militate against modern taste,* it has also gained for us some specimens of oratory, which even the admirers of Bossuet will own to be an ample compensation.

When the valiant Tartar prince Krim-Gueray found his mortal hour approaching, he gave the signal to a band of musicians previously stationed in his apartments, and his soul was surrendered to Him that gave it to the sound of trumpets and of shawms. The dying warrior among the Greeks, whatever or wherever might be the manner or place of his death, knew that an hour would come, when a music sweet as that of Krim-Gueray's would attend his obsequies. In what manner the funeral of those who had fallen in their country's service was publicly solemnized, Thucydides has left an interesting account, and Mr. Mitford's pen will save us the trouble of translating it. 'Three days before the ceremony of burial, the bones, collected from the bodies previously burnt, according to the ordinary practice of the Greeks, were arranged under an

* We allude to the performance of funeral rites for Patroclus, Ajax and Polynices, which, without reference to the opinions of the Greeks on these points, seems, as Warburton observes, a vicious continuation of the story, and a violation of the unity of action.

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ample awning. While thus, according to the modern phrase, they lay in state, it was usual for the relations to visit them, and throw on any thing that fancy or superstition gave to imagine a grateful offering to the spirits of the deceased, or honourable to their memory among the living. The day of the burial being arrived, the bones were placed in ten chests of cypress-wood, raised on carriages, one for each ward of Attica, and an eleventh carriage bore an empty bier, with a pall, in honour of those whose bodies could not be recovered. Procession was then made in solemn march to the public tomb in the Cerameicus, the most beautiful suburb of the city; the female relations of the deceased attending, and, according to the Grecian custom, venting their lamentations aloud.' From the institution of the ceremony, the tomb in the Cerameicus had been the receptacle of all who had been honoured with a public funeral, excepting those who had fallen at Marathon; who, for the supereminence of their merit, and the singular glory of the action, had been buried in the field of battle, where their peculiar monument was raised over them. Some person of superior dignity and eminent abilities was always appointed by the people to speak the funeral panegyric. When, therefore, the ceremony of entombing was over, the appointed orator passed through the crowd to a lofty stand raised for the occasion, so that he might be heard by the attending multitude the most extensively possible; and thence delivered himself in language, something like what we now present to the reader. (The orator, drawing towards the conclusion of his harangue, delivers a supposed communication from the departed warriors, addressed through himself to their surviving children and parents:)

'To our children we would thus address ourselves:—

'That you are the descendants of brave and honourable men, there needs no proof but that which is before your eyes: with the sacrifice of honour, life might still have been ours; but we thought any thing better than to bring a reproach upon you and your posterity, or to reflect disgrace upon our fathers and those who preceded them: it was ever our opinion, that with him who had dishonoured his connections, life had already ceased; and that to such a person there remained no good will from gods or from men, either in this world, or in that which is to come. Let our words, then, command your attention, and whatever be your pursuit, let it be accompanied by a fearless and a virtuous mind, that companion without which every pursuit or possession is worthless and degrading. Wealth, without courage, is no ornament to its possessor; such an one is rich for others, and not for himself; and beauty and strength, when lodged in a base and cowardly frame, are so far from being a credit to their possessor, that they only bring

bring his defects into a broader glare of day. Even knowledge itself, when separated from justice and its attending virtues, loses its proper aspect, and becomes craft rather than wisdom. Let it be your earliest and your latest study, then, to see how you may best surpass both us and our ancestors in that renown which the practice of virtue confers; knowing that to be thus conquered, would be to us a source of happiness—as to be left the victors, would be a source of infinite misery. And this victory would display itself most conspicuously on your part, as the defeat would be most apparent on ours, if you should be seen neither to abuse nor to tarnish the reputation of your ancestors, but to act like men thoroughly persuaded, that to him who has elevated notions of himself, nothing is more disgraceful than to owe his honours to the reputation of those who have preceded him and not to his own efforts. This reputation, transmitted from sire to son, is indeed a great and glorious treasure: but to live upon this treasure, whether it consist in wealth or honour, and from want of private resources, not to transmit it to posterity, is such a scandal as robs manhood of its very name.

'Let your pursuits, then, be such as we have directed, and when the work of destiny is done, you will find among us the departed nothing but friends. Should it be otherwise, your reception here will be that of necessity, and not of consent. And let this suffice for our children.

'For our fathers, and those of tenderer name, if any such survive, and need the voice of consolation, let it be of that kind which may best teach them to bear their misfortune (if so it must be called) with decency and composure: let there be no incitement or encouragement to sorrow; the work of fate is enough without it. Let their wounds be touched with a gentle and a soothing hand; and above all, let them be reminded, that the gods have already granted to them the warmest of their wishes; for their prayer to the gods was, not that their sons might be immortal, but that they might be brave in their lives, and glorious in their deaths; and these noblest of blessings their sons have achieved. Man, that is mortal, must not look to see every thing in this life succeed to his wishes; and our parents, by supporting misfortune with magnanimity, will best attach the credit of bravery to themselves, and to us their offspring; as by giving way to their sorrows, they will create one of two suspicions; either that they have no claim to that title of paternity which they affect, or that the praises our eulogists have bestowed upon us, have no foundation in truth. But far from them be either supposition; may they rather unite the two characters, being themselves, by their conduct, our best eulogists,

gists, and showing that brave in their own persons, they were also the fathers of brave men!

'There is an old saying in our country, "that excess of all kinds is to be avoided;" and it is a saying pregnant with wisdom and propriety. That man, who either wholly or in part has made himself the centre of his own actions, not leaving his happiness or misery to point as the fortune of others may direct its course to good or ill, that man has provided himself with the best resources of life, and to him belong the names of prudent, brave and wise. The accidents of property or family, as they admit of loss or acquisition, make no impression on him. Obedient to that wise proverb, he is neither excessive in his joy nor his grief. Such a man would we have our fathers to be; and such we boldly pronounce them to be: that ourselves are no strangers to the feeling, let our present bearing suffice to show; the termination of life, if it must come, will find in us neither perturbation nor terror. May a like feeling belong to those who gave us birth, and may it direct the remainder of their days! may they be assured that we want of them neither tears nor lamentations! if there be any sense of living things to departed spirits, the most ungrateful feeling to us will be that of knowing that our parents have suffered by too painful a sense of misfortune, as the greatest gratification will be that of learning, that they bear their sorrows with ease and moderation. Death, indeed, has been for us rather a subject of triumph than of lamentation; for it has come to us in that shape which, among men, has ever been considered the most honourable. Let them rather turn their thoughts to our wives and to our children; in supporting and protecting them, they will find the best means of forgetting the accidents of fortune, of shaping their own lives honourably and uprightly to themselves, and in a manner the most gratifying to us. And so much for those who are united to us by the ties of blood. To the city in general we have but one exhortation; it is to take into her protection our parents and our children; to find for the one a virtuous education, and to provide for the age of the other a decent subsistence; the exhortation, we are well aware, is unnecessary, and your bounty would have seen to it without our application.'

The learned reader need scarcely be informed, that the specimen of oratory which we have just produced, is a closet composition of Plato, evidently intended by the jealous master of the Academy as a rival to the funeral speech of Pericles. We shall presently endeavour to bring them into comparison together: but there are two other orations belonging to this species of eloquence, to which we must previously direct the reader's attention. Some doubts, we are aware, have been thrown on the authenticity of

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both; and the genuineness of that ascribed to Demosthenes has been more particularly questioned. We shall content ourselves, therefore, with observing that, whether genuine or not, it is formed on the strictest canons of this particular branch of oratory; and if far below the usual powers of Demosthenes, let it be remembered that the great statesman was then at his worst; and the star of his genius may be supposed to have grown dim with that of his fortune. The merits of that of Lysias cannot be quite so rapidly dismissed. An incomparable sweetness of diction—words placed so happily, that they drop upon the ear just at the moment most necessary for giving them effect, and almost supply the effects of images—sentiments nicely interwoven with the narration, and a curious talent of coupling two distinct thoughts together, and giving them a sort of unity; that method of arrangement which, with the critical amateurs of oratory, constitutes a real δεινοτης, but not an apparent one, and of which the effect is to leave upon the mind a general tone of high feeling, rather than the shocks of partial sublimity;—all these traits are to be found in the Funeral, as they are in the higher Political speeches of Lysias. As compared with the funeral speeches of his competitors, we more particularly recognise in Lysias that intense love of glory, which belonged equally to the Greek and Italian republics; which in Athens made statesmen strangers to * their beds; and which in Dante renders the very damned less thoughful of their punishments below, than of the state of their fame in the world above. A perfect rhetorician, Lysias understands how to make the little great, and the great little; yet he keeps, as became this branch of his profession, within the ostentation of his art. Penetrating every corner of his subject, and setting what is before us in the fullest contrast of opposition, he overpowers by the variety of the sensations which he excites: the tears are scarcely brought into the eyes by one pathetic stroke, before the fountains of sensibility are called to open for another; and both are presently dissipated by some noble appeal to the loftier feelings of our nature, which make tears seem a disgrace to manhood, unless when shed to wipe out the remembrance of error or of crime.

But the great struggle for pre-eminence in this branch of composition must lie between Plato and Pericles; and though the politician has fallen into some errors, which the philosopher has taken care to avoid, yet we feel no hesitation in saying that the superiority rests with Pericles. Hallowed as the grave is with

* Noctu ambulabat in publico Themistocles, quòd somnum capere non posset; quærentibusque respondebat, Miltiadis trupeis se a somno suscitari.—Cicero's Tusc. Quæst. l. 4. § 19.

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us, a modern taste will not much tolerate the side blows which the orator makes at his country's more peculiar enemy, nor those touches, which, like another Rochefoucault, he throws out at human nature in general; but these few sacrifices to the insolence or malignity of his hearers excepted, there is, perhaps, no human composition, as far as eloquence is concerned, on which the mind can dwell with more perfect satisfaction than on the funeral speech of Pericles. It brings us at once into a state of things of which the present seems a corrupt degeneracy; it has a colossal breadth about it, which belongs to other men and other times; we feel, in its presence, as we do before the recumbent Theseus, or the nameless statue of the Palatine hill: a sense of grandeur, calm but complete in all its parts, pervades our senses; something has passed into the mind, which ever after becomes identified with its thoughts; and the first intrusion which snaps the chain of these feelings, seems like a penalty inflicted on human presumption, for seeking something more than its ordinary and privileged state of felicity. A statesman in the fullest sense of the word, Pericles treats his subject like one accustomed to the thoughts and cares of government. The fabulous imagery connected with his subject he wholly abandons, and touches but lightly even on those great actions with which he supposes his auditors to be familiar;—internal policy and regulations are what he principally dwells upon; and though the lover of Aspasia may be supposed not to have wanted the tenderer feelings, they no where exhibit themselves in this speech; he knows woman only in her relation with the state, as mother, wife, or widow: *his* dealings are with warriors and men.

This view of things did not quite accord with the tender and impassioned soul of Plato; and, without trenching too much on the severity of the Funeral oratory, he contrived at once to satisfy his sensibility, and with inimitable dexterity, to pay a certain tribute to democracy, without too much compromising the opinions which he was known to entertain on the subject. Of all the fables, therefore, which traditionally belonged to his subject, he seizes with avidity on that which made his countrymen the indigenous produce of their own soil; and thus gave to the name of country a feeling which no other soil can hope to impart, implying maternity in its two greatest senses, birth and nutriment. This idea of maternity runs like a softening spirit through the whole speech of Plato—it enables him to soothe internal division, and heal the bleeding wounds of civil war—it divides the world into two great classes, Greek and Barbarian—and the feeling of Grecism, as opposed to Barbarism, becomes like that sentiment in our old ro-

 mances,

mances, which, under the word Christendom, comprised a host of hallowed and common feelings as opposed to Turk and heathen.

We have endeavoured to point out that feeling in Plato, which puts him most strongly in opposition with Pericles: it would otherwise have been our task to trace those noble artifices of oratory by which he places the valour of Athens in its strongest point of view, to that previous *aperçu* of things, which sets all her real great actions in their best lights—to that clearness of perception which, in the various battles he has to record, seizes the precise point which most distinguished the one from the other, and to the wisdom which in the victory of Salamis, discerned the element on which it best behoved the Athenians to seek their triumph. If the language of Pericles betrays too proud a feeling of what had been already done, that of Plato points to what is yet to be achieved; the one inspires a love of virtue, the other, perhaps, a spirit of confidence and presumption. If Pericles braces the nerves, Plato warms and purifies the blood: the contemplative man will find his pleasure in the one, but the intellectual not less than the active man, must, we think, finally ascribe the superiority to the other.

Such was the funeral oratory of the Greeks!—it is not certainly for the countrymen of Pitt and Fox and Burke to speak disrespectfully of modern eloquence, or undervalue its achievements: but, some few master-works excepted, may not the great spirit of antiquity look down from his eminence, and pronounce the rest to be 'dishonourably slim?' Such were the funeral speeches of Pericles and Plato!—An eloquent French writer, now resident among us, seems to think the reading of a wise man will eventually confine itself to the perusal of the Iliad and the Sacred Writings; much as we admire the selection, we feel that in this case our day of wisdom has not yet come: for any selection would appear to us narrow, which did not comprise within it the two speeches of which so imperfect an account has here been given.

May the brave of all countries win for their obsequies a similar triumph! The finest wreath which heroism receives, is that which genius lays upon its bier: for this, among other purposes, was the Muse given to man; and never did she so betray her high trust as when she looked upon a field, noble as that of Marathon itself, and scornfully bad the bones that lay upon its plain, to whiten in the wind—unblest!

ART.

ART. VII.—1. *An Account of the Military Occurrences of the late War between Great Britain and the United States of America, &c.* By William James. 2 vols. 8vo. London.

2. *Historical Sketches of the late War between the United States and Great Britain; blended with Anecdotes illustrative of the individual Bravery of the American Sailors, Soldiers, and Citizens.* By John Lewis Thomson. 8vo. Philadelphia.

3. *The Letters of Veritas; containing a succinct Narrative of the Military Administration of Sir George Prevost during his Command in the Canadas; whereby it will be manifest that the Merit of preserving them from Conquest belongs not to him.* 8vo. Montreal.

AMIDST the agitations of the stupendous struggle which convulsed the continent of Europe, we had no thought to bestow upon American warfare. During the continuance of a conflict in which embattled nations were the actors, and empires the stake, anxiety could in vain be demanded for the insignificant result of a Canadian skirmish, or the puny vicissitudes of a campaign on the Niagara. It was natural, therefore, that, with the public of Great Britain, the late war in America should fail in awakening any considerable degree of attention, and the circumstances of that contest have accordingly in this country been hitherto little known or regarded. But though surpassed in magnitude and eclipsed in splendour by the achievements of our army in Europe, the details of the military operations in the Canadas and on the coasts of the United States are both interesting in themselves, and of importance to the future security of our transatlantic possessions.

In the prosecution and close of the hostilities in which the United States chose to embark, they had assuredly little cause for satisfaction or triumph. The British Orders in Council were the first ostensible pretext for a war of aggression. But when it was discovered that the alleged source of grievance had been already removed, resistance to the right of search became the plea for perseverance in the contest, of which the real object was the conquest of the Canadas. Yet, after the sacrifice of their commerce, the repulse of every attempt upon the British provinces, the capture of their armies, the ravages of their coasts, and the insult of their capital, they were finally reduced to negociate a peace, which left our possessions uninjured, and omitted all mention of their original pretensions. With Great Britain the war was purely defensive. She fought not for new conquests, or to establish new claims, but for the protection of her colonies and the maintenance of rights, which had received the solemn confirmation of time. And these objects were completely se-

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cured; the ratification of the treaty of Ghent by America was a tacit abandonment of every assumption against which the government of this country had contended.

But though the war gave neither reputation nor aggrandizement to the American Republic, it must be admitted that, in the progress of operations in the Canadas, the British arms were not always crowned with that fulness of success which might have been anticipated from the high qualities of the troops. The portion of our brave army employed on the Canadian frontier possessed the same characteristics, and consisted of the same materials as the men of Badajos, of Salamanca, of Vittoria; how then did it happen that their exertions received not that brilliant consummation which, on another theatre, rendered the British army the admiration of the world? It is due to the reputation and the services of the defenders of Canada to point out the real causes of that failure in enterprize, which so frequently marked the course of the war of America, at the very period when their more fortunate brethren in Europe were reaping a rich harvest of victory.

But it is in another point of view that an examination of the subject possesses the strongest claims upon our attention. The problem, how Canada may best be preserved, if again it should be invaded, is one for which the study of the late war must necessarily afford the readiest solution; and when regarded with reference to such a contingency, the occurrences of the campaigns of 1812, 1813, and 1814, become invaluable lessons of practical instruction. By aid of the experience which they will afford, we may confidently hope, should trial of the event be unfortunately hereafter requisite, to escape a repetition of that indecision, miscarriage, and error, which mocked the courage and baffled the zeal of our troops on many of the principal occasions of the last contest.

It may be well, before we advance farther, to offer a few observations upon the works whose titles are prefixed to the present article. Of these, the first, the 'Account of the Military Occurrences of the late War between Great Britain and the United States of America,' is a laudable effort to oppose a plain and unvarnished narrative of facts to the exaggerations and misstatements of the American press. It is but justice to the author to declare, that he has evinced much zeal for the national honour, and unimpeachable integrity. He has collected the evidence of our own accounts and those of the enemy with great accuracy, and compared the details with the utmost care and minuteness: his book is therefore highly valuable as a storehouse of materials for the future historian of the war. And here we regret that our commendation

commendation must stop; beyond the merit of a patient and faithful chronicler, Mr. James has no great claims to literary praise. The story of every petty skirmish is so overloaded with circumstance that he leaves us no clue to distinguish between the most important and trifling events. Before the reader can arrive at the result of any engagement, he must toil through many wearisome pages of critical investigation into the truth or falsehood of American narration; and he will search in vain for a concise or scientific survey of the prominent features of a campaign. Mr. James, we are led to conclude, is not a military man; and he unfortunately brings no advantages of composition to supply his deficiencies in professional information.

The 'Historical Sketches of the late War' enjoyed great popularity in the United States, and rapidly passed through several editions. We have therefore noticed it here as affording a favourable specimen of other American publications on the same subject. Bombast, exaggeration, and falsehood are among the leading characteristics of Mr. Thomson's book, which we have however neither space nor leisure to particularize; and we feel the less inclination for the task, because Mr. James has already sufficiently exposed them. But Mr. Thomson is by no means the Munchausen *par excellence* of American writers. He has not, as others of his countrymen have done, seriously assured us that a force of raw and undisciplined American militia routed several times their number of veteran British regulars at the point of the bayonet. He has not compared the defence of Fort Sandusky to that of the pass of Thermopylæ; nor likened the successful issue of the affair at New Orleans to the glories of Cressy and Agincourt. We have chosen to refer to Mr. Thomson as the representative of American *historians*, because, compared with some of his fellow labourers, he is modest, correct, and impartial. From his admissions some important conclusions may be occasionally deduced, and the work is therefore not without its utility.

The 'Letters of Veritas' were originally printed in a weekly paper published at Montreal in Lower Canada, and subsequently collected into the little volume before us. Within a small compass, these unpretending Letters contain a greater body of useful information upon the campaigns in the Canadas than is any where else to be found. They are, we believe, the production of a gentleman in Montreal of known respectability. Though not a military man, he enjoyed the best opportunities for acquaintance with the circumstances of the war; and as these letters, which excited great attention in the Canadas, appeared in successive papers while Montreal was filled with almost all the officers of rank who had served in the country, it may reasonably be

presumed that his errors, had he committed any, would not have escaped without censure. Yet no reply was ever attempted to his statements, no doubt ever expressed in the provinces, of the correctness of his assertions.

With the assistance of these works and that of other sources of information, on which our readers may confidently rely, we shall proceed to offer a sketch of the war in the Canadas from its commencement to the termination of hostilities.

From the mouth of the great river St. Lawrence to the military post of St. Joseph's upon Lake Huron, we have the prodigious extent of more than fifteen hundred miles for the length of the British line of defence and communication in the Canadas; and if we take only the city of Quebec as the commencement of the chain, and regard St. Joseph's as merely an insulated station, we have still a distance of above eight hundred miles from the walls of the capital of the provinces, to the fort and naval arsenal of Amherstburgh at the head of Lake Erie. When it is added, that, along the whole of this line, the British possessions are opposed by the northern boundary of the United States, it would at first sight appear a hopeless undertaking to attempt the preservation of colonies, separated from the mother-country by the Atlantic, and exposed to the assaults of a numerous people. But nature has afforded peculiar advantages for the protection of this lengthened frontier. The Lakes Erie and Ontario present a direct line of four hundred miles, which a naval ascendancy on their waters may at once convert into an impregnable barrier; and above two hundred and sixty miles more—from Quebec to the spot where the boundary between British and Republican America strikes the St. Lawrence at Regis—are covered by a range of woody and half-cultivated country, which, except at two or three points of easy maintenance, forbids the advance of an invading army, and secures all Lower Canada from that quarter. Behind this again flows the St. Lawrence, as a second line of defence for the whole of its northern bank, on which the capital towns and most important part of the province are situate. From the head of Lake Erie therefore to Quebec, the only really assailable frontiers of the Canadas, provided the superiority on the lakes be not yielded to the enemy, are the banks of the Detroit River, from Lake St. Clair to Erie 40 miles; those of the Niagara River, between Lakes Erie and Ontario, 36 miles; and the course of the St. Lawrence, from Kingston at the foot of Ontario to St. Regis, about 110 miles. Even these weaker portions of the Canadian frontier, and particularly the last, may receive a very considerable accession of strength from the command of the waters. A slight glance at the map will enable the reader to follow

follow this delineation with ease, and at the same time assist him in forming a general idea of the military posts scattered on either side of the boundary.

At the opening of the war in July, 1812, the regular force in the Canadas consisted of seven regiments of infantry, three of which were fencible battalions, one of veterans or invalids, and a detachment of artillery, amounting in all to less than 4,500 men. The incorporated militia of the two provinces probably amounted to an equal number.

On the receipt of intelligence of the American declaration of war, Major-General Brock, who commanded the troops in the upper province, immediately dispatched discretionary orders to the British officer in charge of Fort St. Joseph's to act either offensively or otherwise against the enemy at Michilimachinac as he should find advisable; and that officer, without the least effusion of blood, succeeded, on the 17th July, in capturing the place with its garrison of sixty men and seven pieces of ordnance. This was the first operation of the war, and trifling as the success would seem, it was of material importance; it gave confidence to the Indians, who had been previously at war with the Americans, and now joined us, opened a ready communication with many of their tribes, and paved the way for the subsequent surrender of General Hull's corps.

Early in the year 1812, the American government had assembled a force near the Detroit frontier, with the intention of invading Canada; and as soon as their projected declaration of war was issued, 2500 men crossed the Detroit under General Hull, and took possession of the British village of Sandwich. Upon the garrison of Amherstburgh, however, under Lieutenant-Colonel St. George, who shut himself up in total inaction, the American general made no attempt. As soon as General Brock learnt the entrance of Hull into Canada, he sent up Colonel Procter from the Niagara frontier to assume the command at Amherstburgh, and that officer's operations were so prompt and judicious, that Hull hastily recrossed the strait, and encamped under the walls of fort Detroit, against which, Colonel Procter, advancing to Sandwich, threw up batteries on the British side. Here, General Brock arriving with a reinforcement, the enemy, already reduced to extremities before his appearance, capitulated on the 16th of August, to the number of 2500 men, with 33 pieces of cannon. The fort of Detroit, its ordnance, stores, and a fine vessel in the harbour, fell into the hands of the victors.

But far more important consequences than these resulted from the surrender of Hull. The whole of the Michigan territory, an extensive peninsula watered by the lake of that name, by Lake Huron

Huron and the Detroit, and which separates the Indian country from Canada, was ceded to the British by the same capitulation. No acquisition could so effectually have secured the north-western frontier of Upper Canada by cementing our alliance with the Indian nations, whose confidence and respect were gained by this success. Its effects upon the militia who had shared in it, and upon the population of the Canadas generally, were hardly less beneficial: it inspired the timid, fixed the wavering, and awed the disaffected.

Leaving Colonel Procter in command on the Detroit frontier and in the newly acquired territory, General Brock hastened his return to the Niagara line, with the intention of sweeping it of the American garrisons, which he knew were then unprepared for vigorous resistance. But the first intelligence which he received on his arrival at Fort George paralysed his exertions. The commander-in-chief, Lieutenant General Sir George Prevost, had concluded an armistice with the American general, Dearborn, which provided that neither party should act offensively until the government at Washington should ratify or annul the suspension of hostilities! Of the inactivity thus forced upon General Brock, the enemy made the best use. As the armistice did not prohibit them from transporting ordnance, stores, and provisions, of all of which they were greatly in need, from Lake Ontario along the Niagara line, they had time to recover the panic which had seized them on the surrender of Hull, and to fortify their frontier. The president of the United States then refused, as might have been anticipated, to confirm the armistice, but not before an American force of 6300 men had assembled on the Niagara frontier. The British on the same frontier under General Brock, who now received orders from Sir George Prevost to act upon the defensive only, did not exceed 1200 regulars and militia.

The enemy now prepared to carry the war across the Niagara. Opposite the village of Queenston on that strait, they concentrated 3000 men of their force, and at daylight, on the 18th of October, effected a landing on the Canadian shore, notwithstanding the gallant opposition of a British detachment of 300 men which was posted at the village. By this handful of troops the passage was long and obstinately contested, until General Brock, who arrived, unattended, from Fort George during the struggle, fell in the act of cheering on his little band to a charge. With him the post was lost; a retreat was effected, and 1600 of the enemy established themselves in position on the heights of Queenston. Meanwhile, the whole of the British disposable force on the Niagara, of about 1000 men, of whom 560 were regulars, had assembled near Queenston; at three in the afternoon, they advanced against the

the American line, and, after a short and spirited contest, put the enemy completely to route, capturing on the field Brigadier-general Wadsworth, 900 men, a piece of cannon, and a stand of colours: Many of the enemy were drowned in the attempt to swim to their own shore, and 400 of them were killed and wounded, while the whole British loss did not exceed 100 men.

Such was the dismay of the enemy at the result of the action at Queenston, that had General Sheaffe, who commanded after the death of Brock, crossed over immediately afterwards, as it is said he was strongly urged by his officers to do, the fort of Niagara, which its garrison had even evacuated for some time, might have been captured, and the whole of that line cleared of the American troops. But General Sheaffe, like his superior, was a lover of armistices, and after the action he concluded one of his own with the American general, for which no reason civil or military was ever assigned. Such were the principal occurrences of the campaign of 1812, in Upper Canada; those in the lower province were utterly insignificant.

The naval operations of 1812 on the Canadian Lakes, though few and uninteresting, were important in their influence upon the events of the following year. When the war commenced, the British possessed the superiority on both lakes, Ontario and Erie. On the former, the flotilla was composed of the Royal George of 22 guns, and three smaller vessels, while the Americans had only a brig of 16 guns: but our flotilla was unfortunately manned only by Canadians, and the officers (who were not of the royal navy) with their commodore, Earle, were notoriously incompetent. Earle, soon after the commencement of hostilities, stood over to Sackett's Harbour with his fleet to destroy the enemy's solitary brig; there were then no works at that place, but a few shot from two of the brig's guns, planted without cover on a point of land at the mouth of the harbour, were sufficient to send the gallant commodore to his own haven of Kingston. The enemy were soon aware of the importance of possessing an adequate flotilla both on this lake and the others; and, in October, Commodore Chauncey, of the American navy, arrived at Sackett's, to equip a force of the desired superiority. Such was his activity, that on the 6th of November he appeared on the lake with the brig and six fine schooners, mounting in all 48 guns, many of the heaviest metal, and manned by 500 of the best seamen from the Atlantic ports. With this flotilla he chased the Royal George into Kingston, cannonaded that port, and swept the lake in triumph. Before the end of the autumn, a new frigate, the Madison, to carry nearly thirty guns, was launched at

Sackett's

Sackett's Harbour; while not the slightest exertion was made at Kingston to increase the British force.

On Lake Erie, after the surrender of Hull, the enemy possessed not a single vessel until they were permitted to board and recapture their brig (which had been taken at Detroit,) as she lay at anchor off Fort Erie. On this lake they also equipped some small vessels before the close of the year; and they commanded the waters of Lake Champlain with a flotilla, before the British commander-in-chief had directed the construction of a single gunboat to oppose them.

In reviewing the campaign in the Canadas of 1812, the most striking feature is the failure of the enemy in attempting the subjugation of the British provinces. So extravagant were the hopes of the American government regarding the issue of the contest, that their secretary at war declared from his seat in congress, that they 'could take the Canadas without soldiers; they had only to send officers into the provinces, and the people, disaffected towards their own government, would rally round the American standard.' Mr. Clay of Virginia added, that 'it was absurd to suppose that the enterprize would fail of success; he was not for stopping at Quebec, or any where else; he would take the continent from the British; he never wished to see a peace until this was done.' Yet this Mr. Clay was afterwards one of the American commissioners who signed the treaty of Ghent!

The numerical force which the enemy collected in the course of the summer was sufficient to give rise to lofty expectations. On the different points of the frontier, Generals Hull, Van Rensselaer and Dearborn had under their orders full 16,000 men, of whom by far the greater portion were regular troops. But their operations were feeble and disjointed; and, if any general plan of action was ever prescribed to them, it was neglected in execution. Hull advanced by orders from Washington before the American forces at other parts of the frontier were prepared for operations. Notwithstanding his proclamation, the peaceable inhabitants of Canada soon discovered, in the plunder and destruction of their property, that protection and fraternity meant no more among the republicans of America, than the same terms had done twenty years before with other liberators and on another theatre. Hull certainly evinced great incapacity after his passage of the Detroit, in not immediately marching upon Amherstburgh with his whole force, for he would, in all probability, have carried the place had he made the attempt before Colonel Procter's arrival. By lingering, however, at Sandwich until that officer took the command, cut

cut off his communications, and closed the Indians on his rear, he could not subsequently effect a retreat. Altogether, from the imbecile expedition of Hull, to the tardy advance and immediate retreat of Dearborn, the conduct of this campaign displayed a total absence of all military skill, resolution and discipline in the American forces. Their exertions on the water were of another character; they saw the full importance of a command of the great lakes, and availed themselves to the utmost of the supineness of our commander.

We have noticed the errors which the enemy committed; there remains the less grateful task of recounting those which marred the efforts of our gallant and devoted army, and prepared the way for subsequent reverses.

In the winter of 1811-12, the designs upon Canada were openly avowed in the American congress, yet, except the embodying of a portion of the militia of the lower province, Sir George Prevost made not the slightest preparation for defence. Coteau-du-lac and Isle-aux-noix are the keys of Lower Canada; the former completely commands the navigation of the St. Lawrence between the upper and lower provinces; and the latter had been so decidedly regarded as the barrier of Lower Canada from the Champlain frontier, that it excited the particular attention of the French engineers in the last defence of their colonies, and was afterwards fortified at considerable expense by General Haldimand during the war of the American Revolution. Yet Coteau-du-lac, though Sir George had passed it in a tour through the province, was entirely overlooked until 1813; and Isle-aux-noix was left unoccupied for several months after the war for the Americans to seize upon, had they then possessed sufficient military skill to be aware of its value.

The first act of the commander-in-chief, on learning the American declaration of war, was an earnest of his future irresolution. He dispatched orders to the commanding officer at fort St. Joseph's to remain upon the defensive; but Captain Roberts knew that, if attacked, his post was untenable; he was aware that the enemy at Michilimackinac must shortly be reinforced, and he boldly preferred to follow the directions of his immediate commander, General Brock, to assault that place if he found it advisable. The important result has already been told. To General Brock himself, Sir George Prevost sent no instructions whatever for some weeks after he received intimation of the war. Whether this neglect was intentional, to leave that officer to his own responsibility, or was merely the natural effect of the infirmity of purpose which the commander-in-chief afterwards so repeatedly evinced, the consequences were equally mischievous; for

for General Brock had moved from York to Fort George with the intention of attacking the American fort of Niagara, then unprepared for defence, and was only restrained from that measure by the perplexity of his situation in being left without orders. Hull's invasion, however, put it beyond doubt that he should do right in opposing him, and the capture of that force preceded his receipt of the first dispatches from the commander-in-chief. These dispatches, indeed, were of such a nature that it was fortunate they arrived no sooner. They announced, as we have already stated, the conclusion of that impolitic armistice between Sir George Prevost and General Dearborn at the moment which should have been devoted to active exertion against the American posts on the frontier. By the terms of this truce, General Hull was to determine, at his option, whether or not the suspension of arms should be binding upon his division. If he had not already capitulated before he could make his choice, what might not have been the fatal consequences of permitting him to claim the benefit of the armistice?

No sooner was the suspension of arms to which Sir George had agreed at an end, than he issued positive orders along the whole extent of frontier, that no offensive operations whatever should be attempted against the different points of the enemy's line. The short-sightedness of such a system of defence needs perhaps little exposition, but a practical illustration of its tendency was afforded before the close of the year in the unopposed devastation of great part of the Indian country by General Harrison, while Colonel Procter was compelled by his orders to refrain from advancing to the aid of our allies. This want of co-operation had a most unfavourable effect upon the minds of the Indians, and was an impolitic and unmanly desertion of them.

But the most fatal and palpable error of the commander-in-chief was his neglect to preserve that ascendancy on Lakes Erie and Ontario which was actually enjoyed by the British at the opening of the contest. The command of these lakes is so evidently an object of primary consideration in the defence of the Canadas, that it is perfectly inconceivable how any man in Sir George Prevost's situation could have been so infatuated as to disregard the importance of maintaining his superiority. The miserable incompetency of Earle and the other officers of the provincial marine on Ontario was notorious, and especially after their scandalous repulse at Sackett's Harbour; yet, Sir George neither removed Earle nor noticed his misconduct. A large sloop of war arrived at Quebec from Halifax soon after the beginning of the war, and its captain would have needed but a hint of the commander-in-chief's wishes to lay up his ship, march to Ontario

Ontario with his crew, and supersede Earle and his feeble followers; but such a plan was beyond the capacity of Sir George; and so little feeling had he of the paramount value of the command of the waters, that a mere common-place attempt to hire sailors for the lakes at Quebec, at one half the wages which merchants were giving at the same moment, was the only exertion used to strengthen the flotilla! But, with Earle as a commander, it mattered little whether sailors were procured or not. During the whole summer and autumn, the enemy's activity in building vessels at Sackett's was incessant, and equally well known with the incapacity of the *personnel* of our provincial navy; but still no effort was made to keep pace with them. If the crew of the Tartarus sloop of war had been sent to Kingston, the enemy's flotilla must have been destroyed in embryo, for Sackett's Harbour was yet unfortified; if ship-carpenters, of whom there were abundance at Quebec, had been dispatched to Kingston, we might have built at least as rapidly as the enemy; but neither of these things was done. In July, 1812, therefore, we had a ship and three brigs while the enemy had but one vessel, and that of the latter description; and in the November ensuing they had a frigate and seven other sail of two masted vessels, manned by five hundred seamen, while our force remained precisely as before. Our original superiority and the opportunity of perfecting it were thus lost, and the enemy became masters of the lake. We shall have full cause to observe the consequences in the events of the following year, and to these we now proceed.

The preparations of the enemy for the campaign of 1813 were made with more limited hopes than they had indulged when, but a few months before, the conquest of the Canadas was considered as a matter of sure calculation. They did not, however, relax in exertion, and reinforcements and abundant supplies were expedited by their government during the winter; while great energy was exhibited in augmenting the naval strength at Sackett's Harbour, where a second frigate and several smaller vessels were in rapid progress. On our part, after slumbering away the preceding summer and autumn without one effort to increase our marine in amount or efficiency, Sir George Prevost suddenly awoke in the depth of winter to a sense of the condition to which his supineness had reduced the British cause; and the building of two frigates commenced with convulsive activity. One of them (and only one) was laid down in the secure dockyard of Kingston,—the other was laid down at York, an open place defended merely by two or three small block-houses and unconnected batteries! The enemy, as might have been foreseen, accepted the invitation which

was

was thus held out to them to destroy the ship on the stocks. As soon as the season was sufficiently advanced for naval operations, Commodore Chauncey appeared on Lake Ontario with his frigate and nine other vessels, and, embarking the commander-in-chief, General Dearborn, with about 2000 of the land forces, sailed for York, near which the troops were landed on the 27th of April. General Sheaffe occupied the capital of Upper Canada, with 300 regulars and 350 militia and Indians. These troops, after maintaining an unequal contest with determined spirit for some hours, were finally compelled to retreat towards Kingston. Before they fell back, however, they burned the new vessel on the stocks; but the town of York, a man-of-war brig in the harbour, and a quantity of naval stores fell into the hands of the enemy. General Sheaffe has been much blamed, first for the injudicious position of the troops, by which the grenadier company of the 8th Regiment, who behaved with great gallantry, were exposed to be cut to pieces in a wood, and again for not returning to the attack, after the explosion of a powder magazine had destroyed 250 of the enemy, and thrown them into confusion. But, whatever were his faults, it is evident that the commander-in-chief was the primary cause of the disaster, in alluring the enemy to the enterprize by directing the construction of the frigate at a spot where he had provided neither men nor tenable works for its protection.

The enemy, after embarking the captured stores, sailed for Niagara. Having there concentrated his whole force to the number of 6000 infantry, 250 cavalry, and a numerous train of artillery, Dearborn, on the morning of the 26th of May, under cover of a heavy and destructive fire from his fleet, made good his landing on the Canadian shore below Fort George. Here every gallant effort was ineffectually made to resist the overwhelming numbers of the enemy; and our troops were compelled to give way, after suffering a heavy loss. Retiring up the strait to collect the small garrisons of Fort Erie and other posts, General Vincent, our commander on the Niagara, who thus reinforced, mustered, after his loss, about 1600 bayonets, abandoned the whole of that line to the enemy, and gained a position at Burlington Bay, 50 miles from Fort George on the lake shore towards York, before the enemy could succeed in an attempt to intercept him.

But the American general was not satisfied with the advantage which he had gained, and he accordingly, on the 1st of June, sent forward from Fort George a force of 3500, cavalry and infantry, and nine pieces of artillery, to force from their position or capture General Vincent's division. On the morning of the 5th of June, the enemy arrived within seven miles of the position at Burling-

ton,

ton, and in the course of the day, Lieutenant-Colonel Harvey, deputy adjutant-general, having reconnoitred their camp, made the daring proposal to General Vincent of attempting to surprize it during the same night. The attempt was desperate, but the occasion demanded no other. The night proved excessively dark and propitious for the surprise, and Colonel Harvey, who himself led the troops, judiciously considered that the smallest numbers which could effect the object of throwing the enemy into confusion, would be best able to co-operate. The division had been under arms all day in expectation of the enemy's attack, and just before midnight, as if to change their position only, the halves of two British regiments, mustering exactly 704, marched out of camp. At two o'clock, in the stillness of the night, this little band fearlessly rushed with fixed bayonets into the American camp of just five times their number. The surprize was complete; a part only of the enemy had time to fire one destructive volley before they fled in every direction, leaving Generals Windler and Chandler, their two senior officers, and a hundred prisoners, in the hands of the assailants, with four field-pieces. The British troops then retired just before day-break to their own position, carrying with them the prisoners and two of the guns of which the horses had been secured. The object of the enterprize was most fully effected, for, with the day, the Americans only returned to their camp to destroy stores, provisions, &c. and then their whole force made a precipitate retreat of eleven miles, until General Lewis joined them with a considerable reinforcement.

We have already observed that, after suffering the summer and autumnal months of 1812 to escape without extracting the slightest advantage from our strength in shipping on Lake Ontario, the commander-in-chief had started from his lethargy in the depth of the winter, and directed the rapid construction of vessels for the lake service, with a view of regaining that superiority which he had voluntarily yielded to the enemy. He at the same time moved in person from the lower province towards Kingston, and excited the expectations of the Canadian public, that he designed an attack upon Sackett's Harbour by marching over the ice, which was stronger in that season than had been remembered for many years. It was known that the shipping laid up at the enemy's station were very indifferently protected, and no doubt was entertained that Sir George would endeavour, to use the expressive language of the author of Veritas, 'to destroy the nest of hornets in their torpid state.' But the anxious inhabitants of the provinces, who had witnessed his previous inactivity with gloomy forebodings, were again doomed

 to

to disappointment, and the winter passed without the expected attempt.

When the commander-in-chief began to discover that the naval supremacy on the lakes was not without its importance, he addressed an application to the government at home, for a supply of officers and seamen of the royal navy to man the vessels which he was building. The request was immediately attended to—Sir James Yeo, an officer of high reputation, was nominated Commodore on those waters, and dispatched with other officers and 450 picked sailors, as soon as the season for landing at Quebec would permit. The promptitude of the government at home was not confined to this supply of men for the ships. In the course of 1813, large detachments of artillery, a regiment of light dragoons, nine strong battalions of infantry, and one of marines, all arrived in the Canadas;* and cannon and stores of every kind, both for army and navy, were at the same time sent out even in larger quantities than solicited by the commander-in-chief. When it is remembered that these powerful succours were extended to distant provinces of the empire, while the most gigantic contest that had ever occupied the attention of Europe, was successfully maintained by Great Britain, we shall not know whether most to wonder at the magnitude of her resources, or to applaud the energy with which they were wielded.

Such were the zeal and exertions of Sir James Yeo and his followers on their arrival at Kingston, that before the end of May, they were prepared to take the lake with the British fleet, now composed of two ships of 24 and 22 guns, a brig of 14, and two schooners of 12 and 10 guns. The absence of the enemy's naval force, employed in co-operating with their army on the Niagara, offered a most advantageous opportunity for an attack upon Sackett's Harbour, and Sir George Prevost consented to the formation of an expedition for the purpose, of which he took the personal command.

Sackett's Harbour was at this time protected only by two forts, on opposite sides of the port, which is small: the one stood on a low point of land at the entrance of the harbour, upon which was the dock-yard, where the enemy had a large frigate almost ready for launching; the other was separated from it by the village at the bottom of the bay, and near this village, in its rear, stood a range of loopholed log barracks flanked by blockhouses. After General Dearborn had concentrated his principal force on the Niagara frontier, the garrison of these

* These corps were the 19th light dragoons, royals, 13th, 2d battalion 41st, 70th, 89th, 103d, 104th, De Meuron's and De Watteville's.

works

works was composed altogether of about 700 regulars, with some militia.

Every arrangement being complete, Sir James Yeo's squadron, having on board 750 regular troops, arrived off Sackett's Harbour about noon, on the 27th of May. The fleet lay to, the troops were ready in boats for the landing, and the commodore carried Sir George Prevost towards the shore, to reconnoitre. After some suspense, the troops were ordered on board the vessels again, the ships put about, and the whole stood out on the return to Kingston. Here was an example of the characteristic indecision of the commander-in-chief, and he would have assuredly made no attempt to land on the American shore, if about 50 Indians who accompanied the expedition, and could see no reason to abandon their enterprize, had not paddled in their canoes to attack some American soldiers. These men were accidentally coasting the lake in boats to Sackett's, when our force appeared off the port, and had landed to avoid capture. As soon as they perceived the Indians approaching, they hung out a white flag, and were brought off to the squadron by the boats of the men of war. This accident being received as a favourable omen, the commander-in-chief determined to stand back to Sackett's Harbour. He had lost nearly two days, and the wind was no longer fair for a naval co-operation against the forts; but this was not necessary, and the assault would yet have succeeded if the general had felt like his soldiers. The landing was made with the utmost spirit; the troops separating in two columns, charged detachments of the enemy through the woods surrounding Sackett's Harbour, at the point of the bayonet, and uniting again on the open ground before the works, drove in the whole American force which had there formed, to their loopholed barracks and forts.—The enemy, in consternation, themselves set fire to their new frigate, their naval barracks and arsenal, and destroyed the gun-brig and all the stores which they had recently brought from the capture of York. At this crisis, while the arsenal was in flames, the Americans flying through the village, and no man among the assailants doubted that success was within grasp, a momentary resistance, which was made by a party of the enemy who, in the rout, had sought refuge in the log barracks, was sufficient to produce a precipitate order from the commander-in-chief for the retreat of our force. Their gallant officers could with difficulty believe that it was the signal to retire which they heard; it was obeyed with indignation and reluctance, and the troops withdrew to their boats in disappointment and shame at the disgrace with which their leader had covered them.

As soon as the Americans could credit their senses that the British had retired, they hastened to stop the conflagration. Their frigate, being built of green wood, was saved before the fire had materially damaged her, but the navy barracks, all the stores brought from York, and several buildings in the arsenal were entirely consumed. How much reason they had to felicitate themselves at the escape which they owed to the misconduct of our commander-in-chief, may be gathered from the remarks of their countryman, Mr. Thomson. He observes, that had the place been captured,

'Its effects would have been long and deplorably felt by the American government. Immense quantities of naval and military stores, which had, from time to time, been collected at that depôt; the frames and timbers which had been prepared for the construction of vessels of war, and the rigging and armaments which had been forwarded thither for their final equipment; as well as all the army clothing, camp equipage, provisions, ammunition, and implements of war, which had been previously captured from the enemy, would have fallen into his hands. The destruction of the batteries, the ship then on the stocks, the extensive cantonments, and the public arsenal, would have retarded the building of another naval force; and that which was already on the lake in separate detachments, could have been intercepted, in its attempt to return, and might have been captured in detail. The prize vessel which was then lying in the harbour, and which had been taken by the Americans, and the two United States' schooners, would have been certainly recaptured, and the whole energies of the American government, added to their most vigorous and unwearied struggles, might never again have attained any prospect of an ascendancy on the lake.'—(pp. 147, 148.)

Sir George Prevost was beyond all doubt the immediate commander of this expedition. But he found it convenient not to appear in that character; and the only detail of operations was in the shape of a dispatch from his adjutant general to himself, obligingly communicating what was already sufficiently known to him. By this ingenious device, he in some measure averted the exposure of miscarriage from himself, and generously yielded his laurels, such as they were, to his grateful and submissive follower.

Sir James Yeo, after carrying Sir George and his force back to Kingston, prepared to proceed to the head of the lake with reinforcements for General Vincent, and the American commodore hastened into Sackett's Harbour before the British fleet should again appear on the waters, to equip the frigate which had been rescued from the flames. As soon as our squadron joined General Vincent, the enemy, who had never quite recovered from their panic on the nocturnal surprize of their camp, precipitately retreated,

treated, or rather fled along the lake shore until they reached Fort George, where Dearborn, evacuating all the Canadian bank of the Niagara, shut himself up in a strong entrenched camp with 5000 men. The British army took up a position within a few miles of him, and Major General De Rottenburgh (General Sheaffe's successor in the government of Upper Canada) assuming the command, as General Vincent's superior officer, a period of total inaction ensued during the months of July, August, and September.

On lake Ontario the rival squadrons were at sea during the greater part of these months. The British commodore was far inferior in numbers,* yet, notwithstanding the disparity, he constantly endeavoured to bring his antagonist to close action. But, though partial encounters ensued between the fleets on the 10th of August and 11th of September, and a general engagement of two hours followed on the 28th of the latter month, the event was always indecisive.

We now revert to the important events which had meanwhile been in progress on the Detroit frontier and the other great lake, of Erie. In the middle of January 1813, the enemy commenced offensive operations in the Michigan territory, and one wing of their force advanced towards the village of Frenchtown, on the river Raisin, twenty-six miles from Detroit. This corps of the enemy consisted of about 1200 men, and was commanded by Brigadier General Winchester, an old officer who had served in the revolutionary war, but was now, by the intrigues of cabinet influence,—for it seems such things do really occur in the purity of republican government,—compelled to serve under the orders of his junior, Harrison. Piqued at this circumstance, and aware that the British force under Colonel Procter was far inferior to him in numbers, Winchester, desirous of expelling his enemy from the Detroit before Harrison, with the main body of his army, could share in the exploit, had moved forward to Frenchtown without awaiting a junction with him. Colonel Procter was still positively restricted by Sir George Prevost from any offensive operations, but he did not hesitate to seize the opportunity which Winchester thus gave him of anticipating the designs of the enemy, before their whole numbers could unite. Collecting, therefore, his motley force of less than 500 regular troops, militia, and provincial sailors, with four light guns, and a band of between 5 and 600 Indians, under the Wyandot chief, Roundhead, he boldly advanced against the Americans, and surprized them before daylight, on the 22d of January, in their

* The difference in real force will be best understood by the fact, that the broadside of the American fleet would throw 1629 pounds of shot, and that of the British only 1374 pounds. Their squadron carried 1193 men, ours 717.

quarters at Frenchtown. The Indians had been sent round the rear to prevent escape, and when the troops attacked them in front, above half the Americans, who precipitately fled at the onset, were captured or destroyed in the woods by the warriors. The remainder, finding themselves thus cut off from retreat, made a desperate resistance among the buildings and enclosures of the village, and occasioned severe loss to the troops before they yielded on assurance of quarter. General Winchester was taken by Roundhead, who, decking himself in the uniform and hat of his prisoner, surrendered him to the British commander. So complete was the discomfiture of the enemy, that, by their own accounts, not above thirty individuals effected their escape. Every exertion was made by Colonel Procter and his troops to save the vanquished enemy from the retaliation of the Indians, who were justly exasperated at the wanton cruelty which the Americans had exercised against their tribes; a general, a colonel, and above 500 prisoners were taken. Colonel Procter, having thus accomplished his object, returned to his stations on the Detroit; and the enemy under Harrison, though still powerful in numbers, were so dismayed by the destruction of General Winchester's corps, that they abandoned their intention of advancing, and began to fortify themselves with great expedition near the rapids of the Miami river, which falls into Lake Erie, about 50 miles from Detroit. Here, 12 miles from the mouth of the river, they constructed an extensive range of strong works, termed Fort Meigs.

The issue of the action at Frenchtown had inspired such confidence among the Indians, that many warlike tribes from the river Wabash now entered into a close alliance with us, and even the distant nations from the westward, as far as the Mississippi, prepared to move down to take up the hatchet with their British Father. Among the Indians that joined General Procter from the Wabash, was the highly gifted and celebrated chief, Tecumthé, who united in his person all those heroic qualities which romance has ever delighted to attribute to the 'children of the forest,' and, with them, intelligence and feelings that belonged not to the savage. He possessed such influence among his brethren that his presence was an acquisition of the utmost importance.

Before the middle of April, Brigadier-General Procter had ascertained that the enemy were in expectation of considerable reinforcements and supplies, and that they only awaited their arrival to commence offensive operations against him; he therefore resolved to anticipate them again, before their numerical superiority should be still further increased. In consequence of this

this resolution, he embarked his whole force of 520 regulars, and 460 militia, with some heavy artillery, on board the flotilla on Lake Erie, and, arriving off the mouth of the Miami, ascended that river and landed his troops, stores, and ordnance, on the 28th of April, within two miles of Fort Meigs, on the opposite bank of the river. The Indian warriors who co-operated with him in this expedition were about 1200.

Fort Meigs was advantageously situated on some commanding ground on the right bank of the river; the works, which were skilfully disposed, mounted eighteen pieces of heavy ordnance, and contained a garrison by far more numerous than the whole British and Canadian force of the assailants. Batteries were, however, constructed on both sides of the river, and continued an incessant fire upon the defences from the 1st to the 5th of May, with very little impression; for though the 9-pounders threw red hot shot, it was found impracticable to set the block-houses in flames from the green state of the timber, and the enemy were effectually covered from loss by numerous traverses.

The reinforcements long expected by General Harrison had in the mean time approached, and on the morning of the 5th, to the number of 1300 men, under General Clay, made a rapid and sudden descent down the river in boats, aided by a sortie from the place. For a moment the British batteries were in the enemy's hands, and they made forty prisoners, but the troops, with their usual gallantry, instantly advancing, charged and repulsed them at the point of the bayonet, and their rout, to which the Indians greatly contributed, soon became general. The slaughter was dreadful. The besiegers made above 550 prisoners, and the killed and wounded of the enemy probably amounted to as many more.

By the entire rout of General Clay's reinforcement, the British commander had gained his principal object of crippling the enemy and preventing their advance towards the Detroit frontier; and he might now have continued the siege with every prospect of capturing Harrison and his force, if both the Indians and militia had not deserted the regular troops after the brilliant affair of the 5th. It is customary with the Indians in their desultory mode of warfare to proceed to their villages after every action of importance, with their wounded, their prisoners, and plunder; and no entreaties could now dissuade them from returning to the Detroit in pursuance of this practice. The militia, on their part, were anxious to return home to attend to their farms, and before the 7th, above half their numbers had left the camp, while the remainder declared their determination to follow them. The general

was therefore obliged to rest contented with having annihilated Harrison's reinforcements, and the siege was raised.

The troops and flotilla having safely returned to the Detroit, General Procter occupied himself in settling our Indian allies in the conquered Michigan territory. It was his desire to make all the uncultivated parts of it completely an Indian country, and had he been suffered to fix the tribes permanently within the district, the most beneficial consequences must have ensued. The Michigan country would have become so strong a *point d'appui* for the western flank of the Canadian frontier, that, in a future contest, the enemy could never have ventured to assail it. The Indians are not ignorant that their extinction is one of the prominent features of American policy, and nothing but good faith on our part would have been requisite to ensure their adherence to us. Tecumthé and his followers were already settled between the rivers Raisin and Detroit, and it was intended that the numerous and warlike bands from the Mississippi and the shores of Lake Superior, whose arrival was expected, should also be placed in the Michigan government. These tribes had been induced by a spirited and zealous individual, Mr. Robert Dickson, a respectable merchant engaged in the commerce of the North West country, and who possessed great influence with them, to come down with their warriors and families to take part against their merciless enemy. But the judicious measures which General Procter was adopting were entirely frustrated by the neglect of the commander-in-chief. The same dispatches which announced these arrangements to Sir George Prevost, earnestly pointed out the pressing necessity of a larger force of regular troops to give due effect to them, and preserve the country, which was thus capable of being converted into a permanent bulwark for the upper province. We have seen that General Procter's regular force was not above 500 men, and notwithstanding every solicitation it never exceeded that number until the opportunity of crushing the enemy had been totally lost.

After the operations on the Miami, the enemy abandoned all intention of advancing against the Detroit frontier until they could attain a naval superiority on Lake Erie. While General Harrison, therefore, was augmenting his force, the American arsenal at Presqu'isle was the scene of busy preparation for the equipment of a fleet. The British held the command of the waters of Lake Erie, but our flotilla, like that on Ontario, was manned entirely by Canadian sailors, and its state of equipment altogether was extremely defective. The enemy early in the spring laid down two heavy sloops of war at Presqu'isle. Their views did not escape the British commander on the Detroit frontier,

tier, and he formed the design of capturing Presqu'isle before the new ships could be launched. But the attempt was utterly impracticable without reinforcements, and these were long and anxiously demanded in vain. When Sir James Yeo arrived with his seamen, Captain Barclay of the Royal Navy was detached to assume the command on Lake Erie. A more able or gallant officer could not have been selected; but he was suffered to carry with him to Amherstburgh, where he arrived in June, no more than 25 of the seamen of the Ontario fleet. He fully concurred with General Procter in the necessity of an immediate attack upon Presqu'isle, and their endeavours were united in soliciting the commander-in-chief to afford the means of effecting it before it should be too late. Their joint entreaties were met only by promises which were never fulfilled. On Captain Barclay's arrival, a new vessel, to carry 18 guns, was laid down at Amherstburgh, but there were neither men nor suitable ordnance either for her or the rest of the fleet, and though these wants were repeatedly stated, they were almost entirely disregarded. So early as the 19th of June, after having exposed the necessity of destroying the enemy's arsenal, it is said in a dispatch from General Procter to the confidental aide-de-camp of Sir G. Prevost, 'I trust you will see the expediency of sending me the remainder of the 41st Regiment. I did flatter myself that they were on their route hither from your letter to me; they should be sent here without delay, to in any degree ensure the safety of this district'—'I am very desirous of having our new vessel on the water, where she will be much safer; every effort should be made to send seamen before the vessels at Presqu'isle are ready. If reinforced I shall have some confidence, but I know the cry has always been against sending men here.' But this strong representation was replied to only by empty promises of speedy succour, and though 'the remainder of the 41st Regiment' could with the utmost ease have been detached from the army on the Niagara frontier after their success on the 6th of June, with a reinforcement of seamen from Ontario, (for the short period their assistance would have been required at Presqu'isle,) not a man of either service was sent at the time for the purpose. On the 4th of July it was stated by General Procter in a dispatch to Sir George Prevost, that, if these reinforcements had been sent, 'it would have been in his power, by the destruction of the enemy's vessels at Presqu'isle, to have placed the dockyard and port of Amherstburgh in a state of security which, under existing circumstances, it cannot be said that they are in; however, though certainly more difficult to be effected, it may not be too late if, agreeably to requisition, the remainder of the 41st Regiment be immediately sent to Long Point' (on Lake Erie). It will scarcely be

be credited that, even after this, the commander-in-chief should have suffered above five weeks to elapse before he dispatched the small amount of regular troops that, at an earlier period, would have sufficed to secure the half of the upper province from becoming a prey to the enemy; although he fully acknowledged his immediate ability to grant such a reinforcement by stating in answer to the demand (on the 12th of July) 'the whole of the 41st Regiment will be either with you or on the way ere this reaches you.' Such supplies of men as were at length sent, came in detail and by small parties, and were in consequence nearly useless.

While the extreme weakness of the British regular force on the Detroit after the expedition to the Miami reduced General Procter to continue inactive, Mr. Dickson had succeeded in bringing the numerous Indian body from the westward into the Michigan country, where full 3000 warriors were now collected in the British alliance; a larger number of their nations than had perhaps ever before assembled in arms for a common purpose. Had the commander-in-chief supplied a few hundred regulars at this epoch, the enemy must have been annihilated, but the Indians would not act without the support of the British, and, except their operations are directed by a respectable force of white troops, every movement must be governed by the caprice of the native warriors. The number of our allies, which might have been made so formidable to the Americans, became, on the contrary, only embarrassing to ourselves. The difficulty of feeding them daily increased. All the representations of General Procter could obtain neither provisions nor money from below, and before the end of July the warriors and their families were reduced almost to starvation. At length the impossibility of provisioning them attained its height, and neither troops, nor food, nor money being dispatched to his aid, General Procter was compelled, with such means as he possessed, to endeavour to support his allies in the enemy's country. He could not carry heavy artillery with him, for the flotilla were necessarily occupied in watching Presqu'isle, though too weak to attack it. He landed a second time near Fort Meigs, which he blockaded, in hopes that Harrison, who with the body of his forces was now absent from it, would attempt its relief, but he was too wily to trust to the issue of a conflict with the Indians in the woods which surrounded that fortress. A stratagem was then tried by the Indians to provoke the garrison to a sortie, but the event of a former sally was fresh in American recollection, and they were not to be drawn from their defences. The Indians were now convinced that nothing was to be done against the place; 'they found

found it hard,' in their own language, 'to fight against men who lived like ground hogs,' or in other words were strongly intrenched, and they immediately began to desert the British commander. But he knew that it was hopeless to return to the Detroit, and made one more effort to harass the enemy by embarking his little force and proceeding to Fort Sandusky farther round the lake, and in the heart of their country. Against this place an assault was attempted by the troops with the utmost gallantry, but repulsed with loss, for the Indians fled at the moment when the columns moved towards the place. No alternative now remained but a return to the Detroit, with increased difficulties and diminished force; and the whole Indian body again concentrated in the Michigan territory.

The struggle which had hitherto been maintained on the Detroit and Erie frontier with so much ability and courage under every disadvantage and neglect from the commander-in-chief, was now approaching its crisis. General Procter had scarcely arrived on the Detroit from the late operations, before Captain Barclay was necessitated to retire into the port of Amherstburgh by the appearance on the lake of the American fleet of far superior force to that under his orders. In the whole course of that vacillation and error which unhappily distinguished the administration of Sir George Prevost, his imbecility of judgement and action was most flagrant and palpable in the circumstances which led to the destruction of our marine on Lake Erie. Captain Barclay stated the wants of his squadron in men, stores and guns with the same truth and earnestness as General Procter had repeatedly expressed; but the only reply of Sir George Prevost to his statements was a cold and general promise, in a letter to General Procter, that some petty officers and seamen for Lake Erie should be sent forward 'on the first opportunity,' and this first opportunity, it seems, was neither sought nor found before the month of September, when forty sailors only were supplied. The mode to be resorted to of procuring those stores and ordnance without which it was in vain to proceed against the enemy, was curiously stated in the same letter—'The ordnance and naval stores you require,' said Sir George, 'must be taken from the enemy, whose resources must become yours;' 'I am much mistaken if you do not find Captain Barclay well disposed to play that game.' It was assuredly not from personal experience that the commander-in-chief recommended this manner of acquiring stores and artillery; for *he* brought no resources from Sackett's Harbour. On the 13th of July, the request for seamen was renewed—'Even 100 seamen,' says a dispatch from General Procter to Sir George Prevost of that date, 'pushed on here immediately, would, in all probability, secure

secure the superiority on this lake'—'I am already weakened on shore by my efforts to enable Captain Barclay to appear on the lake; if he should not receive 100 seamen, I shall be under the necessity of sending more soldiers on board the vessels.' Yet no seamen came, and, on the 18th of August, General Procter announced to the commander-in-chief that the enemy had appeared in superior force to Captain Barclay before one sailor had been supplied, notwithstanding every solicitation. Still all hope was not past. 'The Detroit is launched,' says General Procter's dispatch of this date, 'and if I had seamen, a few hours would place this district in security'—'I entreat your excellency to send me the means of continuing the contest.' But, instead of replying to this application with an immediate reinforcement of seamen, the commander-in-chief answered it, as usual, on the 22d of August, with mere promises, and thus expressed himself: 'Although it (your situation) may be one of difficulty, you cannot fail of honourably surmounting it, notwithstanding the numerical superiority of the enemy's force, which I cannot but consider as overbalanced by the excellent description of your troops and seamen, valorous and well disciplined. The experience obtained by Sir James Yeo's conduct towards a fleet infinitely superior to the one under his command will satisfy Captain Barclay that he has only to dare, and the enemy is discomfited.' Who could imagine that the author of this taunt to the gallant Barclay was the same man who, but a few months back, had himself fled before a routed enemy! Who could suppose that this was the language of the same individual who, within the compass of a year, was to cover the heroes of the Peninsula with unmerited humiliation, and to tarnish the glories of his country by a shameful flight before an American rabble alike contemptible in numbers and discipline! One part of this remarkable passage was not suffered to pass unnoticed—'Your Excellency speaks,' says General Procter in a subsequent dispatch, 'of seamen, valorous and well disciplined. Except, I believe, the twenty-six whom Captain Barclay brought with him, there are none of that description on this lake. On board of His Majesty's squadron there are scarcely enough hands (and those of a miserable description) to work the vessels, some of which cannot be used for want of men, even such as we have.'—'I entertain the highest opinion of Captain Barclay, and have afforded him every aid I possibly could. We have set too strong an example of cordiality not to have it prevail through both services. We have but the one object in view, the good of His Majesty's service and preservation of this district.' And once more, 'seamen should be pushed on here even by dozens.' At length, after the beginning of September,

tember, when the situation of the troops on the Detroit had become desperate from the total want of provisions, clothing and stores of all kinds, forty seamen only arrived, and Sir George Prevost's wishes were expressed, that, on their junction, Captain Barclay 'should make his appearance on the lake to meet the enemy.' If Captain Barclay had despised the taunt, and chosen to disregard the wish of the commander-in-chief, by avoiding an action, the option was no longer left him; there was no alternative between his clearing the waters of the enemy to open the lake communication, and the starvation of the troops and Indians. On the 9th of September the last barrel of flour had been consumed, and Captain Barclay was compelled to sail in quest of the enemy without further aid.

Never did a British squadron encounter a foe under such disadvantages. The fleet was composed of two ships of 18 guns, a brig of 10, a schooner of 14, and two smaller vessels carrying 3 and 1 guns. It had been necessary to strip the forts on the Detroit of their ordnance to arm the flotilla. One of the ships and the brig had each cannon of four different calibers on the same deck, from 24 to 2 pounders, and the new ship could only be rigged by robbing the five other vessels of a proportion of their scanty and inadequate equipment. There were not above 60 British seamen in the whole flotilla, and 85 Canadians were sorry substitutes for the aid which had been so ineffectually demanded; 210 men of two different regiments completed this heterogeneous mixture of 356 peasants, artisans, soldiers and sailors, whom Captain Barclay led into action against 580 chosen American seamen, besides riflemen acting as marines. The enemy's fleet was composed of two sloops of war of 20 guns, and seven other sail mounting 14 heavy guns on pivots; but the disproportion of force will be best understood by the fact, that the American broadside threw above twice the weight of metal of the British.

Of the naval action on the 10th of September, which terminated in the capture of our whole flotilla, we may be spared from relating the details. It is sufficient to know that every honourable effort was made by our gallant officers to contend against an overwhelming superiority in numbers and artillery; that the American commodore's ship struck her flag to the Detroit and could not be taken possession of from want of hands, and that the day was not lost until the first and second in command of every one of our vessels had been killed or dangerously wounded. The heroic Barclay had lost one arm under Nelson, and the other was now mutilated before he quitted his deck.

The

The situation of General Procter's little army after this disaster is well depicted by Mr. James:—

'This was a sad blow upon the right division. As hope fled, despair found its way into the British camp. The situation of the men, it must be owned, was deplorable in the extreme. They had long been suffering, not only from a scarcity of provisions, but a scarcity of money. Few of them had received any pay for the last six months: to some, indeed, nine months' arrears was due. Winter, a Canadian winter, was fast approaching; and scarcely any of the soldiers had blankets, and all were without great-coats. The severe privations which they had endured in the last, were therefore likely to be augmented rather than diminished, in the succeeding winter. In addition to all this, the commander of the forces appeared unmindful of their arduous exertions.'—vol. i. p. 271.

Under such circumstances was the retreat to commence, which had become inevitable to prevent the enemy from landing in rear of the troops. The reinforcements, which might as easily have been sent up when their arrival would have destroyed the enemy, were now afforded only to increase the want of provisions. But, if the maintenance of our positions on the Detroit was impossible, the attempt to retreat from them was big with danger, for it was foreseen that to induce the Indians to retire with them, and quit their old haunts, would be attended with much difficulty. The warriors received the proposal with the utmost indignation, and considered the measure as a desertion of them. The British commander was thus placed, with the few troops which composed his force, in a most critical situation; for there was every reason to expect that the numerous Indians would not restrain their irritated feelings to a mere dissolution of the alliance. But a successful endeavour was made to convince Tecumthé, who had at first violently opposed the measure, of its unavoidable necessity; and his influence was sufficient to induce a large proportion of his nation to accompany the British troops in their retrograde movement.

This important object being gained, the requisite preparations for a retreat were immediately completed. The forts of Amherstburgh and Detroit were dismantled, depôts were formed on the proposed line of movement up the river Thames, which falls into Lake St. Clair above the Detroit, and the bridges over that river were carefully repaired; the heavy stores, the sick, women and children, were sent to the rear by the water carriage. On the 27th of September, General Harrison landed below Amherstburgh with his army of between 5 and 6000 men, and, on the same day, General Procter broke up from his position and slowly retired to an advantageous spot near the mouth of the Thames, where he had determined to make a temporary stand. But while the

the general, on finding that the enemy did not advance, had left the troops in position, to examine with his principal engineer the heights near the Moravian village at some distance in the rear, which he intended to fortify and occupy during the winter, the officer next in command withdrew the troops from their strong post without orders, even before the appearance of the Americans; and thus caused the loss of the boats, containing the remnant of the stores and artillery with a guard, which could not ascend higher up the river from the nature of the navigation. The general, on hastily rejoining his troops, found that this unauthorized measure had left him no alternative but a battle. The Indians had, on the continued retreat of the British, forsaken them in great numbers, and of above 3000, no more than 500 warriors remained with the brave and faithful Tecumthé. The position chosen to await the attack of the American army was covered on either flank by the river Thames and an impassable swamp, and was calculated to render their immense superiority of numbers in a great degree unavailing. Here, on the morning of the 5th of October, the regular force (about 500 effectives) were drawn up in open files in a straggling wood, which prevented any attack upon them in regular order; their left secured by the river, a gun flanking the road, and their right extending towards the Indians, who were posted where the wood thickened, so as to form a retiring angle with them, and to turn the enemy's flank on their advance. This disposition was shown to Tecumthé, who expressed his satisfaction at it; and his last words to the general were, 'Father, tell your young men to be firm, and all will be well:' he then repaired to his people and harangued them before they were formed in their places. The small band of our regulars, discouraged by their retreat and by the privations to which they had been long exposed, gave way on the first advance of the enemy, and no exertion of their commander could rally them. While they were thus quickly routed, Tecumthé and his warriors had almost as rapidly repulsed the enemy, and the Indians continued to push their advantage, in ignorance of the disaster of their allies, until their heroic chief fell by a rifle ball, and with him the spirit of his followers, who were put to flight and pursued with unrelenting slaughter. The Americans showed their respect for Tecumthé in full as barbarous a manner as a hostile tribe of his own nation could have done under the same circumstances. The skin was flayed from his lifeless corpse and made into razor-strops,* one of

* The 'choice spirits' of Kentucky,' as the pseudo-Englishwoman calls them, have introduced a material improvement on this practice:—they cut razor-strops from the Indians while *yet alive*.—See p. 74. of this volume.

which

which the late Mr. Clay of Virginia, a member of the American legislature, prided himself in possessing.

Such were the fruits of that lamentable deficiency in energy and foresight which it has been our duty to expose; such the consequences of the apathy of the commander-in-chief towards the momentous struggle in western Canada! But we turn with disgust and indignation from this picture of imbecility. One effort of decision, a hundred seamen rapidly conveyed from Ontario to Erie, for a fortnight's service only, in either of the summer months, would have averted this train of failure and disgrace. Should we be asked, whether the exigency of the service on the former lake could have spared them, we answer, most assuredly it might. What object could be commensurate with the preservation of the most fertile portion of our possessions on the American continent, when a fortnight of inactivity on the lower lake would have been followed by the security of Lake Erie and the preservation of our great Indian alliance? In less than ten days after the affair of the Moravian town the enemy had received the submission of above 2000 of the native warriors, and the support of their most powerful tribes was wrested from us for ever. The first care of the commander-in-chief was to cast the well-merited odium of failure from himself and to reflect upon the character of the officer and of the troops, of whose misfortunes he only was the author. The former indignantly threw up his command, and required an investigation, which was long and obstinately refused by Sir George Prevost, until an appeal to higher and purer authority was followed by a peremptory order to him to grant it. Then, after the lapse of a twelvemonth, charges were framed, which, cautiously excluding a long period of arduous services and neglected representations, rested only on the events of a retreat, for which the commander-in-chief should alone have been responsible. Where the unavoidable circumstance that, in retiring, the troops were a day without issue of provisions, could be gravely embodied into a charge, we need not wonder that censure was inevitable. The attempt made by Sir George Prevost to affix a stigma upon the personal character of a tried and zealous soldier was even less excusable than his desire of sacrificing the honour of another to avert the disgrace of failure from himself. The charge was, it is true, triumphantly refuted, and its author reduced to abandon it, with a declaration of regret that it had ever been made; but how does this palliate the wantonness of the accusation, and, above all, in a man, who, if success were the criterion of courage, might himself have been convicted of the want of it upon every occasion of his military command?

During

During the month of September, the enemy had been gradually collecting in large numbers at Sackett's Harbour, where, under Major General Wilkinson, a force of nearly ten thousand men now rendezvoused. An attack upon Kingston was supposed to be their object, and after dispatching reinforcements to that garrison, General de Rottenburgh left his command on the Niagara to General Vincent, and proceeded down the lake. On the 9th of October, General Vincent received intelligence of the defeat at the Moravian town, and after destroying great quantities of provisions and stores, commenced a precipitate retreat to Burlington, where he was joined by the remains of General Procter's troops. The unnecessary panic which thus followed General Harrison's success was not confined to the upper province, for the commander-in-chief had no sooner learnt the fate of the division from the Detroit, than he dispatched orders from Montreal to General Vincent to evacuate the whole of Upper Canada as low down as Kingston, and to retire into that place. Nor were these instructions issued only in the freshness of the consternation, which appeared to have seized Sir George Prevost at the consequences of his own conduct; they were repeatedly urged in the most peremptory manner.

In these orders to retreat, no notice was taken either of the sick, of whom the army had then a large number, nor of the loyal inhabitants nor Indians; neither was the depôt of provisions and stores at York deemed worthy of attention, although the garrison of Kingston, which depended principally on that depôt for supplies, had only *seven days' provisions in store*. The season of the year and state of the roads would have rendered retreat from the head of Lake Ontario impossible without the sacrifice of ordnance, ammunition, stores, and baggage of every description; and even then, if half the regular force could have reached Kingston, the want of subsistence must have entailed the abandonment of that fortress to the enemy, with the ships, stores and arsenal. Nor would the disastrous consequences of obedience to these orders have ended there; but we need pursue the consideration of them no farther. Fortunately the evils impending over the suffering inhabitants of the Canadas, and the disgrace with which such a flight from the upper province would have covered the national honour, were averted by the firmness of some officers of rank in General Vincent's army, to whom that commander communicated the orders of Sir George Prevost for an immediate retreat to Kingston. General Procter, who had not yet quitted his command, strongly urged General Vincent to disobey the injunctions which he had received for so fatal a measure, and was warmly

 seconded

seconded by Colonel Murray, inspecting field-officer, who had already distinguished himself on the Champlain frontier. These officers observed to General Vincent that, if Sir George Prevost had the safety of the provinces at heart, he must eventually be gratified by an act of disobedience which could not fail to produce the most beneficial consequences; they gave their opinion against a retreat upon their heavy responsibility, and General Vincent was persuaded to adopt it. The recovery of the Niagara frontier was the result.

General Vincent had with great prudence kept the orders in question profoundly secret from his own troops, and both the receipt of them and the resolution to disobey them were equally unknown in his lines, except to the superior officers whom he had consulted. The intelligence, therefore, which by some unaccountable means had been secretly conveyed to the enemy, of the instructions to retire, was converted into an engine for their destruction. Confiding in its accuracy, the American general on the Niagara, from whence a detachment had already been made to join General Wilkinson, now dispatched General Harrison with his troops, which had arrived from Lake Erie, and nearly his whole remaining force, to Sackett's Harbour, declaring that he was not to be duped by the appearance of building barracks at Burlington, *as he knew the orders* which had been given to the British troops to withdraw to Kingston. The Americans thus became so weak on the Niagara frontier, that Colonel Murray, with an advanced corps, procured permission from General Vincent to relieve the inhabitants at the head of Lake Ontario from the oppression which the enemy exercised over them: he drove them before him up the lake shore to within twelve miles of Fort George, and then, without awaiting further orders, made a rapid movement upon that place itself. The enemy were completely unprepared; and panic-struck at the bold advance of a force whose retreat to Kingston had been implicitly relied upon, they abandoned Fort George and their strong entrenched camp in its vicinity, and crossed precipitately to their own shore. Before their flight, however, they found time for the commission of an act of barbarity for which the atrocities of the French imperial armies could scarcely furnish a parallel. They had possessed the beautiful and once flourishing town of Newark, near Fort George, for some months, and had systematically practised upon the peaceable inhabitants every species of exaction and ill treatment: but this was not sufficient, and before the American troops crossed the river, they burnt every house but one to the earth. With a deep snow on the ground, and amidst all the rigours of a Canadian winter's night, above four hundred helpless women

women and children were driven half naked from their homes, and their habitations and property consumed to ashes!

A few days after Colonel Murray entered Fort George, Lieut. General (now Sir Gordon) Drummond, who had superseded General de Rottenburg in the command of Upper Canada, arrived at the army, and immediately sanctioned a bold proposal of Colonel Murray for the surprize of the enemy's fortress of Niagara. The plan was executed in a masterly style on the night of the 18th of December, and that important post, with its garrison of 500 men, 27 pieces of ordnance, and 3000 stand of arms, fell into our possession. About the same time, Major General Riall was detached across the strait with a strong corps to destroy all the provisions and stores, and to sweep down the whole American coast from Erie to Ontario. These operations having been successfully performed, our positions on the Niagara recovered, and the enemy's defences on that river either destroyed or in our possession, General Drummond, on the last day of the year, leaving a sufficient garrison in Fort Niagara, withdrew his troops to the Canadian shore, and placed them in winter-quarters.

We have now to revert to the operations of the numerous force which the enemy had, early in October, concentrated at Sackett's Harbour; but some notice of the few preceding events of the year in Lower Canada will first be necessary. The enemy, at the opening of 1813, commanded the waters of Lake Champlain, on which we had no naval force, nor did Sir George Prevost use the slightest exertion to create one. A fortunate accident, however, threw into our hands two American sloops of 11 guns each, which, incautiously approaching too near to the Isle-aux-noix, were boarded and gallantly captured by a part of that garrison in boats. After this success, Colonel Murray, whose subsequent meritorious services we have detailed, and who then commanded at the Isle-aux-noix, embarked about 1000 men in batteaux, under convoy of the sloops, to harass the enemy's posts on the shores of the lake. General Hampton, who, with the numerous force which had been under the orders of Dearborn on that frontier, in the preceding year, had remained inactive during the present summer, now quietly suffered Colonel Murray to land and burn the blockhouses and extensive barracks at Plattsburg, a post which, in the following year, became unfortunately more famous. After other successful descents upon the enemy's shore, the colonel returned without loss to his station.

In the autumn, the American cabinet projected a serious invasion of Lower Canada by a simultaneous attack from Sackett's Harbour and the shores of Lake Champlain. The plan was judiciously conceived, but it was most wretchedly marred in execution.

It was proposed that General Wilkinson should assemble a force of ten thousand men at Sackett's Harbour, with a view either of attacking Kingston, if he found it practicable, or, if not, of deceiving the British into an opinion that he designed an attempt upon it. He was then suddenly to drop down the St. Lawrence with his whole force, in concert with General Hampton's advance from his frontier, 'to capture Montreal, to lock up the British in his rear to starve or surrender, or to oblige them to follow him without artillery, baggage, or provisions, and eventually to lay down their arms.' As General Hampton could assemble 6000 men, the whole American force to unite in this project would not be less than 16,000 regular troops. The arrival of two regiments from the Niagara at Kingston, and the intelligence possessed by the enemy that the remainder of General Vincent's force was directed to retreat to that fortress, probably prevented any real attack upon it; but the latter circumstance induced the enemy to dispatch all their disposable force with confidence from Fort George to Sackett's Harbour, where, before the middle of October, 10,000 men of all arms, with thirty-eight pieces of light artillery and a battering train, were assembled, together with upwards of three hundred large boats for the transport of the expedition. General Wilkinson being now completely prepared, instructions were issued to General Hampton to force his way immediately to the banks of the St. Lawrence and unite with General Wilkinson's army. We have already observed that the Isle-aux-noix commands the only entrance into the lower province from Lake Champlain by which heavy artillery and stores can advance. The route by which Hampton was necessitated to invade the province was so difficult that his engineers were compelled to cut a road as they proceeded for his field-pieces, and Lieut. Colonel de Saluberry, who commanded our outpost, had increased the obstacles before the enemy by felling trees and constructing abattis on their line of march. Had the difficulties of the enterprize been less, however, neither Hampton nor his troops were of a character to surmount them. They crossed the boundary of the British possessions on the 21st of October, and on the 26th fell in with the pickets of the British advance, which were covering a working party of peasants employed at the abattis on the river Chateaugay. Here, behind these defences, Lieut. Colonel de Saluberry collected three hundred Canadian fencibles and militia, and with this handful of men, without a regular soldier, resolutely maintained his post during the day against two brigades of the enemy, who attacked him on opposite banks of the river, under Hampton in person. The assailants were at least twenty to one, but Hampton mismanaged the attack most unaccountably, and his troops

troops behaved with the greatest cowardice.* Towards night-fall they retreated precipitately, and their two columns, in retiring through the woods, commenced by mistake a destructive fire upon each other, in which they persevered during the greater part of the night. On the following morning, Hampton continued his retreat, and made no halt until he regained the American territory.

General Wilkinson, in the mean time, ignorant of the retreat of his colleague, had commenced his advance into the British provinces. On the same day on which the skirmish was fought at Chateaugay, the fleet of boats containing his army quitted Sackett's Harbour and entered the St. Lawrence on their proposed descent to Montreal. Sir James Yeo, who had returned to Kingston with the fleet early in October, distributed part of his crews into gunboats to watch the enemy's movements, and hang on their rear. At the same time a corps of observation of about 800 men, under Lieut. Colonel Morrison, a distinguished officer, was dispatched from Kingston with a similar view. The enemy continued to descend the river, and during the night of the 6th of November, having silently passed Fort Wellington with little loss from the few guns of that work, landed on the following day about 2500 cavalry and infantry under General Brown, to march down the Canadian bank, and to clear it of our troops, though there was between Fort Wellington and Coteau-du-lac no British force to oppose them except a few militia. Brown, therefore, advanced to the village of Cornwall, about 80 miles from Montreal and half that distance from Coteau-du-lac; meanwhile Colonel Morrison rapidly came up with the enemy's rear, which he was indefatigable in harassing, at the same time that our gunboats frequently cannonaded their flotilla, though convoyed by a superior naval force. Besides the advance under Brown, the enemy, in the evening of the 9th, landed another body of about 2500 men of the *élite* of their army, cavalry and infantry, with six field-pieces, under General Boyd, to cover the rear of the expedition from Colonel Morrison's assaults, which soon became so troublesome, that Wilkinson, who was sick in his boat, sent orders to Boyd to countermarch, attack Colonel Morrison, and *take his artillery*. As Boyd returned up the river for the purpose of executing these courageous instructions, Colonel Morrison retired before him until he gained a position, at a place called Chrystler's Farm, where he had previously resolved to await the enemy's attack if they should turn upon him. Here,

* It may give some idea of American bombast to know that the editor of the 'Albany Register' compliments 'the brave Hampton and his Spartan band' for their feats at Chateaugay: and this too without meaning it in irony.

about two o'clock on the afternoon of the 11th of November, the American corps of 2500 men, with six guns, advanced in three columns to the attack of the British position, and, after an obstinate conflict of two hours, gave way at all points, with a loss of about 400 men in killed and wounded, and among the former a general officer, besides 100 prisoners and a six-pounder; our loss did not amount to 200 men. Immediately after the action, the enemy retired hastily down the river to Cornwall. There Wilkinson's whole force was again united, but he had scarcely arrived, before he received intelligence of the repulse of Hampton at Chateaugay. He needed not this pretext for abandoning the purpose of the expedition. He was alarmed at the issue of the affair at Chrystler's, and at the hostile disposition of the inhabitants of the country. Colonel Morrison was again hanging on his rear, while the militia assembling in force threatened his flank. His followers were equally terrified with himself, and a council of war having determined that the enterprize should be *suspended*, the whole army, on the 12th of November, hastily retired to their own shore, and began to fortify themselves for protection against the small force opposed to them. If the commander-in-chief had then dispatched forward the troops assembled at Coteau-du-lac, to make a combined movement with Colonel Morrison against Wilkinson during his panic, a good account might have been given of his army; but, as usual, he hesitated, and placed his troops in winter quarters until the enemy had quietly withdrawn into the interior; then, and not until then, he sent Colonel Morrison over in February to burn their boats, which were frozen up in the Salmon river opposite to Cornwall.

In summing up the events of the campaign of 1813, one of the most striking facts is, that of all the conquests which the enemy are known to have proposed, the destruction of our naval depôt, so injudiciously laid open to their attack, at York, was the only part in which they were permanently successful; and, instead of expelling us from the Niagara line, they had, on the last day of December, lost all their own posts on that river. They had however been most fortunate where they could least hope for advantage; the imbecility of Sir George Prevost had enabled them to regain the Michigan country, and to acquire both the naval ascendancy on Lake Erie, and the command of its shores: but they failed most disgracefully in their combined and simultaneous invasion of Canada and attempt upon Montreal. We do not mean to assert that the forces under Lieutenant-Colonels Morrison and De Saluberry were in themselves the sole cause of the repulse of Wilkinson and Hampton; but it is both strictly true, and most honourable to our brave troops, that the whole strength of the two

two corps which sustained the assaults of 16,000 American soldiers, did not exceed 1200 men. The conduct of Hampton and his troops was such as to baffle all military criticism; and compared with them, Wilkinson and his followers were skilful and resolute; but even the expedition from Sackett's Harbour was deplorably conducted. Such is the rapidity of the current of the St. Lawrence, that, assisted by the wind, the passage from Fort Wellington to Montreal (120 miles) is frequently effected in batteaux in sixteen hours; yet, though Wilkinson had a favourable breeze after passing Fort Wellington, he lingered for six days between that place and Cornwall, a distance of less than fifty miles, in landing, and embarking detachments, without the slightest necessity, at the critical period when every prospect of success depended upon the celerity of his movements. If he had made no halts, Colonel Morrison's corps could not have overtaken him: he would then have had only the force at Coteau-du-lac to contend with—but, if his troops could not rout one-third of their numbers at Chrystler's, it perhaps was of little moment what plan he pursued.

On the British side, the occurrences of the year, on the part of the subordinate commanders and troops, present us with a brilliant series of achievements, the greater number of which were rendered nugatory or imperfect in result from the absence of all energy, talent, and enterprize, in their commander-in-chief. By General Vincent and Lieutenant-Colonel Harvey, the American camp of 3500 of their Niagara army was surprized and thrown into confusion with 700 men; by General Procter two corps of 12 and 1300 men were completely annihilated in succession, by less than half their force of regular troops; by Colonel Murray the shores of Lake Champlain were insulted, and their military posts captured with 1000 men, while five times that number of American troops remained passive spectators of his triumph; and, subsequently, before the same officer, with inferior force, the enemy fled from the head of Lake Ontario, and lost their strongest fortress on the Canadian frontier: it is almost needless to add the affairs of Chateaugay and Chrystler's to this long list of American defeats. Of these successes, but one could in any degree be attributed to the measures of Sir George Prevost. General Vincent, Lieutenant-Colonel Harvey, General Procter, Colonel Murray, and Lieutenant-Colonel Morrison, all acted either against his positive commands, or without any instructions from him; and Lieutenant-Colonel De Saluberry, who courageously maintained his post on Sir George's line of defence, should alone have had the merit

which his superior endeavoured to wrest from him, because he chanced to arrive at the spot, and find the enemy beaten.

For the campaign of 1814, Chauncey was indefatigable in augmenting the naval force of the enemy on Lake Ontario; but his antagonist (Sir James Yeo) was yet more expeditious, for he had launched and equipped two large frigates, and was ready for sea with his squadron, before the American commodore was able to move from his harbour. A descent upon Kingston was again the favourite project of the American cabinet, if Commodore Chauncey could be in readiness with the fleet and should deem it practicable; but, if otherwise, the recovery of the superiority on the Niagara frontier, was to form the principal object of the American arms. Upon this line, Major-General Brown, who proved himself the ablest officer in the enemy's service during the war, was appointed commander-in-chief. Early in April, finding that Chauncey could not co-operate against Kingston, he marched from Sackett's Harbour with the greater part of his regular force to the Niagara, where he occupied himself in preparing to open the campaign.

On Lake Champlain, during the winter, a 16-gun brig had been built at the Isle-aux-noix, and as soon as the navigation opened, our little flotilla, thus reinforced, proceeded up the lake to examine the enemy's naval preparations. They had already launched a large ship and a brig, but were yet unprovided with stores and guns for their equipment, and were so unprepared for resistance, that their dockyard and new vessels at Vergennes might with ease have been destroyed, had Captain Pring, our naval commander, enjoyed the co-operation of a land force of but 1000 men. We had a strong body of troops concentrated at the Isle-aux-noix, and Captain Pring had solicited the commander-in-chief to suffer a part of it to accompany him, but his request was met by a refusal. When he returned and reported the state of insecurity in which he had found the American depôt, such assistance was indeed offered; but the opportunity was past, the enemy had taken alarm, and Sir George Prevost had subsequently full cause to lament an act of indecision, by which he eventually lost the naval command of a second great lake. So little had he profited by the events of the preceding year on Lake Erie!

But his infatuation seems altogether to have increased as he approached the termination of his career. The greater the resources which the government placed at his disposal, the more industrious does he appear to have been in neutralizing their efficacy. In the middle of April, Lower Canada had nothing to dread, Sackett's Harbour was weakly garrisoned, our fleet on Ontario was nearly ready for sea, and the enemy were evidently bent

bent upon directing their main efforts to the Niagara. Yet, though reinforcements were daily arriving or expected in the St. Lawrence, from Great Britain and the West Indies, Sir George Prevost detained a force of three squadrons of dragoons, nine regular regiments of infantry,* six strong battalions of embodied militia, and a numerous division of artillery, all in the lower province; he made no attempt against Sackett's Harbour, and dispatched not a man to strengthen the inadequate force on the Niagara, until the middle of July. It would be incredible, if it were not in the recollection of thousands, that the whole of the powerful army which we have enumerated were crowded together in inactivity at Chambly in Lower Canada, at what was termed a *camp of instruction*, behind a strong frontier and without an enemy to oppose them, while less than 3000 of their companions in arms were sustaining the whole brunt of the war on the Niagara. Sir James Yeo was prepared for any operation on the 1st of May, and Chauncey could not meet him; one half, then, of the force which the commander-in-chief was employing in the mimicry of war at Chambly, would have sufficed to capture Sackett's Harbour, and the fleet which it protected. But, since he had failed to possess himself of that place, he regarded it with a species of horror, which would neither suffer him to attack it in person, nor to permit any of his subordinate officers to attempt the enterprize.

From the middle of April to June, reinforcements had continually been arriving on the Niagara for General Brown, but the month of July had commenced before he opened the campaign, by crossing that strait with 5000 men. From this period to the end of October, the Canadian bank of the Niagara became the theatre of a quick succession of obstinate and sanguinary conflicts, but the struggle finally closed by leaving the two armies precisely in the same positions as they had occupied in the preceding spring. Although therefore the details of the operations of 1814 in this quarter are highly interesting, we must be content, with our narrow limits, to refer the reader to Mr. James's volumes for the account of them. Through the summer Brown's disposable force was never less than 5000 men, and generally much exceeded that number; before the termination of the campaign, it amounted to 9000. General Drummond, on the other hand, until the end of August, had never more than 3000 men; and yet with this small corps he maintained the unequal contest, while the commander-in-chief was condemn-

* These were the 2d battalion 8th, 13th, 16th, 49th, 70th, De Meuron's, Canadian Fencibles, Voltigeurs, and battalion of Marines.

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ing three times that force to total inaction. It was not until the lives of many brave officers and men had been lamentably sacrificed in the attempt to contend against overwhelming numbers, that Sir George Prevost could be persuaded to detach a man from the lower province; and, at length, when, by his unaccountable neglect of General Drummond's situation, above a third of that officer's division had been slain or disabled, two of the Peninsular regiments were the only reinforcements which he reluctantly yielded. In the progress of the operations of 1814 on the Niagara, it was evident that the American military had very much improved in character since the commencement of the war. They certainly fought with considerable resolution; and as their numbers were so superior, and they were commanded by an officer of undoubted capacity, it was highly creditable both to the talents of General Drummond, and the discipline and gallantry of his troops, that the enemy sustained more than one defeat, and were never suffered to gain a material ascendancy.

The whole of the summer of 1814 passed without any encounter between the rival fleets on Lake Ontario. Sir James Yeo blockaded Sackett's Harbour until Chauncey had prepared two new frigates for sea, and the American squadron being then far superior in strength, our commodore returned to Kingston to await the equipment of the St. Lawrence, a three decker of 102 guns, then building at our dock-yard. Chauncey meanwhile held the lake during the months of August and September, but profited little by his superiority, and retired into port early in October, just before Sir James Yeo was ready to sail from Kingston with the new three decker and his squadron.

Having thus arrived at the termination of the arduous struggle in Upper Canada, we have now but to notice the last operation of the war on the frontier of the lower province. Of the inglorious expedition to Plattsburg, we could wish, in common with every man who feels for the national honour, that it were possible to have buried the remembrance with the individual whose gross deficiency in vigour and judgment entailed such a stain upon the British arms. But since that occurrence cannot be erased from the page of our history, we shall dwell on it no longer than is requisite to expose the real causes of a failure, which has been converted by American gasconade into a source of unmerited triumph.

In June and July 1814, a numerous fleet arrived in the St. Lawrence from Bordeaux, with the flower of that army which, under the Duke of Wellington, had exalted the military reputation of this country to the highest pitch of renown; with them also came some distinguished general officers of the Peninsular school.

school. These troops were no sooner landed, than it was evident that Sir George Prevost knew not how to dispose of the succours with which the government had chosen the earliest moment of augmenting his already powerful force. He had wasted some of the most valuable months of the summer in the camp at Chambly, while Sir James Yeo was blockading Sackett's Harbour, but, though he had the full means of attack and a few days' march would have brought him before the defences of that important arsenal, we have seen that he made no effort against it. When the regiments from Bordeaux however landed, no man in his army or in the provinces doubted that Sackett's Harbour must be the point of assault. So convinced indeed were the enemy of the danger which threatened the seat of their strength on Lake Ontario, that General Izzard, who now commanded on the Champlain frontier, marched to Sackett's Harbour with between 3 and 4000 regular troops, leaving no other force on the frontier of Lower Canada than 1500 of the refuse of his army. The American government thus felt, though our own commander-in-chief could not, that all objects on the frontier were insignificant in comparison with the protection of the numerous squadron which was blockaded in their port on Ontario. But instead of a rapid movement towards that lake, the Peninsular troops were suffered to ascend no higher than the ill fated camp at Chambly, where they were detained during the whole month of August before the slightest operation was attempted. At length, from the magnitude of preparation, it could no longer be doubted that some great enterprize was at hand; and anxious expectation was once more directed towards Sackett's Harbour; but, as remarked by the author of Veritas, 'by a strange perversity of intellect Sir George Prevost again shunned that place as a pestilence,' and Plattsburg on Lake Champlain was found to be the object of the expedition, of which he took the personal command.

Of the three great lakes whose waters are spread on the boundary between the cultivated parts of the British North American provinces, and the United States, that of Champlain is the least important in every respect. Of the shores of Lakes Ontario and Erie, full one half is composed of the frontier of Upper Canada, which must ever be at the mercy of the enemy, if we possess not the naval superiority; and if we do not command the waters of Ontario in particular, it is morally impossible to secure our communications with the fertile peninsula of the Niagara and the western district of Upper Canada. In fact the possession of the upper province is mainly dependent upon the supremacy on Lake Ontario. With Lake Champlain, on the

the contrary, the safety of the Canadas has little connection; for the only assailable point on that frontier is effectually barred by the Isle-aux-noix, while, as the boundary line cuts the lake just at the point where it narrows into the Richelieu, not one-twentieth part of its shores is included in the British province. How then Sir George Prevost could have been guilty of the worse than folly of striving for a superiority on Lake Champlain which the defence of his government did not demand, while, by omitting to attack Sackett's Harbour, he left dubious that on Lake Ontario, which was of vital importance for the security of the whole of Upper Canada, has justly excited the astonishment of every individual who possesses the slightest acquaintance with the localities of his command. After the destruction of the enemy's fleet on Ontario, it might indeed have been advisable to harass them by acquiring a naval ascendancy on Champlain, and thus holding the shores of that lake in subjection; but until the main object could be gained, it was infatuation to grasp at the minor consideration.

On the 3d of September, Sir George Prevost put his troops in motion and entered the American territory. The force which he commanded was composed of a regiment of light cavalry, a numerous train of artillery, and three brigades of the best infantry in the British service, led by Major-Generals Brisbane, Robinson and Power, and amounting, in all, to 11,000 men, inured to service, and long habituated to victory under the great captain of the age. After Izzard's march to Sackett's Harbour, General Macomb was left to command on Lake Champlain with, as already said, only 1500 of the refuse of the American army, and, when the object of our commander-in-chief had been developed, he was joined by between two and three thousand of raw militia who were hastily collected at Plattsburg. It may readily be conceived how much resistance could be offered by such a rabble to the advance of the British troops. Between the 3d and the 6th of September, the enemy did not even show themselves, yet Sir George Prevost consumed these four days in an advance of only twenty-five miles along the lake shore. On the morning of the 6th, however, the American riflemen and militia in some force, supported by artillery, endeavoured to oppose the march of the army, but our columns pressed on without deigning to deploy or even to return their fire, except by the skirmishers; and, on the evening of the same day, arrived on the left bank of the little river Saranac, on the southern shore of which stood the village of Plattsburg, and, on an elevated ridge above it, the American defences, which consisted of three unfinished redoubts and two blockhouses, armed in all with from 15 to 20 pieces of ordnance. The American flotilla lay at anchor in Platts-

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burg Bay. Had the commander-in-chief suffered these works to be assaulted, as was eagerly proposed to him, on the same evening, there can be no question but they must have fallen with scarcely an effort before a single brigade. But after losing four days on a march which he might easily have effected in two, while the enemy were active in strengthening their position, he halted for other five days in front of their works, as if to enable them to complete their preparations. The presence of their flotilla was the reason assigned for this deplorable inaction; but we have the assurance of their own historian (*Sketches of the War*, p. 319.) that the redoubts were still in such a state that not any exertion of the whole flotilla could have saved Macomb and his undisciplined horde from capture if Sir George Prevost had crossed the Saranac and attacked them on the evening of the 6th of September. For any ulterior operations beyond the possession of Plattsburg, the assistance of our fleet was requisite, and the commander-in-chief should not have commenced his march before the navy were in readiness; but having advanced to Plattsburg, he might with ease have attained so much of his object as the reduction of that place without the slightest necessity for the aid of a flotilla. But he would now undertake nothing until the arrival of our vessels to attack those of the enemy. It was only on the 3d of September, the same day on which the army crossed the boundary line, and little more than a week after the launch of a 36-gun ship, that Captain Downie of the Royal Navy arrived from the Ontario squadron to take the command on Lake Champlain; and he immediately began to prepare for sea with the utmost activity. But the assemblage of a crew for the new ship had only commenced after she was launched, by draughts of seamen from the men of war and transports at Quebec, and it was the 9th of September before the last detachment had arrived at Isle-aux-noix. On that day 270 men had at length been collected from fourteen different king's vessels, besides those from transports, with marines, soldiers of an infantry regiment, and of the royal and marine artillery. Captain Downie knew but one of his officers, and none of the seamen; the latter were men of inferior character, who had been permitted to volunteer, or rather had been forced from their respective ships; and the new vessel was in so unfinished a state that while she was going into action two days afterwards, the joiners were at work at her magazines, her powder lying alongside in a boat, and the carpenters still fixing ring bolts, &c. for the guns. It surely needs no acquaintance with naval affairs to comprehend how essentially necessary it must be that the captain, the officers and crew of a vessel of war should be well known to each other, trained to exercise together, and that before

before a ship is carried into action her construction and equipment should at least be completed. Yet though Sir George Prevost was well aware of the condition of Captain Downie's ship, he repeatedly urged him both by letter, and through the officers of his staff, to make instant co-operation with the army, who, it was said, had been long awaiting his arrival before Plattsburg for the purpose of assaulting the enemy's works, simultaneously with a naval attack upon their squadron in the bay. With Captain Downie, as with Captain Barclay in the preceding year, innuendo and taunt were resorted to to provoke him to engage against his better judgement. Unhappily the same effect was produced. Stung at an insinuation 'that the commander-in-chief hoped Captain Downie suffered himself to be delayed by nothing but the state of the wind,' he replied that he needed no urging to do his duty, and that he should be up with the army from Isle-aux-noix with the first breeze. It was then solemnly agreed that as soon as Downie attacked the American fleet, our troops should assault the forts, and that the scaling of the guns of our squadron, in doubling the head to the northward of the bay, should be the signal for the advance of the columns of attack. Besides Captain Downie's own ship of 36 guns, manned in the way we have stated, the British flotilla was composed of a brig of 16 and two sloops of 11 guns each, with ten gunboats. The American squadron consisted of three vessels, of 26, 20, and 18 guns, one of 7, and ten gunboats. In the number of guns, therefore, there was little difference, but in weight of metal the enemy were as three to two, and they had nearly a thousand prime seamen to oppose to less than six hundred men of all descriptions. Early on the morning of the 11th of September, the approach of the squadron on the lake was distinctly announced to the commander-in-chief by the preconcerted signal of the scaling of their guns. The report of the ordnance was within hearing of every man in our army, and the general astonishment may be conceived when it was immediately followed—not by the long wished-for command to advance to the assault, but by an order for the troops TO COOK. Not a platoon had been permitted to form and move forward when our fleet were seen to round the promontory, stand into the bay, and attack the American squadron. Captain Downie had stated to his crew that the troops would instantly storm the works on shore, and they commenced the action with much gallantry in the confidence of support. Their brave leader fell in ten minutes after its commencement, but the ship was courageously fought for two hours afterwards, under the discouraging circumstance of the total failure of the commander-in-chief to fulfil his pledge of co-operation on shore. There were several untoward events on this disastrous

astrous day to increase the effect of the misconduct of the commander-in-chief—Our large ship in entering the bay had both her anchors shot away, so that she could not be brought to the intended station; one of the sloops ran aground, and was compelled to surrender without doing any service; and the gunboats, which were manned with Canadian militia, on observing that no attack was made by land, shamefully fled at the moment when their assistance in winding the large ship, to bring her undamaged broadside to bear, might have turned the fate of the day. After an obstinate struggle of two hours and twenty minutes, the ship, the brig and one sloop which had maintained the battle against the whole of the hostile squadron with a resolution that merited a happier result, were successively reduced to strike their colours. The feeble and vacillating author of this calamity was meanwhile a passive spectator of the unavailing efforts of the brave men whom he had exposed. After disregarding the signal at which he had promised to put his columns in motion, and viewing the naval engagement for some time without an effort, he at length gave the order to advance, and gave it only to recall it again just when the light troops were close in upon their works, and half an hour would have avenged the fall of the gallant Downie and the loss of the fleet. Language would ill express the indignant feelings of the troops on being condemned thus tamely to witness the victory of the American fleet, and themselves to yield a second triumph to a weak and undisciplined enemy. Their wounded pride and anger were vented in loud reproaches against the individual who had proved himself so unworthy to command them, and their indignation reached its height when, to complete the fulness of the undeserved shame with which he had loaded them, a precipitate retreat, or more truly a flight, with the abandonment of immense quantities of stores, ammunition, and provisions, was commenced on the night of the 11th of September. The whole loss of the army in killed and wounded did not exceed two hundred men; but the disgraceful issue of the expedition had such a fatal effect upon the minds of the soldiery, that above eight hundred of them had deserted before the retreat was concluded.

For the palpable violation of promise of which the commander-in-chief was guilty in not immediately preparing for the assault when he heard the scaling of the guns of the fleet, it would be impossible to assign a reason, for he had only to permit his gallant army to follow the impulse of their own zealous feelings, and Plattsburg must have fallen. The effect too upon both the British and American sailors on seeing the defences in possession of our troops, would in all probability have been such as entirely to reverse the issue of the naval conflict; even admitting for a moment,

moment, that, as Sir George Prevost afterwards asserted, the American vessels were not within gunshot of the shore. But we know, on the contrary, that they were within reach of the batteries, and we have the testimony of Captain Pring, who intrepidly seconded the lamented Downie in the brig, as well as that of numerous other eye-witnesses, that, even after the surrender of our vessels, the enemy did not take possession of them for a long time, until they had succeeded in towing their own disabled ships from under the batteries to a secure distance from the shore. Besides this, a number of officers who visited Plattsburg after the peace, were of decided opinion that the anchorage of the American squadron was within full range of the forts. How deeply then is it to be regretted that the troops were recalled when at last they had been suffered to advance! Both the works and the two fleets would yet have been ours; but, even if the latter object was then past attainment, who will deny that the capture of Macomb's troops and defences, and the preservation of the national honour were in themselves sufficient to render a perseverance in the assault not only justifiable, but a measure of the most urgent necessity? In the dispatches announcing his failure, which the commander-in-chief dated from Plattsburg, but which, from the internal evidence contained in them, were undoubtedly written at Montreal, he stated that, after the surrender of the fleet, 'the possession of the enemy's works offered no advantage to compensate for the loss that must have been sustained in acquiring possession of them.' He knew, at the moment he wrote this paragraph, that the desertion of upwards of eight hundred men had attended his shameful retreat. Could the assault have cost him as dearly? It would not; even if we were disposed to assent to the humiliating doctrine, which was implied in this affected humanity, that the life of a British soldier is more valuable to him than honour.

By various means, (some of which we have detailed,) Sir George Prevost had hitherto succeeded in veiling from the government his gross mismanagement of the war; but the deception could no longer be continued, the expedition to Plattsburg completely bared his incapacity, and he was immediately recalled, to answer at the bar of his offended country to the charges which Sir James Yeo preferred against him for his neglect to co-operate with Captain Downie. He did not live to await his trial;—but it is to be feared that the consequences of his weakness to the interest of Great Britain, will long and injuriously survive him.

The retreat from Plattsburg closed the campaign in Lower Canada; the evacuation of the Canadian shore of the Niagara by the American army soon after terminated the operations in the upper

upper province, and the intelligence of the conclusion of the peace of Ghent arrived before the approach of the season for the renewal of hostilities.

It has been calculated upon solid data that in less than three years of warfare, the attempts of the American government to effect the subjugation of the Canadas were attended with the loss to the republic in killed, wounded and prisoners, of nearly fifty thousand men, besides an enormous expenditure of treasure and warlike resources; yet, when the terms of the treaty of Ghent demanded restitution of all acquisitions which had been made by either party on the frontier of the two provinces, the enemy had only the defenceless shore of the Detroit to offer in exchange for their fortress of Niagara and the important post of Michilimackinac, both of which were still in our possession, notwithstanding an effort made to recover the latter in the summer of 1814.

Having entered into so detailed an examination of the conduct of the war in the Canadas, we have left ourselves no room for the conclusions to be drawn from it, as to the future defence of those provinces. We will only add one circumstance, which is of such deep import, that we should not be justified in leaving it unnoticed. Since the peace, the influx of Americans from the United States to our provinces has been incessant, and their numbers are daily increasing to an alarming extent. It would not perhaps be expedient or practicable to exclude them from residence in Canada while there is no interruption to the amicable relations between Great Britain and their Republic; but the continuance of the subjects of the United States in our territories during a period of warfare is fraught with danger. During the last war, the efforts of the disaffected in Upper Canada, principally subjects of the United States by birth, were attended by the most mischievous consequences. The enemy were constantly supplied with intelligence by them, and every impediment studiously thrown in the way of the public service. It will become a most serious consideration how the recurrence of the same evils may be avoided, when the proportion of naturalized Americans in our dominions shall, in all probability, have become ten times greater than it was in the year 1812. If, under a vigorous and watchful administration, it is deemed possible to retain such settlers among our population without peril, one precaution should at least be carefully adopted:—no man should be found in employ of the colonial government, whose connections bind him by the ties of interest or of blood to the American Republic.

ART. VIII.—1. *Plain Preaching; or, Sermons for the Poor, and for People of all Ranks.* By the Rev. R. Mayow. 12mo. pp. 406.

2. *Sermons and Miscellaneous Pieces.* By the Rev. Robert Wynell Mayow. *To which is prefixed a Memoir of his Life.* 1822. 12mo. pp. 453.

WE seldom can allot many of our pages to theological literature; and, even if we could, it would be next to impossible to notice the multitude of sermons—many of them respectable—which continually issue from the press. The two little volumes, however, which stand at the head of this article, are so completely sui generis, that we feel that we are doing an acceptable service, in drawing the attention of our readers to them. 'Plain Preaching' has been some time before the public; the other volume, which is very miscellaneous in its nature, is of more recent date. It contains a life of Mr. Mayow, a few of his later sermons, his speeches to a District Committee for promoting Christian Knowledge, miscellaneous extracts from his Common-place Book, the records of the 'Deaths of his Parishioners,' and several of his prayers.

The Life is professedly written by a friend, who appears to be a person of talents and piety, thoroughly impressed with the various excellencies of the character which he is delineating. We cannot but regret, however, that a little more time and attention were not bestowed on the arrangement of his materials, which are thrown together in a very unworkmanlike manner, and with a total disregard not only of chronological order, but of all order whatever.

Mr. Mayow was born at Saltash, October 8th, 1777, and was the second son of John Salt Wynell Mayow, Esq. of Wray, in the parish of Morvatin, Cornwall, and Mary his wife, daughter of Robert Doughty, Esq. of Hanworth Hall, near Aylsham, in Norfolk.

'His childhood was distinguished by considerable depth as well as quickness of intellect, and by a degree of seriousness and reflexion uncommon at that period of life. The person employed to attend young Mayow to school, was a truly religious character, and though belonging to a lower walk of life, capable of instructing those who were much his superiors in station. During these rides, he represented to his little companion the rising of sin, the vanity of the world, the pleasure of serving God; and always, at parting, gave him a strict charge to pray. It is probable, that some of his early religious impressions were received from this good man, whom Providence thus threw in his way. Certain it is that he had, at a very early age, so deep a conviction of the superior value of eternity, that when quite a boy, as he afterwards declared to a friend, he felt desirous to die, that he might be with God.'

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Of his progress at school, we have the following account from his master:—

'He came to me in the spring of 1787, and quitted my school in that of 1794. He learnt well, and was reading, at the time of his departure from Liskiard, Homer, Euripides, and Demosthenes. I do not desire to say the most, but I can assure you, that such was the suavity of his temper, expressed in his whole manner, his very voice bespeaking it, that he was the favourite of all. He would sometimes say to me, "You alarm me terribly in school, but not at all out of it."'

In 1794, he was articled as a clerk to an attorney, at Bath, where his parents then resided; but his turn of mind, especially his favourite studies, ill-suited with this occupation. He had always a secret and strong leaning to the profession of a clergyman, and he finally prevailed with his indulgent father, to forfeit his indentures, and to relieve him from a profession always uncongenial to his mind.

He went to Oxford in June 1797, where he entered at Exeter College. He passed through his academical studies with credit; and amidst all the dangers and temptations of a university, preserved an unblemished reputation. He became an excellent classical scholar, and particularly attached to the Greek language, in which he made great proficiency.

He was ordained deacon by the Bishop of Winchester, in May, 1801, and entered on the curacy of Weston, near Bath, where, however, he did not continue long. He afterwards served several curacies in succession, and finally settled at Colerne, in the neighbourhood of Bath. He married, in 1805, his cousin Elizabeth, the daughter of William Harding, Esq. of Liverpool, by whom he had seven children, all living at the time of his death, and under the age of ten years. At Colerne, Mr. Mayow resided for four years, when he removed to Rosthern; and afterwards, for the space of five years, he officiated in the chapel of E. Bootle Wilbraham, Esq. of Lathom, Lancashire, by whom he was also employed in the dispensation of his charities; and at length, in 1816, three months previous to his death, he removed to Ardwick, near Manchester.

'Here his sphere of action was ample, in a parish so near a manufacturing town, indeed actually joining it; the number of poor was considerable, and the distress arising from the state of public affairs at that period, was very prevailing and great. Mr. Mayow entered upon his various duties with renewed vigour; he took an active part in promoting, both by pecuniary and personal assistance, all charitable institutions and schools. He readily attended committees; he was impatient only when those meetings were unnecessarily prolonged, and when those who were assembled, were backward in engaging in that personal labour, without which it is in vain to expect to accomplish

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any substantial good. On these, and on every occasion, he was always ready: his time, his talents, his substance, the whole energy of his character, was called forth.'

He died January 8, 1817.

The following passage is from the pen of a gentleman of Ardwick, who, till Mr. Mayow's settling there, was unknown to him.

'During the illness of Mr. Mayow, the most anxious inquiries were made by all the neighbourhood, not as if they had been inquiring after the health of one whom they esteemed merely, but of one in whose welfare they took the deepest interest, and whose death they would regard as one of the greatest of calamities; and never did I behold more general or more genuine heartfelt sorrow, than was seen when the melancholy intelligence of his death was made known. The funeral was attended by the principal persons of the congregation, who had earnestly requested to be allowed to pay the last sad tribute to departed worth. The churchyard was nearly filled with people, chiefly poor, a part doubtless attracted by curiosity, but by far the greatest number evidently took a deep interest in the mournful scene. Many a big tear did I see roll down the manly cheeks of those who had seldom shed a tear. The funeral sermon was preached by the Rev. F. Peel; but the most impressive sermon to those present was, the pulpit (clothed in black) from which their beloved pastor had so earnestly addressed them but a fortnight before; when, in a most affecting discourse, which he might almost have intended for a farewell sermon, he spoke in a language which found its way to every heart.'

The Memoir contains many remarks upon Mr. Mayow's style of preaching, with which we are in general disposed to agree. The following observations by his biographer, upon the necessity of great plainness of language in sermons addressed to the poor, are sensible, and well deserve the attention of our clerical readers.

'Mr. Mayow not only saw the ignorance of the poor, but that one very great cause of the continuance of that ignorance was, the want of sufficient plainness of language and manner in the method of instructing them; he saw and felt that even the common colloquial language used amongst educated persons is above the comprehension of the generality of the poor, and that it is like a foreign tongue to them. Those who do not mix with the poor, and have not studied them closely, cannot be aware of this fact; and it is because the upper classes and the instructors of youth will not believe it, or will not take pains to apply a remedy, that the education of the poor is so frequently seen not to produce that real improvement which might be expected, and in many cases seems to be little more than learning to read by rote, and to repeat ready-made answers to a set of questions. Such an education can never prepare them for receiving public instruction. Mr. Mayow, who was so intimately acquainted with all the habits and manners of the poor, was determined to exert all his efforts to remedy so great an evil, and he justly conceived that the best model he could take for giving instruction,

instruction, was the Holy Scriptures. His readers will perceive, that he brings before them striking pictures of Death, Judgment, and Eternity: he illustrates and enlivens his reasonings with facts, characters and anecdotes, many of which are drawn from real life. He saw that the Bible is full of these; that our Lord makes use of every passing occasion, of every object in nature, to fix the attention and impress the hearts of those he addresses.'—p. 39.

The style of his sermons is certainly very peculiar: his manner, however, was 'earnest and impressive,' and he was so gifted 'in voice and articulation' that the plainest discourse came 'mended from his tongue':—to this we incline to attribute much of the success which undoubtedly attended them in the pulpit. In the closet we are frequently called to notice a singular want of taste and even of judgment: in fact, the author himself seems to be aware of this defect; and in his 'Common-Place Book,' has introduced some characteristic remarks upon the subject:—

'The occasional abruptness of my sermons is not owing to inattention, but to design; were I previously to show the manner in which I intend to carry on the attack, I should act like a general who should publish all his plans to the party he wishes to overcome. Through the whole of my life I have been of opinion, that the poor, and indeed that all ranks of people, are best taught by tales and parables. Not to be affected with the marvellous is an irrational and false refinement which the poorest people never arrive at in any age. It is on this principle that I encourage myself to say in the pulpit what often appears very uncommon and extraordinary, and what, by many people, is taken for a useless and wild eccentricity. But to a mind free from refinement, every thing said in this manner comes with double weight. It approaches to the nature of the marvellous, which is the strongest power by which the human mind is governed.'

Again:—

'To me it appears not to be enough considered how much harm is done by being tedious and tiresome. It is this that makes empty pews in so many churches. Of my own sermons I feel perfectly certain that they have done more harm, by being wearisome, and by setting people asleep, than they ever did by being uncommon. I certainly allow, that in my mode of preaching, it is very easy to go too far: the very attempt itself to write a striking sermon unavoidably exposes one to the danger of writing a bad one; for it is a very thin division that separates what is *very bad* from what is *very good*. This division is sometimes so very slight that it cannot be seen at all.' 'It always occurs to me that going too far will never be discovered by the greatest part of my hearers if I cannot find it out myself; and as to the judicious few, I always give them credit for being satisfied with my intention, though not with my judgment.'

The discourses in the latter volume are less objectionable in these respects; but our limits will not admit of any particular

remarks. It must, after all, be admitted that the effect of Mr. Mayow's preaching was materially assisted by the excellence of his personal character, and, above all, by his active and indefatigable benevolence. His bounty to the poor was most liberal; his extreme readiness indeed to plead their cause upon all occasions, was a peculiarly striking trait in his character. 'The rich,' he used to say, 'have many friends, the poor but few. I *must* speak a word for them.'

Next to the Bible, Mr. Mayow admired and loved 'the Serious Call' and 'the Christian Perfection' of William Law. In his style, both of thought and expression, and in his mode of illustration by the introduction of fictitious characters, he bears a strong resemblance to that original and powerful writer.

'Mr. Mayow considered it the duty of Christians to aim at perfection, though they never could reach it, and in his own personal habits, no man could more strictly realize his own theory. His extreme moderation,' says his biographer, 'in the use even of the necessaries of life; his cheerful abstinence sometimes wholly from food, that he might keep under his body, and have the more to give to him that needed; his self-denial in renouncing all superfluities and worldly ease; his liberal bounty to the poor, which made it difficult for him to keep a sixpence in his pocket; all these plainly show, that he desired for himself no abatement of his own rule, and that he lived for the greatest and most excellent ends.'

In his performance of all the relative duties, Mr. Mayow was equally exemplary. His love for his wife was tender, ardent, and uniform, and he consulted her happiness in every thing. He attended carefully to the religious education of his children, relating to them, in his walks, stories from the Bible, and adding suitable reflections, which made them better acquainted with the Scriptures than they could have been any other way. His kindness and attention to his servants, and their attachment to him, are strikingly shown in the account of his last illness.

The Life and Sermons are followed by 'the Substance of several Speeches' to a District Committee for promoting Christian Knowledge, which are thrown together into one continuous *Oration*. We have here abundant marks of his good-humour, his active benevolence, his pastoral zeal, and his personal exertions in promoting the circulation of the Scriptures among his poorer neighbours, and in enabling them to read them.

The extracts from the Common-Place Book come next. Some of them show much depth and originality of thought, and much accurate observation of human nature. We would particularly call the attention of our readers to the judicious remarks on the practical influence of the great doctrine of atonement; to those on

on inscriptions in churches, prefaced by an extract from a charge by the venerable Bishop of Durham, and to what he says on the use of illustrations in scriptures. As might be supposed, from our preceding strictures, there are a few (though but a few) of these detached thoughts, which it would have been prudent to suppress.

We now come to a singular and very characteristic part of the volume, entitled 'Deaths of my Parishioners,' which is thus prefaced—

'I have written several sermons on death, but I am now about to treat the subject in another and, perhaps, a more interesting way. No subject is more interesting than death, and yet there are many sermons on the subjects which are uninteresting—very. Had I time, I could philosophically prove, that the sight of a dead man is the most awful sight that man can possibly behold. Death is a miracle, for we can have no experience of death; we can die but once, and what miracle wrought so often would be half so awful? We see it, but beyond it we can see nothing; so fearful is death that men have suffered anything rather than die; I intend if I can to keep a journal of death, that is, to make notes of every thing which happens in the scenes of death which I witness. Surely if the description of such scenes could be read from the pulpit, they would interest the hearers more than any sermons could do.'

The intercourse which takes place between a clergyman and his sick and dying parishioners is of the most interesting, and, we must add, of the most SACRED nature. We are, therefore, disposed to doubt the expediency of preserving any records of such intercourse, even when it is intended solely and strictly for the perusal of him who makes it. If done at all, some language not commonly understood should be made use of. There can, however, be no doubt of the impropriety of giving such records to the world.

We admire Mr. Mayow so sincerely, that it is with real reluctance that we say any thing approaching to censure. We are, however, compelled to add, that not only do we object altogether to these records of the deaths of his parishioners, but cannot help feeling that in the death-bed conversations here given, there is little that is either striking or instructive, except the bare contemplation of death and of those sicknesses that flesh is heir to. Perhaps a record equally instructive might be furnished by a majority of our parochial clergy. The religious instruction and consolation addressed by Mr. Mayow is, generally speaking, very slight and obvious; and the replies of his PATIENTS and their friends are such as are every day made in most parishes in the kingdom, by persons of little education, and

yourself, thought I. You have said more to him than I should have done." We returned to his room. He was still panting for breath. He opened his eyes when he heard us coming into the room. He held out his hand to me—it trembled and shook like a leaf. He did not speak; I put my hand in his—it was as hot as fire. When I looked at the helpless old man, I said to myself, if you were in his situation, Robert, helpless, old, dying, reproved by your friends, and afraid of God, how much would you wish to find any one who would have pity on you, and speak to you with kindness; therefore be you such an one to this old man. So I will, thought I, but do not let me injure him with my kindness.'

He subsequently falls into conversation with a man a little elevated above the lowest rank. He had been a churchwarden for fourteen years, and was probably a farmer.

'I asked him if it was long since he went to church? "I have not been able to go to church these two years. I am infirm, and cannot be comfortable when I am there. Besides, I have not a double pew, as I used to have before the church was repaired. If I could have had a double pew, I should not have minded it so much." Infirmity, said I, is a good reason for not going to church; but, thought the double pew seems not so much in point. It is a sad thing that people should forsake their church because they do not like some alteration in the pews, or some raising of the tithes; they are injured, they think, and they therefore punish themselves; they are offended, and therefore they offend their Maker; as if a man were to beat his horse, because another had beaten it; as if a man were to bite himself, because he had been bitten by a cur.'

Some observations follow on the propriety of raising tithes. In a tract on Covetousness, which is given in the Common-Place Book, his principal character, to illustrate the evils of covetousness, is that of a clergyman, who raised his tithes, which *had not been raised a hundred years.* We cannot think that a clergyman is to be held up to public dislike, because he endeavours, in a peaceable manner, to obtain—not the utmost that he is entitled to—but something approaching to that income which is allotted to him by the laws of the land. The claims of his own family, or those of the poorer and more deserving of his parishioners, may make him *feel* that it is not absolutely necessary that he should leave a large portion of that to which he has a legal claim, in the hands of men who have no right to it, and who will not thank him for it. The concluding part of the volume consists of prayers; some of which, for fervent piety, and simplicity of expression, are among the best that we are acquainted with. His intercession for the several members of his family show the strength of his domestic attachments; and the general turn of his supplications for himself evince his genuine humility.

We

We make no apology for the length of this Article, as we confidently trust that those of our readers to whom he was before a stranger, will thank us for making them acquainted with this warm-hearted, benevolent, indefatigable, and pious man. With some little allowance, perhaps, for defect of judgment, there are few parts of his character, or of his writings, which may not be contemplated with advantage; few, which do not say to us, GO AND DO THOU LIKEWISE.

ART. IX.—*Account of an Assemblage of Fossil Teeth and Bones of Elephant, Rhinoceros, Hippopotamus, Bear, Tiger, and Hyæna, and Sixteen other Animals, discovered in a Cave at Kirkdale, Yorkshire, in the year* 1821: *with a comparative view of Five similar Caverns in various parts of England, and others on the Continent.* By the Rev. W. Buckland, F. R. S. Professor of Mineralogy and Geology in the University of Oxford, &c. *Philosophical Transactions for* 1822. Part I. London.

THE science of Geology is, like its name, new. A term more expressive of its object might perhaps have been selected, and one whose literal import would have clashed less with the business of Geography. The two subjects, however, are wholly distinct; the one confining itself to the various relations of the surface, while the other is employed in exploring the component parts of the crust, of the earth. To this crust or coating of the globe, must human researches be confined; for, as the highest mountains, in their relation to the whole earth, are no more than the inequalities on the peal of an orange, so the lowest valleys, and the deepest shafts of the miner, are but as scratches and punctures on its surface. Yet, circumscribed as all human efforts are, in the attempt to dig into the bowels of the earth, the philosopher has been able to draw, from the little that is permitted him, a series of most important and interesting facts, which, by a systematic arrangement, have served to throw much light on the history of the planet we inhabit; more indeed, within a very few years past, than the most brilliant imagination had, in preceding ages, been able to discover. Confining itself thus, Geology pretends not to penetrate into the *causes* that produced the various revolutions which the earth has obviously undergone. It inquires not whether it was created, according to the notions of one visionary, from the atoms or atmosphere of one comet, and deluged by the tail of another; whether it be an extinguished sun which gradually condensed in cooling; a small portion of the present sun struck off by a comet, as Buffon imagined; or, as another Frenchman of a more lively imagination

imagination will have it, a huge mass covered with water for many thousand years, of which all living creatures were inhabitants, not even man excepted, who began his career in the shape of a fish—the proof of which is sufficiently manifest in those sea-nymphs, vulgarly called mermaids, who have advanced thus far in their transition to that 'forked animal,' man!* 'Some writers,' says M. Cuvier, 'have revived and greatly extended the ideas of M. Demaillet. They suppose that every thing was originally fluid; that this universal fluid gave existence to animals, which were at first of the simplest kinds, such as the monads and other infusory miscroscopic animalcules; that in process of time, and by acquiring different habits, the races of these animals became complicated, and assumed that diversity of nature and character in which they now exist.' Nor was this the *ne plus ultra* of these intrepid philosophers: by certain operations of these animals, (they maintained,) the waters of the original oceans were gradually converted into calcareous earth: the vegetables (we know not where they found them) supplied the clay, and these two ingredients, by some chemical process which has ceased to operate, became silex.

The science of Geology entertains no such foolcries; it lends no countenance to such insane and visionary 'theories' as these. In its relation to the very best of them, we may consider it to be what chemistry is to alchemy. Both of them, having deserted their crazy parents, (to whom, however, they owe some obligations,) have in latter times begun to walk alone, and within the last half century made considerable strides towards robust manhood. To Chemistry, as the elder sister, Geology is not a little indebted for the strength and vigour it has already attained; still more, perhaps, to Natural History and Comparative Anatomy, without which indeed the geologist can scarcely stir a step; while, with them, he is enabled to classify with the utmost precision those plants and animals of former ages, which are found enclosed in the very heart of the hardest and most compact strata, in caverns and fissures of rock, and in more recent alluvial formations, in beds of sand, and in turbaries or peat-mosses. 'The time is past,' as M. Cuvier observes, 'for hardy ignorance to assert that these remains of organized bodies are mere *lusus naturæ*, productions generated in the womb of the earth by its own creative powers.' The senseless jargon of 'potent wishes,'

* What a triumph for M. Demaillet's philosophy, had he lived to see the creature just arrived from the oriental Archipelago, which is described as wanting only a pair of legs to make it completely human! The Chinese have long been celebrated as ingenious knaves; but their dexterity was perhaps never more successfully employed than in elaborating this precious non-descript; for which, if we are correctly informed, 5,000 dollars were demanded, and paid, on the supposition of its being a genuine daughter of Doris. It was ensured at Lloyd's for 2000*l.*

'productive

'productive hours,' and 'self-creating energies,' not less ridiculous than that of Demaillet and his mermaids, expired with Darwin, never to rise again.

The indefatigable and accurate Werner may be considered as the father of geology. It was he who first observed the particular distribution of petrified plants and animals in particular species of rocks; who remarked that those of the oldest formation contained only the least perfect animals, as zoophites, shells, &c.; that in the next was enclosed a more perfect class, as fish and amphibious animals; whilst in those of more recent formation were found the most perfect kinds, as birds and quadrupeds. It was he who first affirmed that no fossil remains of the human species had been discovered in those rocks which contained the bones of other animals; that the fossil remains of animals are not those of any existing species, but that the more recent the formation the nearer do they approach to the now existing species, till those found in the latest alluvial deposits, become identical with them. These observations form a very important part of M. Cuvier's 'Essay on the Theory of the Earth.' It is on them that this writer builds his whole reasoning as to the revolutions which have so disturbed and changed the surface of our globe; whence he is led to conclude, that those awful catastrophes have been frequent, sudden, and some of them before the existence of living beings; and that the last of them occurred at a period not very remote from our era.

To this period the facts and arguments stated by the very ingenious author of the paper before us have reference; it is that epoch when an universal and overwhelming deluge swept away the greater portion of living beings from the face of the earth; a fact, for which we have not only the authority of Scripture, but the concordant traditions of all nations, and the evidence of the senses. 'As I shall have frequent occasion,' Professor Buckland says, 'to make use of the word *diluvium*, it may be necessary to premise, that I apply it to those extensive and general deposits of superficial gravel which appear to have been produced by the last great convulsion that has affected our planet; and that, with regard to the indications afforded by geology of such a convulsion, I entirely coincide with the views of M. Cuvier, in considering them as bearing undeniable evidence of a recent and transient inundation.' By *recent* may be understood, a period of four or five thousand years, beyond which no tradition of a general deluge has been carried by any nation.

The arrangement as well as the language employed by Mr. Buckland, is clear and methodical, and the latter divested of technical terms as far as was consistent with a full explanation of his meaning. In the valuable but dry matter of abstract science which

which generally occupies so large a portion of the 'Philosophical Transactions,' his paper may well be deemed a popular one; and we can venture to say, it is one that will be read with interest by all who have access to the volume. He commences by a description of the geological position and relations of the rock in which the cave is situated, and of the cave itself; he then enumerates the animal remains there inhumed, and the remarkable phenomena with which they are attended; reviews the general inferences to which they lead, and concludes with a brief comparative account of analogous animal deposits in other parts of this country, and on the continent of Europe; of all which, with the exception of the last point, we shall furnish a brief analysis.

The cave of Kirkdale is situated in the southern face of the mountainous district in Yorkshire known by the name of the Cleveland Moorlands, and between Helmsley and Kirkby Moorside. This ridge of limestone rock, extending thirty miles from the Hambleton hills to the sea at Scarborough, forms the northern boundary of the vale of Pickering. It is intersected by a succession of deep dells, down which are carried many rivulets or *becks*, whose united streams cross the vale and, joining the Derwent above New Malton, pass through a deep gorge formed between the Howardian Hills and the Chalk Wolds; which is the only outlet from the valley of Pickering, and the stoppage of which would at once convert that valley into an immense lake. Such a lake, Mr. Buckland thinks, did actually exist before the perforation of the gorge abovementioned, having its northern border nearly along the edge of the belt of limestone, and at no great distance from the mouth of the cave at Kirkdale. The substratum of the valley is a mass of stratified blue clay, containing beds of inflammable bituminous shale, like that of Kimeridge in Dorsetshire; the position of the cave is at the lower extremity of one of the dales or becks where it falls into the vale. The rock surrounding the cave is referable to that portion of the oolite formation which is known, in the south of England, by the name of the Oxford oolite and coral rag; it is hard and compact, interspersed with siliceous matter, forming irregular concretions, beds and nodules of schist in the limestone, and sometimes entirely penetrating its coralline remains. The compact beds in which the cave is situated are of a dark grey, passing to black, extremely fetid, and full of corals and spines of the *echinus cidaris*. The rock is perforated by numerous holes and caverns, by which some of the rivulets are engulphed in their passage to the valley; but Mr. Buckland deems it important to observe, that its elevation above the bed of the Hodgebeck, exceeding 100 feet, excludes the possibility of our attributing the muddy sediment, found within

within it, to any land flood or extraordinary rise of the waters of that or any other existing river.

The cave was closed externally with rubbish and overgrown with grass and bushes, and was only discovered in 1821 by some workmen employed in quarrying the rock. About thirty feet of the outer extremity have been removed, and the present entrance is a hole in the perpendicular face of the quarry less than five feet square, allowing a man to enter on his hands and knees; within, it expands and contracts itself irregularly from seven to two feet in breadth and height, deviating from a straight line by several zigzags to the right and left; and is in length from 150 to 200 feet; several smaller passages branch off, but are obstructed by sediment and stalactite. There are but two or three places in which it is possible to stand upright, and these are where the cavern is intersected by the fissures, which close at the height of a few feet, terminating in the body of the limestone, and thickly lined with stalactite. Both the roof and floor, for many yards from the entrance, are composed of horizontal strata of limestone, uninterrupted by the slightest appearance of fissure, fracture, or stony rubbish of any kind. Not a single rolled pebble was to be found; nor had any bone, or fragment of a bone, the slightest mark of having been rolled by the action of water. The rocky bottom of the cavern is visible only near the entrance, and its irregularities farther in have been filled up throughout to a nearly level surface by the introduction of a bed of mud or sediment covered by a crust of stalactite. The average depth of the mud is about a foot, not a particle of which is attached either to the sides or the roof, or any part of the fissures, to suggest the idea of its having entered through them; its substance, argillaceous and slightly micaceous loam, mixed with much calcareous matter, appearing to have been derived partly from the dripping of the roof, and in part from comminuted bones.

On tracing the stalactite downwards from the roof and sides, it was observed to turn off at right angles, and to form across the mud a plate or crust, like ice on the surface of water, or cream on a pan of milk; covering it entirely where the stalactite abounded on the sides, and more scantily where the roof contained but little. A great portion of this crust had been destroyed in digging up the mud to extract the bones, before Mr. Buckland visited the cavern; but it was still found projecting partially from the sides, and forming, in one or two places, a continuous bridge across the mud from one side to the other. There was no alternation of mud with any repeated beds of stalactite; and in particular spots only, where the water dripped from the roof, have stalagmitic accumulations been raised on the surface of the mud, some of which were of considerable

siderable size, but generally about as large as, and in the shape of, a cow's pap, a name which the workmen had applied to them.

Mixed with the mud, or, more correctly speaking, immediately below it, were found lying immense quantities of bones, some whole, others broken into small angular fragments and chips, and others again cemented by the stalactite, so as to form an osseous breccia. These bones and fragments, with their coating of mud, covered nearly the whole floor of the cavern. The state of preservation in which they were found, is thus described.

'The effect of this mud in preserving the bones from decomposition has been very remarkable; some that had lain a long time before its introduction were in various stages of decomposition; but even in these, the farther progress of decay appears to have been arrested by it; and in the greater number, little or no destruction of their form, and scarcely any of their substances, has taken place. I have found on immersing fragments of these bones in an acid till the phosphate and carbonate of lime were removed, that nearly the whole of their original gelatine has been preserved. Analogous cases of the preservative powers of diluvial mud occur on the coast of Essex, near Walton, and at Lawford, near Rugby, in Warwickshire. Here the bones of the same species of elephant, rhinoceros, and other diluvial animals occur in a state of freshness and freedom from decay, nearly equal to those in the cave at Kirkdale, and this from the same cause, viz. their having been protected from the access of atmospheric air, or the percolation of water, by the argillaceous matrix in which they have been imbedded: whilst similar bones that have lain the same length of time in diluvial sand, or gravel, and been subject to the constant percolation of water, have lost their compactness and strength and great part of their gelatine, and are often ready to fall to pieces on the slightest touch: and this where beds of clay and gravel occur alternately in the same quarry, as at Lawford.'—pp. 180, 181.

It may be observed that these bones (as, indeed, is the case with most others found in caverns) are not mineralized like those embedded in rocky strata, but are simply in the state of grave-bones, or those of mummies, or incrusted and penetrated by stalactite; and that they have no further connection with the rocks themselves, than that arising from the accident of having been lodged in their cavities, at periods long subsequent to the formation and consolidation of the strata, in which these cavities occur.

From Mr. Buckland's examination of a vast multitude of the teeth and bones discovered in the cave at Kirkdale, he finds them referable to the following twenty-two species of animals.

Carnivora, 7. The hyæna, tiger, bear, wolf, fox, weasel, and an unknown animal of the size of a wolf.

Pachydermata, 4. The elephant, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, and horse.

Ruminantia,

Ruminantia, 4. The ox, and three species of deer.

Rodentia, 3. The rabbit, the water-rat, and the mouse.

Birds, 4. The raven, pigeon, lark, and a small species of duck resembling the anas sponsor, or summer duck.

These several animals he has been able to class and identify with the assistance of Mr. Brookes and Mr. Clift, whose skill in comparative anatomy is well known; the former being the proprietor of one of the first private collections in Europe, and the latter the conservator of the incomparable museum of the late John Hunter, now incorporated with that of the Royal College of Surgeons.

On the removal of the mud, the bottom of the cave was found to be strewed over like a dog-kennel, from one end to the other, with the teeth and bones, or rather the broken and splintered fragments of bones, of all the animals above-enumerated, those of the elephant, rhinoceros, and the other large animals being found co-extensively with all the rest, even in the inmost and smallest recesses. Scarcely a bone had escaped fracture. On many of them were traced marks which, on applying one to the other, appeared exactly to fit the form of the canine-teeth of the hyæna that occur in the cave, as if they had been gnawed by these animals; those of the hyæna themselves being equally gnawed with the rest. In all the jaws, both teeth and bone are in an equal state of high preservation, and indicate that their fracture has been the effect of violence, and not of natural decay. The greatest number of teeth are those of hyænas and the ruminantia; of the canine-teeth of the former, more than 300 were collected by one person. From the size of the teeth of the tiger, the animal must have equalled or exceeded the largest lion or Bengal tiger. The tusk of the bear resembles those of the extinct *ursus spelæus* of the caves of Germany, a creature, which, according to Cuvier, could not be inferior in bulk to a large horse. The number of elephants' teeth that have been found does not exceed ten, and they are all small; of the hippopotamus six molar teeth, and a few fragments of the canine and incisor teeth only have been met with; of the rhinoceros more, and some of them extremely large; a few only belonging to the horse. The teeth, however, which occur in the greatest abundance are those of the water-rat; in almost every specimen of the osseous breccia are teeth or broken fragments of the bones of this little animal, mixed with and adhering to the fragments of all the larger bones, a circumstance which leads the Professor to conclude that they may have abounded on the edge of the lake which he conceives to have existed in the neighbourhood, and to which state, as we have before observed, a dam thrown across the gorge would still restore the vale of Pickering. There is little doubt indeed that most of the valleys

 which

which now exist, and whose waters escape through ravines or gorges in their surrounding hills, were once lakes; a supposition that derives considerable support from the remains of the hippopotamus so frequently found in the diluvian gravel of England, and of various parts of the continent of Europe.

The following passage is extremely curious, and places, as we conceive, the fact which Mr. Buckland endeavours to establish beyond the reach of cavil.

'It must already appear probable, from the facts above described, particularly from the comminuted state and apparently gnawed condition of the bones, that the cave at Kirkdale was, during a long succession of years, inhabited as a den by hyænas, and that they dragged into its recesses the other animal bodies whose remains are found mixed indiscriminately with their own; and this conjecture is rendered almost certain by the discovery I made, of many small balls of the solid calcareous excrement of an animal that had fed on bones, resembling the substance known in the old Materia Medica by the name of album græcum: its external form is that of a sphere, irregularly compressed, as in the fæces of sheep, and varying from half an inch to an inch in diameter; its colour is yellowish white, its fracture is usually earthy and compact, resembling steatite, and sometimes granular; when compact, it is interspersed with minute cellular cavities: it was at first sight recognised by the keeper of the Menagerie at Exeter Change, as resembling, both in form and appearance, the fæces of the spotted or Cape hyæna, which he stated to be greedy of bones, beyond all other beast under his care. This information I owe to Dr. Wollaston, who has also made an analysis of the substance under discussion, and finds it to be composed of the ingredients that might be expected in fæcal matter derived from bones, viz. phosphate of lime, carbonate of lime, and a very small proportion of the triple phosphate of ammonia and magnesia; it retains no animal matter, and its originally earthy nature and affinity to bone, will account for its perfect state of preservation.

'I do not know what more conclusive evidence than this can be added to the facts already enumerated, to show that the hyænas inhabited this cave, and were the agents by which the teeth and bones of the other animals were there collected; it may be useful therefore to consider, in this part of our inquiry, what are the habits of modern hyænas, and how far they illustrate the case before us.'—pp. 186, 187.

We need not follow the professor in all his details. Every description which we have read of this disgusting and voracious animal, is in favour of his hypothesis; but we may observe that he is as cowardly as ferocious. At the Cape of Good Hope, where he most abounds, he is never seen by day; he prowls by night and clears the plains of the carcasses, and even skeletons which the vultures have picked clean, in preference to attacking any living creature. That the Kirkdale hyænas were in the habit of devouring the carcasses of their deceased companions, and probably in times of

of great urgency not waiting for that event, we can readily conceive, as being quite consistent with the character of the species (two, we believe) which still exist; we have therefore no difficulty in subscribing to the inference contained in the following passage.

'The strength of the hyæna's jaw is such, that in attacking a dog, he begins by biting off his leg at a single snap. The capacity of his teeth for such an operation is sufficiently obvious from simple inspection, and had long ago attracted the attention of the early naturalists; and, consistent with this strength of teeth and jaw, is the state of the muscles of his neck, being so full and strong, that in early times this animal was fabled to have but one cervical vertebra.'—p. 189.

And again

'It has been observed when speaking of the den, that the bones of the hyænas are as much broken to pieces as those of the animals that formed their prey; and hence we must infer, that the carcasses even of the hyænas themselves were eaten up by their survivors. Whether it be the habit of modern hyænas to devour those of their own species that die in the course of nature, or under the pressure of extreme hunger, to kill and eat the weaker of them, is a point on which it is not easy to obtain positive evidence. Mr. Brown however asserts, in his journey to Darfur, "that it is related of the hyænas, that upon one of them being wounded, his companions instantly tear him to pieces and devour him." It seems therefore in the highest degree probable, that the mangled relics of hyænas that lie indiscriminately scattered and equally broken with the bones of other animals in the cave of Kirkdale, were reduced to this state by the agency of the surviving individuals of their own species.'—pp. 190, 191.

The professor will not be displeased to find that we can produce a fact that strongly corroborates his conjecture. In the menagerie of the Jardin des Plantes, at Paris, was an old hyæna, which broke its leg by accident. One night, before the bone was united, the creature actually bit off his own leg, and it was discovered in the morning that he had eaten it up, bone and all. It is not therefore surprizing that not a single skull should have remained entire in the cave at Kirkdale, all these having been broken up, as the professor observes, 'to extract the brains and marrow.' Now the bones of the bears, in the caves of Germany, in which they had lived and died in successive generations, are mostly in a perfect state; 'not having teeth,' says Mr. Buckland, 'fitting for the cracking of large bones, they have left untouched the osseous remains of their own species.'

We see nothing ridiculous, as the Professor apprehends may be the case with some of his readers, in the idea of hyænas eating water-rats, or indeed any other animal. If our largest dogs will feed on rats, jackalls on mice, and foxes on frogs, why should the omnivorous stomach of a hyæna reject so delicate a morsel as that of a water-rat? Doubts far more difficult of solution

than this will arise on the perusal of Mr. Buckland's paper. It will be asked, for instance, and naturally enough, how came the carcasses of the elephant, the rhinoceros, and the hippopotamus into a cavern so contracted as scarcely to admit of a man creeping on all fours; or, how could the hyæna contrive to drag in such huge monsters of a size ten times that of his own? The difficulty is not got rid of by the supposition of their being floated in by the flood, as the cavern most probably existed in the same state, as to its dimensions, before that catastrophe as now; and even if floated in by detached pieces they would, in that case, have been mixed with pebbles, and rounded by friction, which they are not. These objections have not escaped Mr. Buckland; and the solution that presents itself to his mind appears not improbable; it is that the remains of these large animals were those of individuals that died a natural death, and were carried away piecemeal by the hyænas into their den. That amidst the remains of so many hundred animals not a single skeleton should be found, is accounted for by the power and the known habit of hyænas to devour the bones of their prey; nor does our ingenious author conceive it inconsistent with this solution, that the teeth and the small bones of the lower joints and extremities should remain unbroken, these having been found too hard and solid to afford sufficient inducement for mastication.

Still, however, it may be asked, why do we not find at least the entire skeleton of the one or more hyænas that died and left no survivors to devour them? Some more satisfactory solution is here expected than that of the two Kilkenny cats who ate each other up and left only the two tails; and the Professor thinks he has fallen upon it, in the circumstance of the probable destruction of the last individual by the diluvian waters: 'on the rise of these,' he observes, 'had there been any hyænas in the den, they would have rushed out and fled for safety to the hills; and if absent, they could by no possibility have returned to it from the higher levels: that they did so perish on the continent is obvious from the discovery of their bones in the diluvial gravel of Germany as well as in the caves.' In this idea the Professor conceives he is borne out by the subsequent discovery of the entire lower jaw of an hyæna at Lawford, near Rugby, in Warwickshire, in the same diluvial clay and gravel with the bones of elephant and rhinoceros, the only instance, he tells us, of the remains of the hyæna being noticed in the diluvium of England. 'The animal,' he adds, 'must have perished by the same catastrophe which extirpated the hyænas and closed the den at Kirkdale, and which swept together the remains of elephant, rhinoceros, and hyæna in the diluvian gravel of the continent.' We will not contend for this. A more simple solution is that of supposing the hyænas had previously abandoned this, and sought some other cave;

cave; for why should they not change their lodging for convenience sake as well as we? It is by no means necessary to his conclusions to suppose that they continued in the same spot till the 'rains descended and the floods came.' It is sufficient to prove, what we think he has succeeded in doing, that it had been their place of residence for many generations.

Since, then, the dimensions of the cave would not admit the larger animals dead or alive, and no circumstances can be imagined under which the smaller ones, as hyænas, tigers, bears, wolves, foxes, horses, oxen, deer, rabbits, water-rats, mice, weasels and birds, would spontaneously collect together—since the capacity of the cave would not have contained a sufficient number of these smaller ones to supply one twentieth part of the teeth and bones, on the supposition of their carcasses having been floated in by the waters of a flood—and since, had they been washed in by a succession of floods, there would have been found a succession of beds of sediment and stalactite—we are willing to accept the only remaining hypothesis suggested by Mr. Buckland, that they have been dragged in for food by the hyænas; and as they could not have been dragged from any very great distance, we must conclude with him, that they all lived and died not far from the spot where their remains are found. In further corroboration of this being a hyæna's den, the teeth discovered in it are of various ages, from youth to mature old age; some displacing the first teeth and just peeping out of the sockets, and some fairly ground down to the jaw by perpetual gnawing.

In this view of the case, the accumulation of the bones in the cavern of Kirkdale must have been the result of a long process, at a time when all the animals in question were natives of this country. The Professor observes that the general dispersion of similar bones through the diluvian gravel of high latitudes, over great part of the northern hemisphere, shows that the period in which they inhabited these regions was that immediately preceding the formation of this gravel, and that they perished by the same waters which produced it. 'M. Cuvier,' he adds, 'has ascertained that the fossil elephant, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, and hyæna, belong to species now unknown; and as there is no evidence that they have at any time, subsequent to the formation of the diluvium, existed in these regions, we may conclude that the period at which the bones of these extinct species were introduced into the cave at Kirkdale, was antediluvian.'

In prosecuting these researches it could not fail to strike the author, as it must every one who considers the subject, as a most curious fact, that four of the genera of animals whose bones are so widely diffused over the temperate and even the polar regions of

the northern hemisphere, should at present exist only in tropical climates, and mostly to the southward of the equator; and that the only country on the face of the globe in which the elephant, the rhinoceros, the hippopotamus, and the hyæna are associated, is Southern Africa, where they live and die together, as it appears they once did in Yorkshire; and not only in Yorkshire, but in various parts of England—at least the remains of the larger animals have been found in caves and beds of gravel in Middlesex, Glamorganshire, Somersetshire, Derbyshire, Warwickshire, and Devonshire, though not always accompanied by those of hyænas.

Their history, in some of these instances, is more difficult of explanation than that of the cavern at Kirkdale. The caves in the compact limestone quarries of Oreston, near Plymouth, appeared, from the description in the Philosophical Transactions, to offer an insurmountable difficulty in reconciling them to the theory of Mr. Buckland. In 1817 the men, in quarrying this rock for the use of the Breakwater, came to a cavern in the solid face of the rock 160 feet from the original face, at the edge of the Catwater, and 60 feet from the superincumbent soil. It was fifteen feet wide, twelve high, and forty-five long, filled, or nearly so, with a body of solid clay, in which were imbedded the teeth and bones of the rhinoceros. In 1820 a smaller cavern was discovered of one foot high, eighteen feet wide, and twenty long, containing clay or mud, in which were embedded teeth and bones belonging to the rhinoceros, deer, and a species of bear. It was stated by Mr. Whidbey, and confirmed by the workmen, that neither of these caverns bore the appearance of ever having had an opening to the surface, or any communication with it whatever, but that they were closed all round with the same compact substance as that which forms the body of the rock; that in many caverns of the same rock stalactite was found, but none in either of these. Mr. Buckland, of course, strenuously opposes the possibility of such being the fact, as, independent of the difficulty of bones being thus huddled together and enclosed, on the supposition of their imprisonment at the very remote and utterly inconceivable period when the limestone was in a fluid state, it would not be easy to explain how these different animals of such different habits were brought together into so narrow a compass without the assistance of hyænas, and without access to the caverns.

Since the publication of Mr. Buckland's paper, a third cave, or rather a series of caves and galleries has been discovered at Oreston, running in various directions through the compact limestone rock, in which were found a vast quantity of bones, horns, skulls, and teeth, some covered with mud and clay, others adhering to the sides of the caverns, lying on projecting ledges of rock, at various

various elevations, or crammed into crevices or fissures. They consist of the remains of oxen, horses, deer, and various other animals, with a small proportion of the jaws and teeth of the hyæna. Among them were also found horns of various kinds, and in one cavity was a number of shells mixed with sand.

It has now been ascertained that some of these caverns, if not all of them, have a communication with the upper surface of the rock, but that they are firmly closed by the solid limestone on the side next to the Catwater, which is that on which the quarrying is carried on; consequently on the first opening of one of these caverns, it has all the appearance of being a separate and detached chamber in the midst of the solid rock, and to this circumstance was owing the mistake of their being described as such in the Philosophical Transactions. Mr. Whidbey, however, anxious to ascertain the real state of the case, has subsequently traced an internal communication between them, by means of galleries, or narrow passages, running in oblique directions through the very heart of the rock, in angles of about 45° with the horizon; sometimes ascending and then descending. From the principal and lowest cavern, which is about thirty-five feet above the high-water of spring tides, and 600 feet from the original face of the quarry, one of these slanting galleries leads upwards into a second cavern, from which another gallery continues in the same direction to a part of the rock near the surface, consisting of separate masses of limestone, intermixed with clay, but so compact and indurated, that it required to be blasted with gunpowder to effect a passage through it. The width of this seam was from ten to twelve feet, and on examination it was found to continue of the same nature to the surface of the country, a height of about fifteen feet. From this shaft, (if we may so call it) another gallery branched off still deeper into the rock, at the extremity of which was another large chamber, and in this too were found several teeth and bones. Another narrow gallery, not of sufficient width to admit the body of a man, proceeded apparently in the same direction out of this chamber. The sides of the caverns and of the passages or galleries were, for the most part, solid limestone; sometimes, however, they were partially covered with clay, and in some places with stalactite.

We shall be curious to see Mr. Buckland's speculations on these chambers in the limestone rock of Oreston. We understand he has minutely examined them in company with Mr. Warburton, a celebrated geologist, and that all the teeth, bones, horns and shells, have been sent up to the College of Surgeons, in order to be examined and classified. The number of hyænas' teeth, hitherto discovered, would appear to be insufficient to justify the idea of the chambers having been the dens of these creatures. We do

not find that any marks of their fangs have been observed on the bones and horns with which they were mixed. Besides, the gallery which leads to the lowest cavern, where the greater part of the bones were discovered, is not more in one part than a foot wide, and in this the descent is perpendicular; both of which circumstances are against the passage of a large hyæna. This, however, may not, perhaps, be considered as a solid objection, as the bones might have been dragged into the superior chamber into which is the broad and open passage, from whence they may be supposed to have dropped into the inferior one. The shaft we have spoken of as now filled with rubble and indurated clay, might have been closed subsequently, and the fifteen feet of the superincumbent clay and rubble brought upon it at the same time by the waters of the flood. That the bones were introduced through this shaft there can be no doubt whatever, and the only question is, whether dead or alive. As a common entrance into the first chamber, it is convenient enough for a hyæna's den; but most of the indications of the Kirkdale den and its bones are wanting. Instead of the remains of the animals being covered with a crust of mud or clay, as at Kirkdale, they here rest upon a bed of the latter, which, in the lowest cavern, where the greatest quantity of these remains are found, extended to the depth of forty feet, or six feet below the low water mark of spring tides, the whole being a solid mass of clay, in which were found only some lumps of argillaceous iron ore.

Perhaps it will be argued that either the carcasses of the various animals, or their bones, have been carried in by the rush of the waters. In the first case it would be difficult to explain how all these various animals happened to be together on the same spot, and why nothing like one complete skeleton of any one of them has been found. On the second supposition, the bones would have been rounded by attrition, and mixed with rolled stones and gravel, neither of which is the case: the circumstance of sand being found in the same cavern with the shells is the only one that favours their being floated in by water. There remains but another hypothesis, and that is, that the animals have fallen in by accident. This is undoubtedly the case in some of the caves of the continent, in which, the mouths being still open, there are found the remains of the antediluvian bear and hyæna, with those of the now existing species of animals. This, according to Cuvier, must have been the case with regard to the osseous breccias in the rock of Gibraltar, composed of the remains of animals agreeing with species that now exist; and indeed nothing is more common at the present day than the falling of animals into deep fissures of rock, where they are left to perish—but we will not attempt to anticipate Professor Buckland,

land, who, we make no doubt, will produce a theory sufficiently plausible to account for the contents of the Oreston caverns.

We see numerous difficulties, however, in the way of a satisfactory explanation with respect to the Plymouth caverns. As far as regards that at Kirkdale, we can venture generally to go along with the reasoning of Professor Buckland, and are ready to admit that he has made out a probable case. But a difficulty, and the greatest of all difficulties, now meets us, the solution of which he does not attempt—we mean that of accounting for certain genera of animals once inhabiting a climate in which we know they cannot now exist. M. Cuvier, it is true, says they belonged to species unknown at present; but that does not prove that their habits were at all different from those which are known. He also says that of the bones found in the various caverns of Germany, three-fourths of the whole belong to two species of bear, both of which are extinct, and two-thirds of the remainder to extinct hyænas; but antediluvian bears and hyænas, we apprehend, were pretty much the same creatures as bears and hyænas now are; indeed the whole of Mr. Buckland's theory proceeds on the supposition of the habits of the antediluvian hyæna being the same as those of the now existing one. We know it has been advanced as an explanation of the elephant being found enveloped in a mass of ice near the mouth of the Lena, that it was a different species from the elephant of warm climates, as a proof of which its skin was covered with a soft coat of fur. If it only differed in this respect, we should contend that this was no proof at all. The animal might have strayed in the summer months along the banks of the river, and a part of a Siberian winter would be quite sufficient to protect his hide with a covering of down—the same thing happened to a dog which wintered with Captain Parry at Melville Island. The skeleton of a crocodile, or animal of the lizard family, forty feet long, was dug up the other day in Oxfordshire; this too is an animal of a warm climate. So are also the plants of the palm tribe, dug up on the Isle of Sheepy, natives of the equinoctial regions; how are the trunks, with leaves and fruit, thus buried at the mouth of the Thames, to be accounted for? Nay, if by stretching probability as far as it will well go, we admit that the difference of species may account for their existence in a temperate climate, are we to extend that admission to those islands of the frozen ocean whose soil has been said to be composed of the bones of elephants and other large animals? To explain their existence in such a situation appears to us to require something more than a difference of species; it requires a change of climate; and the only means that we know of, sufficient to account for such a change, and which would effectually produce it, is a change in the position of the poles of the earth, or of the inclination of its axis to the

the plane of its orbit. Either of these causes would not only occasion a change of climate, but at the same time produce one of those dreadful catastrophes which have disturbed and afflicted the surface of the earth. That such changes should occur, and more frequently than they have happened, is more conceivable than that the earth, in its double motion, should for ever present nearly the same point of its surface to the same spot in the heavens, when so many disturbing causes appear to be within the range of possibility. The old theory of internal heat, and gradual cooling of the globe, long since exploded, has been revived, to account for the phenomena in question; but the arguments built on a foundation so unstable would lead to conclusions so absurd and unphilosophical, that, in our opinion, they are not worth pursuing. Indeed no other cause than one or the other of those we have mentioned, seems adequate to the production of those great catastrophes which have broken up the surface of the earth, produced revolutions in the basin of the sea, and converted its ancient bed into mountains, hills, and plains, as is abundantly testified by the numerous beds of shells in the one, and of echini, corallines, serpilli, and various other marine productions in the rocky strata of the other.

Why many of the fossil bones of animals found in the rocky strata, and in the beds of gravel, no longer exist among the present genera or species, M. Cuvier has given an explanation which would be satisfactory if all animals were indifferent as to climate.

'Let us suppose,' says he, 'for instance, that a prodigious inroad of the sea were now to cover the continent of New Holland with a coat of sand and other earthy materials; this would necessarily bury the carcasses of many animals belonging to the genera of kangaroo, phascoloma, dasyurus, peramela, flying-phalangers, echidna and ornithorynchus, and would consequently entirely extinguish all the species of all these genera, as not one of them is to be found in any other country. Were the same revolution to lay dry the numerous narrow straits which separate New Holland from New Guinea, the Indian islands, and the continent of Asia, a road would be opened for the elephants, rhinoceroses, buffaloes, horses, camels, tigers, and all the other Asiatic animals, to occupy a land in which they are hitherto unknown. Were some future naturalist, after becoming well acquainted with the living animals of that country in this supposed new condition, to search below the surface on which these animals were nourished, he would there discover the remains of quite different races—what New Holland would then be, under these hypothetical circumstances,—Europe, Siberia, and a large portion of America, actually now are.'

To some part of this reasoning we must beg leave to demur—the analogy between the Indian islands and New Holland will not hold with regard to the tropical regions and the frozen ocean—between Behring's Straits and those straits which separate New Holland

land from New Guinea—in the one case there is little variation of climate; in the other the greatest possible difference that can be found on the face of the earth. Without admitting a total change of climate, we can no more account for the elephants' teeth and tusks which Kotzebue found in the iceberg of Behring's Strait, than explain how the fossil bones of the large deer recently found at fifteen thousand feet above the level of the sea, on the side of the Himalaya Mountain, came there.

The bones and fragments of which we have been speaking must not be confounded with those found in more recent alluvial formations, or frequently in open caves and fissures of rocks. The osseous breccia found in the vertical fissures of the rock of Gibraltar, and other places along the coast of the Mediterranean, made up of the bones and teeth of animals, is evidently of postdiluvian formation, agreeing with the species of deer, sheep, horses, rabbits, rats, snakes and birds, mixed with land shells and angular fragments of the adjacent rock, all of which now exist, and are supposed by Cuvier to be the remains of animals which have fallen into the fissures, in the course of the period which succeeded the last retreat of the waters. In many of the caverns, too, on the continent, in which are the remains of extinct species of animals, are found those of existing species, but all these are postdiluvian. Among such fragments the bones of men have sometimes been discovered; but no human remains have hitherto been met with among the extraneous fossils, that is to say, of fossils or petrifications, properly so called. Spallanzani thought that among the fossil bones found in the island of Cerigo, were some belonging to the human species; but Blumenbach and Cuvier have proved the fallacy of this opinion. In the British Museum is the fossil skeleton of a woman discovered in the midst of a conglomerated sandstone on the sea coast of Guadaloupe; but though the bones have been penetrated with the stony matter, such a stone may have been formed, and such an effect produced, in the course of two or three centuries, or even in a shorter period.

We may therefore safely assert that no human bones have ever been found in such a situation as would warrant the supposition of their being so deposited previous to, or at the Deluge; and this fact, or absence of a fact, had led M. Cuvier to conclude, not improbably we think, that the human race did not exist, in the countries in which the fossil bones of animals have been discovered, at the epoch when these bones were covered up, as not a single reason can be assigned why men should have escaped from such general catastrophes; or, if destroyed and covered up at the same time, why their remains should not now be found along with those of the other

other animals: human bones are not more subject to decay than theirs; human teeth perhaps less so; and one of our poets has taken occasion to observe, from the appearance of the Egyptian mummies, that the hair and teeth, which soonest decay in the living subject, are the most durable parts of the dead one. The history of man before the deluge is, indeed, confined to a narrow region of the earth; and if any antediluvian remains of the species should ever be discovered, they will probably be found, where hitherto no search, that we know of, has been made, in Syria, Armenia, or Arabia.

One thing is quite clear, that the ancient traditions of all nations nearly agree with the period of this overwhelming catastrophe, and, whether Egyptians, Babylonians, Indians or Chinese, they all coincide as to the time within a very few centuries of the era which chronologists have fixed for that of the Mosaic account; and it is satisfactory to find that those very circumstances which the ignorant and flippant sciolists of the last age employed against the authenticity of the Sacred Writings, are those which geology has brought forward as the most splendid and incontestible proofs of their veracity.

ART. X.—1. *Marino Faliero, Doge of Venice, an Historical Tragedy.*—2. *Sardanapalus, a Tragedy.*—3. *The Two Foscari, a Tragedy.*—4. *Cain, a Mystery.*

SEVERAL years have passed away since we undertook the review of any of Lord Byron's Poetry. Not that we have been inattentive observers of that genius whose fertility is, perhaps, not the least extraordinary of its characteristics, of whose earlier fruits we were among the first and warmest eulogists, and whose later productions—though hardly answering the expectation which he once excited—would have been, of themselves, sufficient to establish the renown of many scores of ordinary writers. Far less have we been able to witness, without deep regret and disappointment, the systematic and increasing prostitution of those splendid talents to the expression of feelings, and the promulgation of opinions, which, as Christians, as Englishmen, and even as men, we were constrained to regard with abhorrence. But it was from this very conflict of admiration and regret;—this recollection of former merits and sense of present degradation;—this reverence for talent and scorn of sophistry, that we remained silent. The little effect which our advice had, on former occasions, produced, still further tended to confirm us in our silence,—a silence of which the meaning could hardly, as we conceived, be misunderstood, and which we wished

wished Lord Byron himself to regard as an appeal, of not the least impressive kind,—to his better sense and taste and feelings. We trusted that he would himself, ere long, discover that wickedness was not strength, nor impiety courage, nor licentiousness warm-heartedness, nor an aversion to his own country philosophy; and that riper years, and a longer experience, and a deeper knowledge of his own heart, and a more familiar acquaintance with that affliction to which all are heirs, and those religious principles by which affliction is turned into a blessing, would render him not only almost but altogether such a poet as virgins might read, and Christians praise, and Englishmen take pride in.

With these feelings we have altogether abstained from noticing those strange, though often beautiful productions, which, since the appearance of the Third part of his Childe Harold, have flowed on, wave after wave, redundant as that ocean which Lord Byron loves to describe, but with few exceptions, little less monotonous,—and stained, in succession, with deeper and yet deeper tokens of those pollutions, which, even in the full tide of genius, announce that its ebb is near. We knew not any severity of criticism which could reach the faults or purify the taste of Don Juan, and we trusted that its author would himself, ere long, discover, that if he continued to write such works as these, he would lose the power of producing any thing better, and that his pride, at least, if not his principle, would recall him from the island of Acrasia.

In this hope we have not been disappointed. Whatever may be the other merits of his tragedies, on the score of morals they are unimpeachable. His females, universally, are painted in truer and worthier colours than we have been accustomed to witness from his pencil, and the qualities which he holds up, in his other characters, to admiration and to pity, are entirely unmingled with those darker and disgusting tints, from which even Childe Harold was not free, and which he appears to have thought necessary to excite an interest in such characters as Manfred, Lara, Alp, and the Giaour. Even the Mystery of Cain, wicked as it may be, is the work of a nobler and more daring wickedness than that which delights in insulting the miseries, and stimulating the evil passions, and casting a cold-blooded ridicule over all the lofty and generous feelings of our nature: and it is better that Lord Byron should be a manichee, or a deist,—nay, we would almost say, if the thing were possible, it is better that he should be a moral and argumentative atheist, than the professed and systematic poet of seduction, adultery and incest; the contemner of patriotism, the insulter of piety, the raker into every sink of vice and wretchedness to disgust and degrade and harden the hearts of his fellow-creatures. The speculations

speculations of a Hume and a D'Alembert may be the objects of respectful regret and pity, while the Pucelle is regarded with unmingled contempt and detestation. The infidel *may* be, the adversary of good morals *cannot* be, under a mistake as to the tendency of his doctrines.

Nor is this our only motive for returning at length to the examination of Lord Byron's writings. In his Cain he professes to reason, (with how much or how little success is nothing to the purpose,) but his appeal is made to the reason as well as to the passions of his readers. To remove, in his own instance, the difficulties by which he is perplexed, would indeed be a triumph beyond our expectations, but now that, by circumstances which Lord Byron himself could not foresee,—those speculations which he designed for the educated ranks alone, are thrown open to the gaze of the persons most likely to be influenced by them, and disseminated, with remorseless activity, among the young, the ignorant, and the poor,—by the efforts of the basest and most wicked faction that ever infested a christian country,—we are not only justified but compelled by every sense of duty and of charity, to unmask the sophisms which lurk under his poetical language; and to show how irrelevant to the truths of natural and revealed religion are those apparent irregularities in the present course of things, which he makes his objection to the being or the benignity of the Creator. With these feelings,—very different from each other, but either of which would be sufficient to warrant an interruption of our late silence,—we undertake the review of his Tragedies and his Cain.

To the moral correctness of the former we have already borne a willing testimony. Of the taste by which his muse has been restrained and guided, it is impossible to give so favourable a character, nor to avoid wondering at that perversity of judgment or that unbounded rage for singularity which has led him, alone amid his countrymen, to despise the example, and detract from the renown of Shakspeare, and to seek his models of composition not in the beauty of home-bred nature, but in the rules of foreign pedantry.—Not contented, indeed, with attempting in his own compositions, to 'preserve' or 'approach to,' what are called 'the unities,' he ventures, in explicit terms, to refuse the name of 'drama' to all dramatic poems where 'any very distant departure' from these rules is admitted; and, though professing himself 'aware of the unpopularity of this notion in present English literature,' he insists that the opinion which he thus inculcates is one 'which, not very long ago, was the law of literature throughout the world, and is still so *in the more civilized parts of it.*' In an author of less power and reputation this would be merely ridiculous; and,

and, even in the case of Lord Byron, we have not been able to suppress a smile, at the dignified modesty which disclaims all hope of rivalling his regular, or even his irregular predecessors, (*Addison*, we presume, or *Shakspeare,*) no less than at the insinuated doctrine that it is more easy to excel the latter than the former.

But any canons of poetry laid down by such a poet are entitled at least to a respectful examination. In the mutability, too, of fashion, it is by no means impossible that opinions which have the sanction of Lord Byron's name should attract a numerous herd of disciples. And, as the time has been when the solemn quackery of Bossu was received by many, even in England, as profound and solid criticism, we are anxious to prevent the risk of such cumbrous absurdity returning into power, by exposing the frothy foundation on which it stands, and the needless hindrances which it opposes to dramatic excellence.

If it were not for this, the question would be hardly worth discussing. That Shakspeare and his continental rivals have written in very different styles, is a fact sufficiently evident. That different names should be given to these different styles is not only natural but convenient and desirable. That the high-sounding titles of 'the drama,' or 'the regular drama,' should be applied to the one, while the more homely but not less expressive designation of 'play' is left for the other, is an arrangement which (if it affords any comfort to the admirers of the Parisian school) we, for our part, might cheerfully acquiesce in. But, if we are to be pelted with the epithets of 'incorrect,' 'uncivilized,' and we know not what, for saying that we prefer a *play* of Shakspeare's to a *drama* of Racine's or Alfieri's; if all merit or beauty is to be appreciated by a French critic in a Grecian mask, and if the noblest models of writing are to be abandoned and despised, because they do not tally with rules arbitrarily imposed, and customs which no more concern us than the droit d'aubaine; when, lastly, these usurpations find an advocate in one who is himself among the most illustrious living ornaments of English poetry, it is time to make up our minds, either to defend the national laws, or to submit to the 'Code Napoléon;' and to examine whether there be really, in favour of this last, so much extrinsic authority or so much intrinsic excellence, as to call on us to adopt it, in place of that ancient licence of pleasing and being pleased in the manner most effectual and most natural, which the poets and audiences of England have, till now, considered as their birthright.

Nor is this all. We have, we confess it, an additional and private reason for our grudge against the regular school, inasmuch as we cannot but believe that an adherence to its forms in the works now

now before us, has robbed the world of no inconsiderable quantity of beautiful poetry. We are not, indeed, from the present specimens, by any means justified in supposing that the genius of Lord Byron is eminently dramatic, or that, *even* if he had condescended to take Shakspeare as a model, his 'irregularities' would have equalled the 'woodnotes wild' of his predecessor. But, feeling this as we do,—and while we bear in mind his own modest and candid protest against imputing to any defect in the art what he would rather have us consider as a failure in the architect, we cannot but perceive that to run a race in chains (though those chains may be voluntary) is too much for the speed of Achilles himself; and that the beauties (for many and great beauties are, undoubtedly, to be met with in the works which we have undertaken to examine) are rather in spite than in consequence of the rules which their author has adopted.—Nor do we feel the greater reverence for this gigantic phantom of deceased criticism, from learning, in a curious passage of the preface to Marino Faliero, that it has now revisited the glimpses of the moon, not so much at the call of Lord Byron himself, as by the 'strong advizement' of two arch-wizards, whom, with a degree of humility truly edifying, the noble author consulted while forming the plan of his first drama, the late Mr. M. G. Lewis and the not yet dead Sir William Drummond.

It may seem a trifle and, perhaps, it is one.—But we have, in the first place, an objection to the very terms of Lord Byron's indictment against the British drama, as conveying an unfair view of the contested point, and assuming as a premise that which is a strange mistake of facts, or a no less strange anti-English prejudice. He takes it for granted, in the preface already quoted, that the irregularity of which he complains, is 'the reproach of the British stage,'—meaning, of course, that the great majority of able and learned men in all other countries object to it. And, in the preface to his remaining tragedies, he repeats the same assertion in yet stronger and more explicit terms, reminding his opponents, as we have already noticed, that 'the necessity of the dramatic unities was not very long ago the law of literature *throughout the world*, and is still so in the more civilized parts of it.'

Now, if this has any meaning at all and is not merely a little sally of gratuitous sauciness, it must signify that, even in this country, during those which he may call the classical times of our literature, the unities were adhered to by all judicious writers and recommended by all judicious critics. Does Lord Byron really know so little of English literature as to believe this? or has he so long confined his English studies to Galignani's Messenger, that he forgets

forgets what was the usual practice (we will not say of Shakspeare, but) of Jonson, Otway, Rowe and Southern?—These names, together with Massinger, Beaumont and Fletcher, Ford, Shirley, Dryden, Hughes, Congreve, Young, Home, and Lillo, make up, pretty nearly, all the successful writers of tragedy in our language. Many of these were sufficiently learned and sufficiently ardent admirers of antiquity to have felt an anxiety to restore the observance of the unities, had they conceived such rules to be essential to the excellence of their works, or even to be imposed by the concurrent and unequivocal voice of ancient criticism. But what English dramatist of any name, except Addison, (for Milton is hardly a case in point,) has shown any symptoms of caring for those unities which Lord Byron rates so highly? We might say what English critic (except Mr. Rymer) has ever recommended their general adoption? So entirely does Lord Byron's first assumption fail as to the recent universality of the faith which he inculcates!

Still, he may perhaps reply, the English are and always have been barbarians, entirely cut off from the world of taste, and incompetent to pass an opinion on any point either of criticism or cookery. The universality then of the law, so far as the civilized world is concerned, may be maintained without them. But who shall venture to exclude the ancient and polite nation of the Spaniards from this awful confederacy; or how many instances can be named in which the leading Spanish dramatists have thought it necessary to transact all the multifarious business of their intricate plots, in the same common hall, and within the supposed limits of a single evening? Is Lord Byron aware within how narrow bounds the Terminus of his 'world' may be compelled to recede?—or, on what principle can he maintain that his own Italy, which, down to the time of Alfieri, had, in fact, no tragedy of any kind to show, is to be reckoned as having a voice in the question?

With all due respect, indeed, for these ancient and distinguished nations; knowing too the full force of the term 'barbares' as applied to us by the one, and of 'tramontani' in the mouth of the other; we are not aware on what grounds, (except the assurances of the French and Italians themselves,) they are at present to be reckoned more 'civilized' in any respect of science, art, or learning, than ourselves, or those nations who are on our side of the controversy. We are yet to learn what pretensions a Parisian critic has to be heard on a point of literature more than an Englishman; or how, except in climate, in singing, and those remains of ancient art which its sons can neither equal nor defend, Italy is justified in assuming a higher place than Germany, Scandinavia, or America. We are sufficiently 'Goths' to believe that the race to which we belong,

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and which, divided as it is into these mighty branches, makes up by far the most extensive 'langue' in the world, has contributed within the last 100 years, to the common stock of knowledge and civilization, a far greater proportion of works of genius, and useful and elegant invention than has, during the same space of time, been furnished by the nations between the Rhine and the Mediterranean; and we are by no means inclined, without some further reason, to descend from an eminence to which Lord Byron himself has materially helped in raising us.

This is, however, by the way; and its connexion with the real merits of the case is, certainly, by no means vital. A doctrine may be sound though the majority of the world reject it; and the consent of the greatest and most overwhelming majority, though it may be a *presumption*, is still not a *proof* of its soundness. Let us examine, then, the principles on which Lord Byron's dramatic canons depend, and the arguments which are usually advanced to prove their necessity. In this task we are sensible that we can supply but little which Johnson has not already said far better,—but even Johnson himself will be found, in some few instances, to have made a larger admission to modern prejudice than either the reason of the case or the truth of literary history would warrant.

The first, if not the most important of the arguments in favour of the dramatic unities, is the alleged practice and authority of the ancients. The French drama assumes to itself, exclusively, the name of 'regular' and 'classical,' and the critics and poets of other nations have been, for the most part, sufficiently courteous to admit the accuracy of this designation, and to take it for granted that plays of which the scene is never changed; of which the action is comprised within the time of representation; which are uniformly grave and stately, without intermixture of comedy or lighter dialogue; and whose heroes and heroines decorously retire behind the curtain to die, are not only after the manner of Paris, but of Rome and Athens, and (at least in ancient times) of all 'the more civilized parts of the world.'

Now, suppose it were admitted that this view of the subject was correct, it might still be asked on what grounds (if the practice and precedent of antiquity are to decide the question) the French copy of the ancient drama is so partial and imperfect? If they think it necessary to be classical, why are they not so altogether? Why has so important, so essential, so dignified and beautiful a feature of the ancient tragedy as the *chorus* been altogether discarded from their theatres? Why have singing and recitative given place to declamation? Or why are the vizard and the cothurnus abandoned in favour of rouge and kid slippers? If we are answered, (as we doubtless shall be,) that these changes arise from the

the different habits of our audiences and the different construction of our theatres; that they are nearer approaches to nature, and get rid of unnecessary difficulties while they detract nothing from the power of pleasing; it is surely as reasonable to say that, on the same principles, we have innovated a little farther. We may surely plead that the unity of place and time, which was convenient and desirable on a stage open to the sky, and where changes of scene were, in a great measure, rendered impossible, is no longer necessary in playhouses of the modern form, and furnished with modern machinery. We may plead that the same imitation of nature which discarded the chorus and the mask, has induced us to adopt a less sustained and more varied tone of dialogue; and that we see no sufficient reason for denying to our poets and actors the opportunity of displaying the human character in the most moving and terrible of all situations, because Horace (of whom more anon) is alleged as disapproving the representation of death on the theatre.

But the supporters of dramatic liberty need not stop here. Not only do the French critics fail in proving that the authority of the ancients can oblige us to imitate them—they are wrong in point of *fact*, inasmuch as there are few circumstances belonging to the ancient drama at the present day more generally recognized among scholars than that the Greeks did not adhere to, and apparently knew nothing of those canons to which so confident an appeal is made.

We had occasion, some time since, in our review of Madame de Staël's Allemagne, to offer a few remarks to this effect on the conduct of the ancient theatre. At present we need only observe that the unity of place is disregarded by Sophocles in his Ajax, and Euripides in his Alcestis, inasmuch as, in the former play, the scene changes repeatedly to different parts of the Trojan plain, and, in the latter, from the gate of Admetus' house to the supper-room where Hercules is feasting. Both place and time are annihilated before the ardent muse of Æschylus; since, in his Eumenides, the scene is transferred from Delphi to Athens, while, in his Agamemnon, we are carried from the watch-tower to the place of sacrifice, and are constrained to suppose an interval between the second and third scenes sufficiently long to enable the Grecian sovereign to pass from Troy to Mycenæ. What rank among the regular dramatists Lord Byron may assign to these two great masters we do not know; but it is not easy to guess on what grounds the appellation of drama is refused to Hamlet or Othello, which would not, by a parity of reason, endanger the claim of the pieces which we have now instanced. We do not, indeed, mean to deny that, on the Grecian stage, the changes of scene were really infrequent, and we can easily understand why, in an open theatre, the poet would be

desirous to decline the employment of a clumsy and inefficient machinery. But it is enough for our purpose to have shown that, where a striking effect was to be produced, or a greater difficulty to be avoided, the Greeks, even with their scanty means of scenic deception, did not hesitate to incur this inconvenience; while neither Aristotle, who is the great authority usually appealed to, nor Horace, who had no objection to find fault with the Grecian poets as often as he detected them in a supposed error, has ever hinted that they were wrong in doing so.

Aristotle, indeed, and Horace, have both been regarded as sturdy champions not only of the unities, but of all the other fetters with which the great tragic writers of France have encumbered themselves. Yet it is hard to say on what passage of either the one or the other those rules are founded, to the observance of which so much is sacrificed. The former tells us that a dramatic fable should not be so long as to weary the memory, or to make the audience lose sight of any of that connected series of events by which the story is conducted to its catastrophe. He recommends, too, an unity of action, in words very inconsistent with that kind of underplot which is a distinctive and never-failing feature of the French tragedy.* But as far as we have been able to discover, he nowhere condemns a *change of scene*, or enjoins that all the events represented should appear to take place within the same city and the same day, though examples to the contrary were, as we have seen, not wanting in poets far too conspicuous to have been overlooked by him.

Horace, it is true, has told us that a drama is most likely to please which has neither more nor fewer acts than *five;* a rule of which the good sense is not very perceivable, and which is at variance with the threefold division of the Aristotelic tragedy, as well as with that passage of Cicero which speaks of the *third* act, as, in his time, the concluding one.† Horace, too, objects, with reason, to the exhibition of certain atrocities on the stage, which

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* Δεῖ, καθάπερ ἐπὶ τῶν σωμάτων, καὶ ἐπὶ τῶν ζώων, ἔχειν μὲν μεγεθος, τοῦτο δὲ εὐσυνοπτον εἶναι, ὅτω καὶ ἐπὶ τῶν μυθων, ἔχειν μὲν μηκος, τοῦτο δὲ εὐμνημονευτον εἶναι.—Poet. § 16.

Χρὴ τὸν μυθον, ἐπεὶ πραξεως μιμησις ἐστι, μιας τε εἶναι καὶ ταυτης ὅλης, καὶ τὰ μερη συνισταναι τῶν πραγματων οὕτως ὥστε μετατιθεμενου τινος μερους ἢ ἀφαιρουμενου, διαφερεσθαι καὶ κινεισθαι τὸ ὅλον.—Ib. § 17.

† Μερη δὲ Τραγῳδιας—Προλογος, Ἐπεισοδιον, Ἔξοδος, Χορικον.—Poet. § 24.

Ὅλον ἐστὶ τὸ ἔχον ἀρχην καὶ μεσον καὶ τελευτην.—Ib. § 16.—Illud te extremum oro et hortor, ut tanquam poetæ boni et actores industrii solent, sic tu, in extrema parte et conclusione muneris ac negotii tui diligentissimus sis; ut hic tertius annus, tanquam *tertius actus*, perfectissimus atque ornatissimus fuisse videatur.—*Cic. ad Quint.* L. i. Ep. 1.

Manutius, in his Commentary, vainly endeavours to explain away this testimony, which clearly agrees with the preceding passages of Aristotle in dividing a tragedy into three acts only. The point, however, would not be worth contesting, if it were not for the clumsy efforts made by some editors to reduce Sophocles and Euripides to the Horatian standard.

objection

objection the French critics afterwards gratuitously extended to all deaths which were not behind the scenes. But he has nowhere so much as mentioned the unity of time, and the only passage in which he can be supposed to refer to a change of scene, is directly in the teeth of those who are shocked at being transported from Thebes to Athens. So little does the opinion or the practice of antiquity bear out Lord Byron and his masters, in the sweeping sentence denounced by them against the dramatic efforts of England and Germany!

It is not, therefore, by authority, but by considerations of reason and convenience only that an adherence to the unities must be proved essential to the drama. And here we must, in the first place, request our readers to take notice, that, if these unities are necessary at all, they must be so absolutely and without relaxation. The principles on which they are supported, are as hostile to a change of scene from one chamber to another in the same house or city, or to the supposed interval of one night between the acts, (both which are practices frequent not only with Lord Byron, but with the French tragedians,) as to a change from Thebes to Athens, or the supposed interval of a week, a month, or a year, under similar circumstances. The *illusion* of which so much is spoken is dissipated (supposing it to have existed at all) in the one case as well as in the other. It would have been as easy for the spectator to fancy himself removed from Venice to Candia, as from the anti-room of the council chamber to the prison of the younger Foscari, or from the ducal palace to the remote and secret apartment of the conspirators associated with Bertuccio, since, in either case, the spectator is equally conscious that he has not stirred a single step from the bench where he was seated. And it is not more impossible to carry on our imagination through the months and years of the Winter's Tale, than to believe that six or eight hours, or even one hour can have elapsed during the ten minutes that we have been sucking oranges and listening to the fiddles of the orchestra.

Merely to '*approach* the unities,' therefore, is to do nothing, or worse than nothing. It is an abandonment of liberty without acquiring the supposed advantages of bondage. Yet this is the case with many of the tragedies of Corneille, and this is the utmost which the modesty of Lord Byron professes to have aimed at. Surely this is enough to show, that if the unities are necessary to the drama, the title of drama must be far more limited than the imposers of the rule contemplate, and that, if Macbeth or Othello is excluded, the principle, if it is worth any thing, must exclude also Cinna and the Foscari.

But, though we should abandon all such 'argumenta ad homines,'

and admit that Lord Byron and his continental masters were perfectly consistent in their principles and practice; though we should admit those principles to their fullest extent; though we should admit that probability is in some degree outraged, and scenic effect impaired by a change of the scenes, or the supposition of any considerable lapse of time during the representation of a drama, yet it must not be overlooked that an exact adherence to the unities will, on the other side, be generally productive of still greater difficulties. What absurdity can arise from the change of scene more striking that that of a conspiracy carried on, a battle fought, a king laid to sleep, and private audiences granted successively to a general in chief, a queen, and a favourite mistress; to say nothing of state secrets discussed, and kisses without end given and received, in the same great hall; which serves, during the same evening, as a banqueting room for the ladies and eunuchs of the court of Nineveh? Is the licence of the Winter's Tale itself more improbable than that arrangement, which hurries over, in a single day, the torture of the younger Foscari, his banishment, his death, his funeral, the dethronement and the death of his father? We know not how long the council of ten were usually accustomed to deliberate, but three different sittings in one forenoon would seem strange to an English cabinet; nor is it in a single and a very short sitting that we should have expected such strong measures as those of Loredano to be carried. These drafts on our credulity can hardly, indeed, be said to equal the absurd effect which the unity of place produces in Cato, or the impossible and preposterous hurry of plot which makes the Cid, in order to preserve the unity of time, fight two duels and one pitched battle, reject the offered love of the princess and win the affections of Chimene, stand a trial for his life and marry an heiress, within the compass of about twelve hours. But any one of these instances is sufficient to prove that, whatever weight may be ascribed to those objections which are brought against a disregard of the unities, the tragedian has, at most, but a choice of difficulties; and that the tragedians of the British and German and Spanish schools have chosen, after all, the less glaring improbability of the two.

But we had really supposed that the question of scenic illusion had long since been too generally and too correctly understood, to make it necessary, at this time of day, to renew its discussion. We hardly could have thought it needful to prove, that the spectator of a drama does not actually imagine himself an assistant in the Venetian senate, or a witness of the capture of Nineveh. For ourselves, we confess, we resort to the theatre to hear and see a story told in dialogue, and illustrated by dresses and scenery. We may be more *moved*, but we are not more *deceived* by what we witness there, than

than if we read the same poem in a book with prints; and the change of a scene, or a supposed interval between the scenes, produces no other effect on our minds than the turning over of a new page, or the opening of a second volume. Nor can we conceive a greater instance of the efficacy of system to blind the most acute perception, than the fact that Lord Byron, in works avowedly and exclusively intended for the closet, has piqued himself on the observance of rules, which (be their advantage on the stage what it may) are evidently, off the stage, a matter of perfect indifference. The only object of adhering to the unities is to preserve the illusion of the scene. To the reader they are obviously useless. It is true, that, in the closet, not only are their supposed advantages destroyed, but their inconveniences are also, in a great measure, neutralized: and it is true also, that poetry so splendid has often accompanied them, as to make us wholly overlook, in the blaze of greater excellencies, whatever inconveniencies result from them, either in the closet or the theatre. But even diminished difficulties are not to be needlessly courted, and though, in the strength and dexterity of the combatant, we soon lose sight of the cumberous trappings by which he has chosen to distinguish himself; yet, if those trappings are at once cumbersome and pedantic, not only will his difficulty of success be increased, but his failure, if he fails, will be rendered the more signal and ridiculous.

Marino Faliero has, we believe, been pretty generally pronounced a failure by the public voice, and we see no reason to call for a revision of their sentence. It contains, beyond all doubt, many passages of commanding eloquence and some of genuine poetry, and the scenes, more particularly, in which Lord Byron has neglected the absurd creed of his pseudo-Hellenic writers, are conceived and elaborated with great tragic effect and dexterity. But the subject is decidedly ill-chosen. In the main tissue of the plot and in all the busiest and most interesting parts of it, it is, in fact, no more than another Venice Preserved, in which the author has had to contend (nor has he contended successfully) with our recollections of a former and deservedly popular play on the same subject. And the only respect in which it differs is, that the Jaffier of Lord Byron's plot is drawn in to join the conspirators, not by the natural and intelligible motives of poverty, aggravated by the sufferings of a beloved wife, and a deep and well-grounded resentment of oppression, but by his outrageous anger for a private wrong of no very atrocious nature. The Doge of Venice, to chastize the vulgar libel of a foolish boy, attempts to overturn that republic of which he is the first and most trusted servant; to massacre all his ancient friends and fellow-soldiers, the magistracy

 and

and nobility of the land. With such a resentment as this, thus simply stated and taken singly, who ever sympathized, or who but Lord Byron would have expected in such a cause to be able to awaken sympathy? It is little to the purpose to say that this is all historically true. A thing may be true without being probable, and such a case of idiosyncrasy as is implied in a resentment so sudden and extravagant, is no more a fitting subject for the poet than an animal with two heads would be for an artist of a different description.

It is true that, when a long course of mutual bickering had preceded, when the mind of the prince had been prepared, by due degrees, to hate the oligarchy with which he was surrounded and over-ruled, and to feel or suspect, in every act of the senate, a studied and persevering design to wound and degrade him, a very slight addition of injury might make the cup of anger overflow; and the insufficient punishment of Steno (though to most men this punishment seems not unequal to the offence) might have opened the last floodgate to that torrent which had been long gathering strength from innumerable petty insults and aggressions.

It is also possible that an old man, doatingly fond of a young and beautiful wife, yet not insensible to the ridicule of such an unequal alliance, might for months or years have been tormenting himself with the suspected suspicions of his countrymen; have smarted, though convinced of his consort's purity, under the idea that others were not equally candid, and have attached, at length, the greater importance to Steno's ribaldry from apprehending this last to be no more than an overt demonstration of the secret thoughts of half the little world of Venice.

And we cannot but believe that, if the story of Faliero (unpromising as we regard it in every way of telling) had fallen into the hands of the barbarian Shakspeare, the commencement of the play would have been placed considerably earlier; that time would have been given for the gradual development of those strong lines of character which were to decide the fate of the hero, and for the working of those subtle but not instantaneous poisons which were to destroy the peace and embitter the feelings and confuse the understanding of a brave and high-minded but proud and irritable veteran.

But the misfortune is, (and it is in a great measure, as we conceive, to be ascribed to Lord Byron's passion for the unities,) that, instead of placing this accumulation of painful feelings before our eyes, even our ears are made very imperfectly acquainted with them. Of the previous encroachments of the oligarchy on the ducal power we see nothing. Nay, we only hear a very little of it, and

and that in general terms, and at the conclusion of the piece; in the form of an apology for the Doge's past conduct, not as the constant and painful feeling which we ought to have shared with him in the first instance, if we were to sympathize in his views and wish success to his enterprize. The fear that his wife might be an object of suspicion to his countrymen is, in like manner, scarcely hinted at, and no other reason for such a fear is named than that which, simply taken, could never have produced it—a libel scribbled on the back of a chair. We are, therefore, through the whole tragedy, under feelings of surprize rather than of pity or sympathy, as persons witnessing portentous events from causes apparently inadequate. We see a man become a traitor for no other visible cause (however other causes are incidentally insinuated) than a single vulgar insult which was more likely to recoil on the perpetrator than to wound the object, and we cannot pity a death incurred in such a quarrel.

Nor is it in the plot only, thus curtailed and crippled of what would have been its due proportions, that we think we can trace the injurious effects of Lord Byron's continental prejudices and his choice of injudicious models. We trace them in the uniform and unbending severity of his diction, no less than in the abruptness of his verse, which has all the harshness though not all the vigour of Alfieri, and which, instead of that richness and variety of cadence which distinguishes even the most careless of our elder dramatists, is often only distinguishable from prose by the unrelenting uniformity with which it is divided into decasyllabic portions. The sentence of the College of Justice, in the first act, was likely indeed to be prosaic; and Shakspeare and our other elder tragedians would have given it as bona fide prose, without that affectation (for which however Lord Byron has many precedents in modern times) which condemns letters, proclamations, the speeches of the vulgar, and the outcries of the rabble and the soldiery, to strut in the same precise measure with the lofty musings and dignified resentment of the powerful and the wise. But Bertuccio Faliero might as well have spoken poetry; and it might have been hoped and expected that the Doge himself, in the full flood-tide of his passion and his wrongs, should express himself in more vigorous terms than these:—

> 'I sought not, *wished* not, *dreamed* not the election,
> Which reached me first at Rome, and I obeyed,—
> But found on my arrival, that, besides
> The jealous vigilance which always led you
> To mock and mar your sovereign's best intents,
> You had, even in the interregnum of
> My journey to the capital, curtail'd

And

And mutilated the few privileges
Yet left the Duke.————' p. 130.

One source of feebleness in the foregoing passage, and it is one of frequent occurrence in all Lord Byron's plays, is his practice of ending his lines with insignificant monosyllables. '*Of*,' '*to*,' '*and*,' '*till*,' '*but*,' '*from*,' all occur in the course of a very few pages, in situations where, had the harmony or vigour of the line been consulted, the voice would have been allowed to pause, and the energy of the sentiment would have been carried to its highest tone of elevation. This we should have set down to the account of carelessness, had it not been so frequent, and had not the stiffness and labour of the author's general style almost tempted us to believe it systematic. A more inharmonious system of versification, or one more necessarily tending to weight and feebleness, could hardly have been invented.

With all these defects there is much to praise in the Doge of Venice. The soliloquy of Leoni is exquisite, and increases our regret that, with such powers of pleasing, Lord Byron has not always condescended to please. The conception of the principal character is good. The dignified tenderness of the Doge towards his young wife is very fine and impressive, and the struggle of feelings with which he undertakes the conspiracy is admirably contrasted with the ferocious eagerness of his low-born associates; and only loses its effect because we cannot but be sensible that the man who felt thus, could not have gone on with his guilty project unless stimulated by some greater and more accumulated injuries than are, in the course of the present tragedy, brought before the perception of the reader. The Duchess is formal and cold, without even that degree of love for her old husband which a child might have for her parent, or a pupil for her instructor. Even in her longest and best speech, at the most touching moment of the catastrophe, she can moralize, in a strain of pedantry less natural to a woman than to any other person similarly circumstanced, on lions stung by gnats, Achilles, Helen, Lucretia, the siege of Clusium, Caligula, Caaba and Persepolis! The lines to which we allude are fine in themselves, indeed, and if they had been spoken by Benintende as a funeral oration over the duke's body, or, still more perhaps, if they had been spoken by the duke's counsel on his trial, they would have been perfectly in place and character. But that is not the highest order of female intellect which is disposed to be long-winded in distress; nor does any one, either male or female, who is really and deeply affected, find time for wise saws and instances ancient and modern.

It must be owned, however, that the Duke himself bears his calamities

calamities with a patience which would be more heroic if it were less wordy. It is possible, that a condemned man might recollect his quarrel with the Bishop of Treviso and the evil omen which accompanied his solemn landing at Venice. But there are not many condemned men who, during a last and stinted interview with a beloved wife, would have employed so much time in relating anecdotes of themselves, and we should least of all expect it in one whose fiery character would have induced him to hurry forward to his end. The same objection applies to his prophecy of the future miseries of Venice. Its language and imagery are, doubtless, extremely powerful and impressive; but we cannot allow that it is either dramatic or characteristic. A prophecy (which we know to be ex post facto) is, under any circumstances, one of the cheapest and least artificial of poetic machines. But under such circumstances as the present no audience could have endured so long a speech without disgust and weariness; and Marino Faliero was most likely to have met his death like our own Sydney.

> 'With no harangue idly proclaim'd aloud
> To catch the worthless plaudit of the crowd;
> No feeble boast, death's terrors to defy,
> Yet still delaying, as afraid to die!'

His last speech to the executioner would, probably, have been his only one.

> 'Slave, do thine office!
> Strike as I struck the foe! strike as I would
> Have struck those tyrants! strike deep as my curse!
> Strike, and but once.'

On the whole the Doge of Venice is the effect of a powerful and cultivated mind. It has all the requisites of tragedy, sublimity, terror and pathos—all but that without which the rest are unavailing, interest! With many detached passages which neither derogate from Lord Byron's former fame, nor would have derogated from the reputation of our best ancient tragedians, it is, as a whole, neither sustained nor impressive. The poet, except in the soliloquy of Leoni, scarcely ever seems to have written with his own thorough good liking. He may be suspected throughout to have had in his eye some other model than nature; and we rise from his work with the same feeling as if we had been reading a translation. For this want of interest the subject itself is doubtless in some measure to blame, though, if the same subject had been differently treated, we are inclined to believe a very different effect would have been produced. But for the constraint and stiffness of the poetry, we have nothing to blame but the apparent resolution of its author to set (at whatever risk) an example of classical correctness to his uncivilized countrymen,

countrymen, and rather to forego success than to succeed after the manner of Shakspeare.

In Sardanapalus he has been far more fortunate, inasmuch as his subject is one eminently adapted not only to tragedy in general, but to that peculiar kind of tragedy which Lord Byron is anxious to recommend. The history of the last of the Assyrian kings is at once sufficiently well-known to awaken that previous interest which belongs to illustrious names and early associations; and sufficiently remote and obscure to admit of any modification of incident or character which a poet may find convenient. All that we know of Nineveh and its sovereigns is majestic, indistinct, and mysterious. We read of an extensive and civilized monarchy erected in the ages immediately succeeding the deluge, and existing in full might and majesty while the shores of Greece and Italy were unoccupied, except by roving savages. We read of an empire whose influence extended from Samarcand to Troy, and from the mountains of Judah to those of Caucasus, subverted, after a continuance of thirteen hundred years, and a dynasty of thirty generations, in an almost incredibly short space of time, less by the revolt of two provinces than by the anger of Heaven and the predicted fury of natural and inanimate agents. And the influence which both the conquests and the misfortunes of Assyria appear to have exerted over the fates of the people for whom, of all others in ancient history, our strongest feelings are (from religious motives) interested, throws a sort of sacred pomp over the greatness and the crimes of the descendants of Nimrod, and a reverence which no other equally remote portion of profane history is likely to obtain with us. At the same time all which we know is so brief, so general, and so disjointed, that we have few of those preconceived notions of the persons and facts represented which in classical dramas, if servilely followed, destroy the interest, and if rashly departed from, offend the prejudices of the reader or the auditor. An outline is given of the most majestic kind; but it is an outline only, which the poet may fill up at pleasure; and in ascribing, as Lord Byron has done for the sake of his favourite unities, the destruction of the Assyrian empire to the treason of one night, instead of the war of several years, he has neither shocked our better knowledge, nor incurred any conspicuous improbability.

It is, indeed, a distinction which those who, for whatever reason, adhere to what is called the classical model of tragedy, will always find their interest in recollecting, that the subjects which suffer least by the fetters of rule are those where the catastrophe is occasioned by external causes only; by the wrath of the gods, the decrees of fate, the violence of a tyrant, or an overwhelming enemy; reverses or dangers in which the hero is not so much the agent

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as the patient, and which, though undoubtedly borne differently by different characters, yet happen alike to all men, and are neither accelerated nor retarded by any peculiarities in the person who is the principal object of the drama. Thus the dissipation and effeminacy of Sardanapalus (however they may be alluded to as the original cause of the revolt) in no way, throughout the drama now before us, can be said to accelerate his end, or materially to influence his fortunes. He is offered to our attention as a young king, fighting gallantly in his first battle, erring (if he errs) from excess of courage, not of carelessness, and overpowered by irresistible violence and treachery. The peculiarities of his character are, so far as the plot is concerned, incidental and ornamental only, and if Cyrus or Charles the Twelfth had been thrown into similar difficulties, it is apparent that either of those hardy and martial monarchs would have fallen like the silken prince of Nineveh. Of this kind, in fact, is the distress of almost all the Grecian tragedies, and of by far the greater part of those which the great poets of France have founded on classical subjects. In these, the interest is excited by the representation of some single awful calamity, and by those traits of character merely which any single dispensation of Providence may, at once, and in the moment of suffering or deliverance, elicit in different individuals. In these an observance of the unities can only so far destroy the interest of the play as it embarrasses the probability of the action.

But in Hamlet, in Othello, in Richard, and (as we have just had occasion to point out) in Lord Byron's Faliero, where the hero is made to shape out his own fortunes by some peculiarity of temper or character, some internal vengeance or ambition which actuates his whole soul, and drives him onward to success or ruin, we require something more than a single interview to understand him thoroughly. We desire to see the gradual workings of the principle which is to produce effects so important; we call for admission to his privacies, and for that successive development of his plans or his feelings, which only, in real life, can enable us to sympathize with either. And unless Lord Byron will make up his mind to confine himself to dramas of incident, he will, we are persuaded, ere long, discover the necessity of copying the irregularities (if he will call them so) as well as the beauties of the English school, and of becoming, after the example of Shakspeare, a barbarian among barbarians.

Still, however, though the development of Sardanapalus's character is incidental only to the plot of Lord Byron's drama, and though the unities have confined his picture within far narrower limits than he might otherwise have thought advisable, the character is admirably sketched; nor is there any one of the portraits of

of this great master which gives us a more favourable opinion of his talents, his force of conception, his delicacy and vigour of touch, or the richness and harmony of his colouring. He had, indeed, no unfavourable groundwork, even in the few hints supplied by the ancient historians, as to the conduct and history of the last and most unfortunate of the line of Belus. Though accused, (whether truly or falsely,) by his triumphant enemies, of the most revolting vices and an effeminacy even beyond what might be expected from the last dregs of Asiatic despotism, we find Sardanapalus, when roused by the approach of danger, conducting his armies with a courage, a skill, and, for some time at least, with a success not inferior to those of his most warlike ancestors. We find him retaining to the last the fidelity of his most trusted servants, his nearest kindred, and no small proportion of his hardiest subjects. We see him providing for the safety of his wife, his children, and his capital city, with all the calmness and prudence of an experienced captain. We see him at length subdued, not by man, but by Heaven and the elements, and seeking his death with a mixture of heroism and ferocity which little accords with our notions of a weak or utterly degraded character. And even the strange story variously told, and without further explanation scarcely intelligible, which represents him as building (or fortifying) two cities in a single day, and then deforming his exploits with an indecent image and inscription, would seem to imply a mixture of energy with his folly not impossible, perhaps, to the madness of absolute power, and which may lead us to impute his fall less to weakness than to an injudicious and ostentatious contempt of the opinions and prejudices of mankind. Such a character, luxurious, energetic, misanthropical, affords, beyond a doubt, no common advantages to the work of poetic delineation; and it is precisely the character which Lord Byron most delights to draw, and which he has succeeded best in drawing.

Accordingly his Sardanapalus is pretty nearly such a person as the Sardanapalus of history may be supposed to have been, making due allowance for the calumnies to which an unfortunate prince is liable from his revolted subjects. Young, thoughtless, spoiled by flattery and unbounded self-indulgence, but with a temper naturally amiable, and abilities of a superior order, he affects to undervalue the sanguinary renown of his ancestors as an excuse for inattention to the most necessary duties of his rank; and flatters himself, while he is indulging his own sloth, that he is making his people happy. Yet, even in his fondness for pleasure, there lurks a love of contradiction. It is because he is schooled by Salamenes and his queen that he runs with more eagerness to dissipation: and he enjoys his follies the more from a sense of the witty and eloquent sophistry with

with which he is able to defend them. He feels that his character is under-rated; he suspects that he is himself the cause of this degradation; but he is elevated by the knowledge that he understands himself better than those around him. He has been so gorged with flattery that he rates it at its true value; yet his social hours are passed with flatterers, and he is not displeased with flattery the wildest and most impious, because he derives a satisfaction from knowing that he is not deceived by it.

The same peculiarity runs throughout his character. He forgives the disaffected satraps, though internally convinced of their guilt, with a frankness which would have been generosity, if it were not that he is too indolent to inquire, and too proud to condemn them on the mere authority of Salamenes. He professes to have slighted his queen for no other reason than because his love was there a duty; and even his passion for Myrrha is a feeling of superiority and possession, not of admiration and service. It is made up of kisses and compliments. He keeps her by him as a child does a plaything, and is interested and amused by her eloquence, her courage, and her powerful understanding, as with a plaything more singular and attractive than any he has enjoyed before. But he mocks her touching piety; he rallies her just apprehensions and manly counsels; he is less unwilling than he ought to be to admit her as a sharer in his funeral pile; he speaks of her as 'a slave who loves from passion,' and he, perhaps, speaks the truth when he says that he should love her more if she were something less heroic.

With all this, sufficient elevation of courage and sentiment is mingled to prove the natural strength of his mind, and just sufficient warmth of feeling to evince his natural kindliness of disposition. Though he shrinks from the ordinary exertions of a sovereign, he feels a delightful stimulus in the novelty and dignity of danger. With Salamenes, with his soldiers, with the herald of the rebel host, his demeanour is magnanimous and kingly. Except in the too great eagerness which prompts his nocturnal sally, he discharges, with coolness and ability, the duties not only of a warrior but a general. He exults, when alone and expecting the fatal torch, in that ancestry which he had before affected to despise, but whose martial fame his own end is not to detract from—and in his interview with Zarina; in his expressions of tenderness by the dead body of his brother-in-law, and when receiving the last homage of his faithful guard, he betrays in a natural and touching manner the knowledge that his estimate of life and of mankind has been wrong, and abundantly redeems himself from that contempt to which an unqualified selfishness would have consigned him.

Yet, of the whole picture, selfishness is the prevailing feature—selfishness admirably drawn indeed; apologized for by every palliating

ating circumstance of education and habit, and clothed in the brightest colours of which it is susceptible from youth, talents, and placability. But it is selfishness still, and we should have been tempted to quarrel with the art which made vice and frivolity thus amiable, if Lord Byron had not at the same time pointed out with much skill the bitterness and weariness of spirit which inevitably wait on such a character; and if he had not given a fine contrast to the picture in the accompanying portraits of Salamenes and of Myrrha.

Salamenes is the direct opposite to selfishness; and the character, though slightly sketched, displays little less ability than that which we have just been reviewing. He is a stern, loyal, plain-spoken soldier and subject; clear-sighted, just and honourable in his ultimate views, though not more punctilious about the means of obtaining them than might be expected from a respectable satrap of ancient Nineveh, or a respectable vizier of the modern Turkish empire. To his king, in spite of personal neglect and family injuries, he is, throughout, pertinaciously attached and punctiliously faithful. To the king's rebels he is inclined to be severe, bloody, and even treacherous—an imperfection, however, in his character, to want which would, in his situation, be almost unnatural, and which is skilfully introduced as a contrast to the instinctive perception of virtue and honour which flashes out from the indolence of his master. Of the satrap, however, the faults as well as the virtues are alike the offspring of disinterested loyalty and patriotism. It is for his country and his king that he is patient of injury; for them that he is valiant; for them cruel. He has no ambition of personal power, no thirst of individual fame. In battle and in victory 'Assyria!' is his only war-cry. When he sends off the queen and princes, he is less anxious for his nephews and sister than for the preservation of the line of Nimrod; and in his last moments it is the supposed flight of his sovereign which alone distresses and overcomes him.

Myrrha is a female Salamenes, in whom, with admirable skill, attachment to the individual Sardanapalus is substituted for the gallant soldier's loyalty to the descendant of kings; and whose energy of expostulation, no less than the natural high tone of her talents, her courage, and her Grecian pride, is softened into a subdued and winning tenderness by the constant and painful recollection of her abasement as a slave in the royal haram; and still more by the lowliness of perfect womanly love in the presence of and towards the object of her passion. No character can be drawn more natural than her's; few ever have been drawn more touching and amiable. Of course she is not, nor could be, a Jewish or a Christian heroine; but she is a model of Grecian piety and nobility of spirit, and she

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is one whom a purer faith would have raised to the level of a Rebecca or a Miriam.

With such leading personages as these, it may be well expected that Lord Byron has given a drama of no common force and beauty; and, in fact, though there are some obvious reasons which render it unfit for the English stage, we regard it as, on the whole, the most splendid specimen which our language affords of that species of tragedy which the author admires so greatly on the Parisian theatres. It has, indeed, more force, more vivacity, and more interest than is possessed in general by the continental drama; and while it is less stiff and rigid than Alfieri, it frequently reminds us of some of his noblest productions. There are some instances, indeed, in which, as we think, notwithstanding our late admission, his beloved unities have cramped his powers, and where he has lost something of effect by a needless departure from the historical outline of Diodorus. Even in respect of plot, however, Sardanapalus deserves considerable praise.

The commencement of the drama is placed at the time when Beleses, high priest of Baal and governor of Babylonia, and Arbaces, governor of Media, have matured their conspiracy for seizing on the palace, and erecting a new dynasty on the ruins of the line of Nimrod. The king's brother-in-law, the brave and virtuous Salamenes, is introduced lamenting over his sovereign's blindness and degradation, and at the same time expressing his conviction, that, under that sloth and folly, qualities are concealed which might have made him, and yet may make him, safe and illustrious.

He is interrupted by the king, who enters effeminately dressed, attended by a train of women and young slaves, whom he dismisses, with the exception of Myrrha, till the hour of a banquet appointed in a summer-house on the Euphrates.* Myrrha, too, retires abashed at the stern reproofs of Salamenes, who proceeds to school his monarch, in language full of weight and gravity, for his sloth and neglect of his own renown; and is answered by Sardanapalus, sometimes with the irritability of one little used to advice; sometimes in a strain of witty sophistry expressive of his contempt for the popular voice, which only clamoured because his reign was too peaceful; and, at length, when he has worked himself by degrees into indignation against his nation's ingratitude, with the vaunt that, if roused, he had that in him which would make them regret the days of his inoffensive luxury.

* We hardly know why Lord Byron, who has not in other respects shown a slavish deference to Diodorus Siculus, should thus follow him in the manifest geographical blunder of placing Nineveh on the *Euphrates* instead of the *Tigris*, in opposition not only to the uniform tradition of the east, but to the express assertions of Herodotus, Pliny, and Ptolemy.

 Salamenes,

Salamenes, who appears (by what means is not explained) to have procured intelligence of the designs of the conspirators, at length departs (having obtained the royal signet and sanction to act as he thinks proper) to arrest Arbaces and Beleses.

Myrrha re-enters, and a beautiful dialogue ensues, in which the king, in perfect conformity with *his* character, displays his ignorance of *her's*, even while most enslaved by her beauty; and expresses surprize at her echoing the advice, and enforcing the caution, of that Salamenes who had so lately made her 'blush and weep.' He at length grows angry. What follows is very beautiful.

'MYRRHA.

Frown not upon me: you have smiled
Too often on me not to make those frowns
Bitterer to bear than any punishment
Which they may augur.—King, I am your subject!
Master, I am your slave! Man, I have loved you!—
Loved you, I know not by what fatal weakness,
Although a Greek, and born a foe to monarchs—
A slave, and hating fetters—an Ionian,
And, therefore, when I love a stranger, more
Degraded by that passion than by chains!
Still I have loved you. If that love were strong
Enough to overcome all former nature,
Shall it not claim the privilege to save you?

SARDANAPALUS.

Save me, my beauty! Thou art very fair,
And what I seek of thee is love—not safety.

MYRRHA.

And without love where dwells security?

SARDANAPALUS.

I speak of woman's love.

MYRRHA.

The very first
Of human life must spring from woman's breast,
Your first small words are taught you from her lips,
Your first tears quench'd by her, and your last sighs
Too often breathed out in a woman's hearing,
When men have shrunk from the ignoble care
Of watching the last hour of him who led them.

SARDANAPALUS.

My eloquent Ionian! thou speak'st music,
The very chorus of the tragic song
I have heard thee talk of as the favourite pastime
Of thy far father-land. Nay, weep not—calm thee.

MYRRHA.

I weep not.—But I pray thee, do not speak
About my fathers or their land.

SARDANAPALUS.

SARDANAPALUS.

Yet oft

Thou speakest of them.

MYRRHA.

True—true: constant thought
Will overflow in words unconsciously;
But when another speaks of Greece, it wounds me.'

She at length persuades him to give up the intended banquet on the Euphrates, but he remains resolute to have a fête within the walls of his palace; and the act concludes with a very splendid speech of Myrrha, which, by a strange misprint, and to the grievous wounding of the head of poor old Priscian, she is made to utter '*solus.*'

The second act is, we conceive, a failure. The conspirators have a tedious dialogue, which is interrupted by Salamenes with a guard. Salamenes is followed by the king, who reverses all his measures, pardons Arbaces because he will not believe him guilty, and Beleses in order to escape from his long speeches about the national religion. This incident only is well managed. Arbaces is a mere common-place warrior, and Beleses, on whom, we suspect, Lord Byron has bestowed more than usual pains, is a very ordinary and uninteresting villain. Sardanapalus, indeed, and Salamenes, are both made to speak of the wily Chaldean as the master-mover of the plot, as a politician in whose hands Arbaces is but a 'warlike puppet;' and Diodorus Siculus has represented him, in fact, as the first instigator of Arbaces to his treason, and as making use of his priestly character, and his supposed power of foretelling future events, to inflame the ambition, to direct the measures, to sustain the hopes, and to reprove the despondency of his comrade. But of all this nothing appears in the tragedy. Lord Byron has been so anxious to show his own contempt for the priest, that he has not even allowed him that share of cunning and evil influence which was necessary for the part which he had to fill. Instead of being the original, the restless and unceasing prompter to bold and wicked measures, we find him, on his first appearance, hanging back from the enterprize, and chilling the energy of Arbaces by an enumeration of the real or possible difficulties which might yet impede its execution. Instead of exercising that power over the mind of his comrade which a religious impostor may well possess over better and more magnanimous souls than his own, Beleses is made to pour his predictions into incredulous ears, and Arbaces is as mere an epicurean in his creed as Sardanapalus. When we might have expected to find him gazing with hope and reverence on the star which the Chaldean points out as his natal planet, the Median warrior speaks, in the language of Mezentius, of the sword on which

his confidence depends, and instead of being a tool in the hand of the pontiff, he says almost every thing which is likely to affront him. Though Beleses is introduced to us as engaged in devotion, and as a fervent worshipper of the Sun, he is no where made either to feel or to counterfeit that *professional* zeal against Sardanapalus which his open contempt of the gods would naturally call for; and no reason appears throughout the play why Arbaces should follow, against his own conscience and opinion, the counsels of a man of whom he speaks with dislike and disgust, and whose pretences to inspiration and sanctity he treats with unmingled ridicule. But we must not lose the thread of the fable. Sardanapalus, though he grants the conspirators their lives, is induced by Salamenes to banish them to their respective satrapies, and by the offence and suspicion which this half-measure inspires, as well as by the insinuations and persuasions of Beleses, Arbaces is confirmed in that treason out of which he had nearly been shamed by the recent mercy of his sovereign.

In the next act Sardanapalus and his courtiers are disturbed at their banquet by the breaking out of the conspiracy. The battle which follows, if we overlook the absurdity, which occurs during one part of it, of hostile armies drawn up against each other in a dining-room, is extremely well told, and Sardanapalus displays the precise mixture of effeminacy and courage, levity and talent which belongs to his character.

'SARDANAPALUS *(arming himself).*
Give me the cuirass—so: my baldric; now
My sword: I had forgot the helm, where is it?
That's well—no, 'tis too heavy: you mistake, too—
It was not this I meant, but that which bears
A diadem around it.

SFERO.
Sire, I deem'd
That too conspicuous from the precious stones
To risk your sacred brow beneath—and, trust me,
This is of better metal though less rich.

SARDANAPALUS.
You deem'd! Are you too turn'd a rebel? Fellow!
Your part is to obey: return, and—no—
It is too late—I will go forth without it.

SFERO.
At least wear this.

SARDANAPALUS.
Wear Caucasus! why, 'tis
A mountain on my temples.

SFERO.
Sire, the meanest
Soldier goes not forth thus exposed to battle.

All

All men will recognize you—for the storm
Has ceased, and the moon breaks forth in her brightness.

SARDANAPALUS.

I go forth to be recognized, and thus
Shall be so sooner. Now—my spear! I'm arm'd.
[*In going stops short, and turns to* SFERO.
Sfero—I had forgotten—bring the mirror.

SFERO.

The mirror, sire?

SARDANAPALUS.

Yes, sir, of polish'd brass,
Brought from the spoils of India—but be speedy.

* * * * * * * * *

This cuirass fits me well, the baldric better,
And the helm not at all. Methinks, I seem
[*Flings away the helmet after trying it again.*
Passing well in these toys, and now to prove them!'—p. 90.

The rebels are at length repulsed. The King re-enters wounded, and retires to rest, after a short and very characteristic conversation between Salamenes and Myrrha, in which the two kindred spirits show their mutual understanding of each other, and the loyal warrior, postponing all the selfish domestic feelings which led him to dislike the fair Ionian, exhorts her to use her utmost power to keep her lover from relaxing into luxury. The transient effect which their whispers produce on Sardanapalus is well imagined.

'SARDANAPALUS.

Myrrha! what at whispers
With my stern brother? I shall soon be jealous.

MYRRHA (*smiling*).

You have cause, sire; for on the earth there breathes not
A man more worthy of a woman's love—
A soldier's trust—a subject's reverence—
A king's esteem—the whole world's admiration!

SARDANAPALUS.

Praise him, but not so warmly. I must not
Hear those sweet lips grow eloquent in aught
That throws me into shade; yet you speak truth.

MYRRHA.

And now retire, to have your wound look'd to.
Pray, lean on me.

SARDANAPALUS.

Yes, love! but not from pain.'—p. 105.

The fourth act opens with Myrrha watching over the slumbers of Sardanapalus. He wakens and tells a horrid dream, which we do not much admire, except that part of it which describes the form of his warlike ancestress Semiramis, with whom, and the rest

of his regal predecessors, he had fancied himself at a ghostly banquet.

> 'In thy own chair—thy own place in the banquet—
> I sought thy sweet face in the circle—but
> Instead—a grey-hair'd, wither'd, bloody-eyed,
> And bloody-handed, ghastly, ghostly thing,
> Female in garb, and crown'd upon the brow,
> Furrow'd with years, yet sneering with the passion
> Of vengeance, leering too with that of lust,
> Sate:—my veins curdled.
>
> MYRRHA.
>
> Is this all?
>
> SARDANAPALUS.
>
> Upon
> Her right hand—her lank, bird-like right hand—stood
> A goblet, bubbling o'er with blood; and on
> Her left, another, fill'd with—what I saw not,
> But turn'd from it and her.'—p. 111.

The scene which follows has been, we know not why, called 'useless,' 'unnatural,' and 'tediously written.' For ourselves, we are not ashamed to own that we have read it with emotion. It is an interview between Sardanapalus and his neglected wife, whom, with her children, he is about to send to a place of safety. Here, too, however, he is represented, with much poetical art and justice of delineation, as, in the midst of his deepest regrets for Zarina, chiefly engrossed with himself and his own sorrows, and inclined, immediately afterwards, to visit on poor Myrrha the painful feelings which his own reproaches of himself have occasioned.

In the remainder of the play, Lord Byron pretty closely follows Diodorus Siculus. Salamenes is killed. The rebels receive fresh strength from the junction of the satrap of Susa. A part of the city wall is thrown down by an inundation of the river. Sardanapalus causes a funeral pile to be built, then sends off his remaining soldiers loaded with the treasures of his ancestors; and with orders when they are safe, to give the signal with a trumpet. At that signal he ascends the pile. His faithful Myrrha applies the torch, and the curtain falls as she springs forward to throw herself into the flames. We have only room for the king's lamentation over the body of his valiant brother-in-law.

> 'Oh, my brother! I would give
> These realms, of which thou wert the ornament,
> The sword and shield, the sole-redeeming honour,
> To call back——But I will not weep for thee;
> Thou shalt be mourn'd for as thou wouldst be mourn'd.
> It grieves me most that thou couldst quit this life
> Believing that I could survive what thou

Hast

Hast died for—our long royalty of race.
If I redeem it, I will give thee blood
Of thousands, tears of millions, for atonement,
(The tears of all the good are thine already).
If not, we meet again soon, if the spirit
Within us lives beyond:—thou readest mine,
And dost me justice now. Let me once clasp
That yet warm hand, and fold that throbless heart
[*Embraces the body.*
To this which beats so bitterly. Now, bear
The body hence.

SOLDIER.

Where?

SARDANAPALUS.

To my proper chamber.
Place it beneath my canopy, as though
The king lay there: when this is done, we will
Speak further of the rites due to such ashes.'—p. 147.

There are some inconsistencies and anachronisms in this play, which, though of no great consequence in themselves, it is a part of our business to mention. Sardanapalus, in his dying speech, is made to boast that the monument of renown which he should leave behind would be more glorious and more lasting than Egypt

'Hath piled in her brick mountains, o'er dead kings
Or *kine*, for none know whether those proud piles
Be for their monarchs or their ox-god Apis:
So much for monuments that have forgotten
Their very record——'! p. 166.

These lines are in bad taste enough, from the jingle between *kings* and *kine*, down to the absurdity of believing that Sardanapalus at such a moment would be likely to discuss a point of antiquarian curiosity. But they involve also an anachronism, inasmuch as, whatever date be assigned to the erection of the earlier pyramids, there can be no reason for apprehending that, at the fall of Nineveh, and while the kingdom and hierarchy of Egypt subsisted in their full splendour, the destination of those immense fabrics could have been a matter of doubt to any who might inquire concerning them. Herodotus, 300 years later, may have been misinformed on these points; but, when Sardanapalus lived, the erection of pyramids must, in all probability, have not been still of unfrequent occurrence, and the nature of their contents no subject of mistake or mystery.

A similar inaccuracy occurs at p. 33. where (two hundred years before Thespis) 'the tragic song' is spoken of as the favourite pastime of Greece. Nor could Myrrha, at so early a period of

her country's history, have spoken of their national hatred of kings, or of that which was equally the growth of a later age, their contempt for 'barbarians.' We are not sure, indeed, whether there is not a considerable violation of costume in the sense of degradation with which she seems to regard her situation in the haram, no less than in the resentment of Salamenes, and the remorse of Sardanapalus on the score of his infidelity to Zarina. Little as we know of the domestic habits of Assyria, we have reason to conclude, from the habits of contemporary nations, and from the manners of the East in every age, that polygamy was neither accounted a crime in itself, nor as a measure of which the principal wife was justified in complaining. And even in Greece, in those times when Myrrha's character must have been formed,—to be a captive and subject to the captor's pleasure, was accounted a misfortune indeed, but could hardly be regarded as an infamy. But where is the critic who would object to an inaccuracy which has given occasion to such sentiments and to such poetry?

There is one passage, however, which calls for a severer censure, inasmuch as it involves a point of morals as well as historical correctness. The general tone of Myrrha's character (in perfect consistency with the manners of her age and nation, and with her own elevated but pure and feminine spirit) is that of a devout worshipper of her country's gods. She reproves, with dignity, the impious flattery of the Assyrian courtiers and the libertine scoffs of the King. She does not forget, while preparing for death, that libation which was the latest and most solemn act of Grecian piety; and she, more particularly, expresses, at p. 89, her belief in a future state of existence. Yet this very Myrrha, when Sardanapalus is agitated by his evil dream and by the natural doubt as to what worse visions death may bring, is made to console him, in the strain of his own Epicurean philosophy, with the doctrine that death is really nothing, except

> 'Unto the timid who anticipate
> That which may never be,'

and with the insinuation that all which remains of 'the dead is the dust we tread upon.' We do not wish to ask, we do not like to conjecture, *whose* sentiments these are, but they are certainly not the sentiments of an ancient Grecian heroine. They are not the sentiments which Myrrha might have learned from the heroes of her native land, or from the poems whence those heroes derived their heroism, their contempt of death, 'and their love of virtue.' Myrrha would rather have told her lover of those happy islands where the benevolent and the brave reposed after the toils of their mortal existence; of that venerable society of departed warriors and

sages

sages to which, if he renounced his sloth and lived for his people and for glory, he might yet expect admission. She would have told him of that joy with which his warlike ancestors would move along their meads of asphodel, when the news reached them of their descendant's prowess; she would have anticipated those songs which denied that 'Harmodius was dead,' however he might be removed from the sphere of mortality; which told her countrymen of the 'roses and the golden-fruited bowers, where, beneath the light of a lower sun, departed warriors reined their shadowy cars, or struck their harps amid altars steaming with frankincense.'* Such were the doctrines which naturally led men to a contempt for life and a thirst for glory: but the opposite opinions were the doubts of a later day; and of those sophists under whose influence Greece soon ceased to be free, or valiant, or virtuous.

For the 'Two Foscari' we have little room to spare, and, in truth, it hardly calls for much examination. The character of Loredano is well conceived, and truly tragic. The deep and settled principle of hatred which animates him, and which impels him to the commission of the most atrocious cruelties, may seem, at first, unnatural and overstrained. But not only is it historically true; but, when the cause of that hatred, (the supposed murder of his father and uncles,) and when the atrocious maxims of Italian revenge, and that habitual contempt of all the milder feelings are taken into consideration which constituted the glory of a Venetian patriot, we may conceive how such a principle might be not only avowed but exulted in by a Venetian who regarded the house of Foscari as, at once, the enemies of his family and his country.

Nor is even this 'iron man' represented as devoid of some compunctious and human feelings, which prevent that entire disgust and disbelief which a mere personification of malice has produced in us. He abandons his settled purpose of racking the younger Foscari till confession of guilt should be wrung from him. He himself interferes to procure for him the society of Marina in his exile; while, in his visit to the dungeon, his cold, abrupt offer of assistance, and even the concluding words with which he declares, over the old Doge's body, his debt of natural vengeance paid, evince a movement of remorse, and an effort at self-justification which proves that the heart within is not altogether at its ease.

But Loredano is the only personage above mediocrity. The remaining characters are all unnatural or feeble. Barbarigo is as tame and insignificant a 'confidant,' as ever swept after the train of his principal over the Parisian stage. Marina is little better

* Hom. Odyss. λ. 539.—Callistratus ap. Athenæum, l. xv.—Pindar. Fragm. Heyne, Vol. iii. p. 31.

than

Into their green and glassy gulphs, and making
My way to shells and sea-weed, all unseen
By those above, till they wax'd fearful; then
Returning with my grasp full of such tokens
As show'd that I had search'd the deep: exulting,
With a far-dashing stroke, and drawing deep
The long-suspended breath, again I spurn'd
The foam which broke around me, and pursued
My track like a sea-bird.—I was a boy then.

GUARD.

Be a man now: there never was more need
Of manhood's strength.

JACOPO FOSCARI *(looking from the lattice.)*

My beautiful, my own,
My only Venice—*this is breath!* Thy breeze,
Thine Adrian sea-breeze, how it fans my face!
Thy very winds feel native to my veins,
And cool them into calmness! How unlike
The hot gales of the horrid Cyclades,
Which howl'd about my Candiote dungeon, and
Made my heart sick.'—pp. 186, 187.

There is also great dignity and beauty in the language of Marina, when she will not believe that her lord can be so far overcome by the rack as to utter an unseemly cry.

'SENATOR.

Wouldst thou
Have him bear more than mortal pain, in silence?

MARINA.

We all must bear our tortures. I have not
Left barren the great house of Foscari,
Though they sweep both the Doge and son from life;
I have endured as much in giving life
To those who will succeed them, as they can
In leaving it: but mine were joyful pangs;
And yet they wrung me till I *could* have shriek'd,
But did not, for my hope was to bring forth
Heroes, and would not welcome them with tears.'—p. 194.

The drama of 'Cain,' Lord Byron himself has thought proper to call a 'Mystery,'—the name which, as is well known, was given in our own country, before the reformation, to those scenic representations of the mysterious events of our religion, which, indecent and unedifying as they seem to ourselves, were, perhaps, the principal means by which a knowledge of those events was conveyed to our rude and uninstructed ancestors. But, except in the topics on which it is employed, Lord Byron's Mystery has no resemblance to those which it claims as its prototypes. These last, however absurd and indecorous in their execution, were, at least, intended reverently.

reverently. The composition now before us, is, unhappily, already too famous for its contrary character; a character to which we fear it is, in no small degree, indebted for the celebrity which it has attained, and which, though it certainly is marked with much of Lord Byron's peculiar talent, its inherent merits would hardly have secured for it. Of this our readers will judge from the following sketch of the plot, and from some of the finest and least offensive specimens which we have been able to select of the poetry and the argument.

The drama opens with a hymn of very little merit, addressed by Adam and his family (with the exception of Cain) to the Almighty. Lord Byron has told us, in his preface, with some portion we think of that same feeling, certainly not of English growth, which leads him to refuse to Shakspeare the name of a dramatic poet, that he 'has not read Milton since he was twenty.' From the opening lines of his poem we are not indisposed to believe him. Cain, however, is now introduced,—refusing to ask any thing of God, or to thank him for all which he has received at his hands; alleging that the boon of existence which is embittered by toil and shortly to be cancelled by death, is not worth a prayer or a thanksgiving. After a little feeble expostulation, the pious family leave him to his gloomy thoughts, which are interrupted by the approach of Lucifer.

A long dialogue ensues, in which the tempter tells Cain (who is thus far supposed to be ignorant of the fact) that the soul is immortal, and that 'souls who dare use their immortality', are condemned by God to be wretched everlastingly. This sentiment, which is the pervading *moral* (if we may call it so) of the play, is thus developed, in some lines, which, for this reason only, we give without abridgement.

> 'Souls who dare use their immortality—
> Souls who dare look the Omnipotent tyrant in
> His everlasting face, and tell him, that
> His evil is not good! If he has made,
> As he saith—which I know not, nor believe—
> But, if he made us—he cannot unmake:
> We are immortal!—nay, he'd *have* us so,
> That he may torture:—let him! He is great—
> But, in his greatness, is no happier than
> We in our conflict! Goodness would not make
> Evil; and what else hath he made? But let him
> Sit on his vast and solitary throne,
> Creating worlds, to make eternity
> Less burthensome to his immense existence
> And unparticipated solitude!
> Let him crowd orb on orb: he is alone
> Indefinite, indissoluble tyrant!

Could

Could he but crush himself, 'twere the best boon
He ever granted: but let him reign on,
And multiply himself in misery!
Spirits and men, at least we sympathise;
And, suffering in concert, make our pangs,
Innumerable, more endurable,
By the unbounded sympathy of all—
With all! But *He!* so wretched in his height,
So restless in his wretchedness, must still
Create, and re-create——' pp. 349, 350.

Cain persists in his inquiries as to the nature of death.—The demon promises to gratify him, on condition that he becomes his servant. Cain replies that he has never worshipped even his father's God, and is answered,

'He who bows not to him, has bow'd to me,—
Thou art my worshipper; not worshipping
Him makes thee mine the same!'

Cain, however, has already promised his wife Adah to gather some first-fruits for a sacrifice; and Adah entering is awed and terrified by the appearance of the unknown and gloomy angel, and endeavours to persuade her husband to contentment, patience and piety. Here, as in Manfred, Lord Byron has thought proper to introduce some hints on the subject of incest, to answer which would occupy more space than we can spare, and which indeed can hardly be said to need an answer; and the act concludes with the departure of Cain, under the guidance of his new monitor, to see the place of departed spirits. Their flight, in the next, across the abyss of space, and amid the unnumbered suns and systems which it comprizes, is very fine.

'CAIN.
Oh, thou beautiful
And unimaginable ether! and
Ye multiplying masses of increased
And still-increasing lights! what are ye? what
Is this blue wilderness of interminable
Air, where ye roll along, as I have seen
The leaves along the limpid streams of Eden?
Is your course measured for ye? Or do ye
Sweep on in your unbounded revelry
Through an aerial universe of endless
Expansion, at which my soul aches to think,
Intoxicated with eternity?
Oh God! Oh Gods! or whatsoe'er ye are!
How beautiful ye are! how beautiful
Your works, or accidents, or whatsoe'er
They may be! Let me die, as atoms die,
(If that they die) or know ye in your might

And

And knowledge! My thoughts are not in this hour
Unworthy what I see, though my dust is;
Spirit! let me expire, or see them nearer.

LUCIFER.

Art thou not nearer? look back to thine earth

CAIN.

Where is it? I see nothing save a mass
Of most innumerable lights.

LUCIFER.

Look there

CAIN.

I cannot see it.

LUCIFER.

Yet it sparkles still.

CAIN.

What, yonder!

LUCIFER.

Yea.

CAIN.

And wilt thou tell me so?
Why, I have seen the fire-flies and fire-worms
Sprinkle the dusky groves and the green banks
In the dim twilight, brighter than yon world
Which bears them.

LUCIFER.

Thou hast seen both worms and worlds,
Each bright and sparkling,—what dost think of them?

CAIN.

That they are beautiful in their own sphere,
And that the night which makes both beautiful
The little shining fire-fly in its flight,
And the immortal star in its great course,
Must both be guided.

LUCIFER.

But by whom or what?'—pp. 378, 379.

Hades, however, is a place, in Lord Byron's description, very different from all that we had anticipated. He supposes that the world which we now inhabit had been preceded by many successive worlds which had each, in turn, been created and ruined; and the inhabitants of which he describes, on grounds sufficiently probable for poetry, as proportioned, in bodily and intellectual strength, to those gigantic specimens of animal existence whose remains still perplex the naturalist. But he not only places the Preadamite giants in Hades, but the ghosts of the Mammoth and Megatherion their contemporaries, and above all, the *phantoms of the worlds themselves* which these beings inhabited, with their mountains, oceans and forests, all gloomy and sad together, and (we suppose he means) in

in a state of eternal suffering. We really think that this belongs to that species of sublime, which is considerably less than a single step removed from the ridiculous. The spectacle, however, has the effect of making Cain still more displeased with that God who creates in order to destroy and render miserable; and the tempter bears him back to earth, with the advice not to call a being good who gives men evil, and to judge of Jehovah not by words but by the fruits of that existence which he has bestowed.

The next act shows us Cain gloomily lamenting over the future fortunes of his infant son, and withstanding all the consolation and entreaties of Adah, who is anxious to soften him to the task of submission and to a participation in the sacrifice which his brother is about to offer. Here are some passages of no common beauty. That which strikes us most is when the parents are hanging over their sleeping boy.

'CAIN.

Twere better that he never had been born.

ADAH.

Oh, do not say so! Where were then the joys,
The mother's joys of watching, nourishing,
And loving him? Soft! he awakes. Sweet Enoch!
[*She goes to the child.*
Oh Cain! look on him; see how full of life,
Of strength, of bloom, of beauty, and of joy,
How like to me—how like to thee, when gentle,
For *then* we are *all* alike; is't not so, Cain?
Mother, and sire, and son, our features are
Reflected in each other; as they are
In the clear waters, when *they* are *gentle*, and
When *thou* art *gentle*. Love us, then, my Cain!
And love thyself for our sakes, for we love thee.
Look! how he laughs and stretches out his arms,
And opens wide his blue eyes upon thine,
To hail his father; while his little form
Flutters as wing'd with joy. Talk not of pain!
The childless cherubs well might envy thee
The pleasures of a parent! Bless him, Cain!
As yet he hath no words to thank thee, but
His heart will, and thine own too.'—p. 417.

The sacrifices of Abel and Cain follow; the first accepted, the second rejected by Jehovah. Cain, in wrath, attempts to throw down the altars, is opposed by Abel and strikes him with a half-burnt brand. As a whole this scene is heavy and clumsily managed, and what follows is hardly worth notice. Eve curses Cain. The angel of the Lord sentences him to wandering; and the affectionate Adah accompanies him in his departure for the wilderness.

To

To apply the severe rules of criticism to a composition of this kind would be little better than lost labour. Yet it can hardly fail to strike the reader as a defect in poetry no less than a departure from history, that the event which is the catastrophe of the drama is no otherwise than incidentally, we may say, accidentally, produced by those which precede it. Cain, whose whole character is represented in scripture as envious and malicious rather than impious;—this Cain, as painted by Lord Byron, has no quarrel with his brother whatever, nor, except in a single word, does he intimate any jealousy of him. Two acts and half the third are passed without our advancing a single step towards the conclusion; and Abel, at length, falls by a random blow given in a struggle of which the object is not *his* destruction but the overthrow of Jehovah's altar. If we could suppose a reader to sit down to a perusal of the drama in ignorance of its catastrophe, he would scarcely be less surprized by its termination in such a stroke of chance-medley, than if Abel had been made to drop down in an apoplexy, and Cain to die of grief over his body.

Nor is it easy to perceive what natural or rational object the Devil proposes to himself in carrying his disciple through the abyss of space, to show him that repository, of which we remember hearing something in our infant days, 'where the old moons are hung up to dry.' To prove that there is a life beyond the grave was surely no part of his business when he was engaged in fostering the indignation of one who repined at the necessity of dying. And, though it would seem that entire Hades is, in Lord Byron's picture, a place of suffering, yet, when Lucifer himself had premised that these sufferings were the lot of those spirits who sided with him against Jehovah, is it likely that a more accurate knowledge of them would increase Cain's eagerness for the alliance, or that he would not rather have inquired whether a better fortune did not await the adherents of the triumphant side? At all events, the spectacle of many ruined worlds was more likely to awe a mortal into submission than to rouse him to hopeless resistance; and even if it made him a hater of God, had no natural tendency to render him furious against a brother who was to be his fellow-sufferer.

We do not think, indeed, that there is much vigour or poetical propriety in any of the characters of Lord Byron's Mystery. Eve on one occasion and one only expresses herself with energy, and not even then with any great depth of that maternal feeling which the death of her favourite son was likely to excite in her. Adam moralizes without dignity. Abel is as dull as he is pious. Lucifer, though his first appearance is well conceived, is as sententious and sarcastic as a Scotch metaphysician, and the gravamina which drive

Cain into impiety are circumstances which could only produce a similar effect on a weak and sluggish mind, the necessity of exertion and the fear of death! Yet, in the happiest climate of earth and amid the early vigour of nature, it would be absurd to describe (nor has Lord Byron so described it) the toil to which Cain can have been subject, as excessive or burthensome. And he is made too happy in his love, too extravagantly fond of his wife and his child to have much leisure for those gloomy thoughts which belong to disappointed ambition and jaded licentiousness.

Nor, though there are, as we have already shown, some passages in this drama of no common power, is the general tone of its poetry so excellent as to atone for these imperfections of design. The dialogue is cold and constrained. The descriptions are like the shadows of a phantasmagoria, at once indistinct and artificial. Except Adah, there is no person in whose fortunes we are interested; and we close the book with no distinct or clinging recollection of any single passage in it, and with the general impression only that Lucifer has said much and done little, and that Cain has been unhappy without grounds and wicked without an object.

But if, as a poem, Cain is little qualified to add to Lord Byron's reputation; we are unfortunately constrained to observe that its poetical defects are the very smallest of its demerits. It is not, indeed, as some both of its admirers and its enemies appear to have supposed, a direct attack on Scripture and on the authority of Moses. The expressions of Cain and Lucifer are not more offensive to the ears of piety than such discourses must necessarily be, or than Milton, without offence, has put into the mouths of beings similarly situated. And though the intention is evident which has led the Atheists and Jacobins (the terms are convertible) of our metropolis, to circulate the work in a cheap form, among the populace, we are not ourselves of opinion that it possesses much power of active mischief, or that many persons will be very deeply or lastingly impressed by insinuations which lead to no practical result, and difficulties which so obviously transcend the range of human experience. But it is unhappily certain that, if Lord Byron has not attacked Moses, it is only because his ambition soars higher than to assail any particular creed. The sarcasms of Lucifer and the murmurs of Cain are directed against Providence in general; and proceed to the subversion of every system of theology, except that (if theology it may be called) which holds out God to the abhorrence of his creatures as a capricious tyrant, and which regards the Devil (or under whatever name Lord Byron may chuse to embody the principle of resistance to the Supreme) as the champion of all which is energetic and interesting and noble; the spirit of free

free thought and stern endurance, unbrokenly contending against the bondage which makes nature miserable.

This deification of vice; this crazy attachment to the worser half of Manicheism, we long since lamented to find (as it even then was tolerably conspicuous) in some of the most powerful lines which have proceeded from Lord Byron's pen; and he has thought proper to express, though in a tone of good tempered expostulation, a degree of displeasure at the freedom with which we then gave vent to our feelings. We certainly, therefore, did not expect, and were still further removed from *hoping* or *desiring* that he would himself, at length, so unequivocally express those sentiments of which he so much disliked the reputation: but, if we had been anxious to justify the language which we then employed, no further justification could be required than 'Cain' has now afforded.

In one respect, it is true, Lord Byron misunderstood us. He supposed that we accused him of '*worshipping* the Devil.' We certainly had, at the time, no particular reason for apprehending that he *worshipped* any thing; and he has himself now taught us, on the best authority which the case admits of, how, by neglecting exterior service to *one* of the rival principles, the other may be virtually honoured. But seriously, if to represent, through three long acts, the Devil as sympathizing with the miseries of mankind and moralizing on the injustice of Providence; if to represent God as the unrelenting tyrant of nature; the capricious destroyer of worlds which he has himself created; the object of open flattery and of secret horror even to the celestial ministers of his will and minstrels of his glory; if this be not to transfer, from God to Satan and from Satan to God, the qualities by which, in the general estimation of mankind, they are most distinguished from each other, we must own ourselves very little skilled in the usual topics of praise or censure.

We should have done an essential wrong, however, to the most celebrated of ancient heretics, if we had designated this system as more than the worser half of the system of Manes. His followers,—though they imputed the prevalence of evil in the world to the inveterate and invincible obstinacy of that principle of darkness, which they supposed to share with God the empire of things, and to pervade and govern all material existence,—confessed, nevertheless, that the superior and supreme Intelligence was transcendantly wise and benevolent. They anticipated, in fullness of faith, the ultimate victory of this last over his malignant enemy, and looked forward to a future state of happiness and glory, where the souls of the good were to be delivered from the God of this world and the bondage of their corporeal prisons. But the theology of 'Cain' is altogether

gloomy and hopeless. His evil God is *the supreme:* his Hades exclusively a state of misery; the body of man is, on his system, ordained to nothing more than to labour, disease and death, and the soul is immortal only to be wretched.

It is idle to say that this statement is put into the mouth of one who is described in scripture as an evil being, and whose assertions are to be only understood as the ex-parte statement of an insidious enemy.

Of Lucifer, as drawn by Lord Byron, we absolutely know no evil: and, on the contrary, the impression which we receive of him is, from his first introduction, most favourable. He is indued not only with all the beauty, the wisdom and the unconquerable daring which Milton has assigned him, and which may reasonably be supposed to belong to a spirit of so exalted a nature, but he is represented as unhappy without a crime and as pitying our unhappiness. Even before he appears, we are prepared (so far as the poet has had skill to prepare us) to sympathize with any spiritual being who is opposed to the government of Jehovah. The conversations, the exhibitions which ensue are all conducive to the same conclusion, that whatever is is *evil*, and that, had the Devil been the Creator, he would have made his creatures happier. Above all, his arguments and insinuations are allowed to pass uncontradicted, or are answered only by overbearing force, and punishment inflicted not on himself but on his disciple. Nor is the intention less apparent nor the poison less subtle, because the language employed is not indecorous, and the accuser of the Almighty does not descend to ribaldry or scurrilous invective.

That the monstrous creed thus inculcated is really the creed of Lord Byron himself, we, certainly, have some difficulty in believing. As little are we inclined to assert that this frightful caricature of Deism is intended as a covert recommendation of that further stage to which the scepticism of modern philosophers has sometimes conducted them. We are willing to suppose, that he has, after all, no further view than the fantastic glory of supporting a paradox ably; of showing his powers of argument and poetry at the expense of all the religious and natural feelings of the world, and of ascertaining how much will be forgiven him by the unwearied devotion of his admirers. But we cannot, with some of our contemporaries, give him the credit of 'writing conscientiously.' We respect his understanding too highly to apprehend that he intended a benefit to mankind in doing his best to make them vicious and discontented; and we tell him, '*even more in anger than in sorrow,*' that the great talents which he has received are ill employed in writing a libel on his Maker, and that the

the dexterity which flings about firebrands in sport is no object of ambition to any but a mind perverted by self-opinion and flattery.

We return, however, to Cain, and it is some comfort to find that the argument, however plausibly put together, is as infirm and disjointed as poetic arguments are apt to be. It depends on the admitted fact that evil exists, and on the presumption that a wise and benevolent Deity would not have permitted its existence. And it is, consequently, levelled (as we have already observed, and as we must intreat the reader to bear in mind) not against the Mosaic account of the manner in which evil first appeared on earth, (for whenever and however evil manifested itself, the same objection would apply,) but against the God by whom the present frame of things was constituted. It is not the Jehovah only, of the Christian or the Jew, against whom it may may be alleged that he has created men to toil, to sicken and to die. If we admit a Creator at all, we must admit that he sends us into the world under this necessity; and any man, with whatever religious opinions, who dislikes these accompaniments of life more than he likes life with its countervailing advantages, may plead with Cain,—

> 'I was unborn;
> I sought not to be born, nor love the state
> To which that birth has brought me!'

To cut this knot, as the ancient Stoics attempted to do, by denying the existence of evil, was a measure of which the success was not likely to be equal to its hardiness or its motive. But, before we proceed with Lord Byron, from the mixture of evil and sorrow which the world presents, to infer a malevolent Creator, it may be well to inquire, first, whether *more* good than evil, *more* happiness than misery is not found, after all, in the world with which we are so much displeased; and, secondly, whether the good which exists is not, apparently, the result of direct *design*, while the evil is *incidental* only.

Both these positions have, we think, been proved by Paley, in a work too sensible, too philosophical, too accordant with the general feelings and general experience of our species, to be in much danger of overturn from a few well-pointed sarcasms, a few daring assertions, and a little poetic phantasmagoria of former worlds created and ruined. Such weapons, indeed, that love of life in which all mankind agree is, of itself, sufficient to parry, no less than that common feeling which is *surprized* as well as shocked by misery wherever it appears, and which gives the name of *accident* not to health but to diseases. But if the amount of

pleasure predominate over that of pain, if pleasure be the natural and usual result to which the constitution of things around us ministers, and if the immediate causes of evil are found not in any thing originally noxious, but in some casual defect in the individual aggrieved or some clash of interfering blessings, it is clear that the doctrine of Cain is as preposterous as it is gloomy. A malevolent Creator would have done his work more thoroughly, and the instruments of misery which he employed would have been more direct as well as more efficacious. He would never have allowed us so much happiness as we enjoy, still less would the contrivance of all his works have been, in the first instance, obviously tending to the production of happiness. The inference which will follow from a world thus constituted, (if any unfavourable inference must be drawn,) will be against God's *power*, not his *goodness;* and, having got rid of the main objection which is urged by Lucifer and his disciple, we might, if we chose, or if the subject were not of too great importance to be shaken off so easily, leave the Manichee and the Optimist to debate the remaining question between themselves.

Their systems, indeed, can hardly be said to differ from each other, so far as they apply to the main difficulty. Each accounts for the degree of evil which we see and feel by maintaining that God *could not*, under all circumstances, have made the world happier or better than we behold it. Nor does it signify whether they impute this inability to the as yet unconquered resistance of a malignant principle, independent of God and opposed to him; or to a *necessity* or *fitness* arising out of the nature of God himself, his goodness and wisdom, which *led* or *compelled* him (between these terms, when applied to infinite wisdom and goodness, there is no real difference) to make men such as they now are, and to place them on an earth like the present. The latter supposition, however, while it seems the most respectful of the two, is, at least intelligible, and has the merit of resting on something stronger than a mere hypothesis. It is certain that many of the most pervading and conspicuous sources of evil could not, so far as we can judge, be removed without endangering some preponderant good or incurring some greater mischief, and it is only reasonable to apprehend that the same analogy may run higher than our knowledge reaches, and that the Creator may have had some sufficient reason, without impeaching his goodness, for making our world no larger and no happier than we now behold it.

Nor is it necessary, after all, that we should set any limits to the power of the Most High: that we should, with the Manichee, give him a rival, or, with the Optimist, maintain the present world to be the best which he could possibly have framed. If the world is

is *sufficiently* good; if it contains *more* good than evil; if each individual being may, except by its own fault, enjoy more happiness than misery, and so much more of happiness as to overpay the share of suffering to which it is incidentally exposed, the bounty of the Creator is as free, and as certain, though not so great, as if happiness were unmingled; and He, who might have withheld all, is a reasonable object of love and praise for whatever little he has bestowed on us. They who will not thank God for the blessings which they receive because those blessings might have been more abundant, are surely no fit objects for any further increase of blessedness; and would, in fact, be content with no conceivable degree of felicity less than that to which Lord Byron's Lucifer himself aspired.

Still, it may be said, though the complaint against Providence for permitting evil at all applies to all religion in general and not particularly to the religion of Moses, yet, in the account which that writer gives of the first appearance of evil, there is a gravamen of a peculiar kind, and one which Lord Byron has often, though incidentally, noticed. Our first-parents are there described as having been in a state of happiness, in which their children would also have been, but for a single fault in which those children were not partakers, but for which they endure their full share of the punishment inflicted. But that this makes no difference in the real merits of the case, a very little consideration will make evident. The allegation, in fact, even when thus amended, amounts to no more than that our first parents were in a condition more favourable to happiness than ourselves; and that (supposing us to have been called into the world at all, which that we should have been, under such circumstances, is merely hypothetical) we might have been in better circumstances than we are at present. But whatever share of felicity is given to us now is certainly not diminished by the fact that other persons have enjoyed more. The theist of whatever sect apprehends that the introduction of each particular individual into life depends on the fiat of that Power who was perfectly free to leave each of us in our original nothingness. Nor, when God lay under no necessity to make us at all, have we any more right to reproach him for making us less happy than our parents, than we should have to reproach him for making our children more happy than ourselves, or for giving advantages which we have not received to any other person or any other order of beings. The only question by which the goodness and power of the Creator are to be determined, is whether our positive advantages are greater than our positive sufferings, whether it is better for us to be or not to be; and, for the establishment of the former alternative, it is, as we conceive, sufficient to refer to Paley.

But, even if we should grant that, so far as this life is concerned, there are exceptions to be found to this general truth; if we should admit that there are some for whom, if this life were all, it would be well never to have been born, and whose misery is not owing to their own misconduct but to circumstances over which they had no controul, and of which they might, therefore, complain with justice—yet, it is not pretended, even by Lord Byron's Lucifer, that this life is more than the smallest part of our probable existence; and, without the aid of revelation, the Deist is justified, from the analogy of God's visible works, and the general goodness which pervades them, in looking on to a future progressive improvement in wisdom and in virtue; to a fuller development than the present world can allow, of the benevolent designs of the Creator, and to a life which may make us abundant amends for whatever incidental sufferings we encounter in our passage thither. That this life, indeed, is a state not only of passage but of probation has been the prevalent belief of mankind in all ages of their existence, and it is as unfair to found an argument or an argumentative poem against the goodness of Providence, on the evils of this life separately taken, as it would be (according to an illustration somewhat stale but not the less appropriate) to censure the general plan of a vast building from an apparent irregularity in one of its smallest members.

Lord Byron, it is true, to make good the case of the first murderer, and to justify the complaints of which he has made him the organ, has been constrained to suppose that the secret of a future life was unknown to him. He grounds this supposition on the alleged silence of the Old Testament as to any existence beyond the grave, and refers us to the splendid but unsubstantial paradox of Warburton as an authority for his assertion, and for an explanation of the singularity. But, though it were conceded that the Old Testament said nothing of the soul's immortality, yet to the Deist who apprehends that a presumption of this truth may, without any revelation, be derived from reason alone, and consequently that Cain, supposing such a person to have existed, might, of himself, have arrived at the conclusion which vindicates the goodness of the Almighty, the inference, though it might be unfavourable to Moses, would by no means justify a charge against Providence, and the unfairness would be no less obvious of founding such a charge on an erroneous or imperfect system of theology.

It is not, however, at all a difficult task to show that, admitting Moses to have handed down no positive and explicit assertion of the soul's immortality, we are not authorized, from his silence, to infer either that he himself, his countrymen, or his ancestors, were ignorant of the doctrine in question. The object of Moses, it should

should be recollected,—that object, to effect which he laid claim to a celestial commission, and to which the labours of his life were avowedly devoted,—was, not to furnish a complete system either of morals or divinity, but to answer a particular purpose of Providence, by vindicating the ancient and patriarchal worship of one invisible God from the corruptions of polytheism and idolatry; by correcting or preventing the local abuses by which the morals and happiness of his people were endangered, and by securing, through appropriate institutions, and for a purpose to be afterwards more fully developed, the internal union and distinct and permanent existence of those tribes of whom he was the legislator.

But, in the polytheism and idolatry of the immediate neighbours of the Jews, the Chaldeans, the Arabs, and the Egyptians, we have not the smallest reason for believing that the doctrine of a life after death was impugned. We know that all these nations held that doctrine. And we nowhere discover in the vestiges which remain of their religious systems, that they held it impaired by any errors which could require a revelation from heaven to brush them away. The only controversy, which Moses had with them was, simply, whether there were more Gods than one, and whether those deities, or this deity, were to be worshipped under material symbols. But it is plain that, when the question in dispute was not whether they who pleased God were to be rewarded, and they who offended him were to be punished hereafter, but who was God, and how he was to be propitiated; in such a controversy no appeal could lie to the *future* state of rewards and punishments, and it could only be determined, either by the weight of argument and the dictates of reason, or by some such phenomena as those to which Moses appeals, of the visible judgments of God inflicted in the present life on those who worshipped idols, and the visible blessings which those received who were diligent in their attendance at the Israelitish altar. Even under the Christian dispensation, a divine of the Romish, and a divine of the English church, might dispute for a day together on the homage due to images and reliques, without having the least occasion to name the resurrection of the dead. And it is remarkable that, in the three consecutive homilies of the English church, 'against peril of idolatry,' there are only two passages in which any allusion occurs, and that of a very slight and incidental nature, to a life after death, or a future state of rewards and punishments. Those passages, then, in the Mosaic volume, which are most directly levelled at the superstitions of the neighbouring heathen, were not necessarily obliged to contain an explicit account of another world, or of the soul's immortality; and, that such a declaration is not to be found there, is no conclusive argument that

that either Moses or his countrymen were ignorant of, or indifferent to, the doctrine.

But to Moses as a legislator, or an historian, such topics were still more foreign. Lord Byron may read through many volumes of our statutes at large, without finding any promises of heaven, or any denunciations of eternal suffering. He may look through many pedigrees, (and the ancient history of Moses is, among other things, the genealogical table of a particular family,) without discovering any mention of the most aweful truths of Christianity. Yet the legislators of Great Britain do not, therefore, esteem death an eternal sleep—the gentlemen of the College of Arms are not, therefore, universally infidels; and we can easily conceive, and we could have easily pardoned the exclamations of horror which would have been raised by modern freethinkers, if Moses had, in God's name and in addition to the temporal penalties which the law contains, denounced the pain of damnation against every breach of those local and temporary institutions by which his people were to be distinguished from their idolatrous neighbours!

'Moses,' observes Michaelis, 'was not, like some ancient legislators, an impostor from religious zeal, which, however, that man must be, who sanctions civil laws by the terrors of futurity. God certainly does not punish *all*, not even the most heinous crimes, beyond the grave; for even the greatest criminal, by repentance and amendment, may escape eternal misery. There is, therefore, no legislator so silly now-a-days, as to threaten the murderer, adulterer, or robber, with hell-fire. Before suffering death, on the contrary, every malefactor obtains time to prepare for it, and to seek reconciliation with God. And to Bishop Warburton himself—how ridiculous would an act of parliament appear which should denounce the pains of hell as the punishment of crime?' . . . . . 'But Moses, in his procedure, with regard to punishments, distinguishes himself from all other legislators by this most remarkable peculiarity, that he threatens the whole nation, if as a nation they should wickedly transgress his laws, with punishments in *this* life, which no human power could execute; but which divine Providence could, and certainly would inflict upon the people and the land. The 26th chapter of Leviticus, and the 28th and 29th of Deuteronomy are full of such threatenings. No human legislator could have done this; at least so done it as that the issue should not expose to the people the emptiness of his threatenings. It is the sure criterion of an immediate messenger from heaven, enacting laws by command of the Most High.'*

Incidental notices, however, of a future life might, certainly, be expected to occur in any long work, or any collection of works, of which some are strictly devotional, and others pretty closely connected with different religious duties. And if Lord Byron were correct in supposing that '*no allusion*' to a future state is to be

* Michaelis, Law of Moses, translated by Smith, Vol. I. p. 46.

found

found in the volume of the Old Testament, we might be reduced to suppose, extraordinary as such a supposition would be, that the nation of Israel stood alone among all their neighbours, and among all nations of the world who have attained even a moderate degree of civilization, in their blindness to a truth which is tolerably conspicuous even to unassisted reason. But if Lord Byron will take the trouble to consult the 'Argumenta Immortalitatis Animarum ex Mose Collecta' of the same illustrious scholar whose words we have just cited; or if he will, calmly and without prejudice, compare the expressions used by Moses in speaking of the departure of Enoch to God; of the deceased patriarchs as still existing; and of 'the death of the righteous' as prayed for by Balaam; with the still stronger expressions in the book of Job, in the Psalms, in Isaiah, Ezekiel, and Daniel, he may be satisfied that, to the persons who used such language, the idea of a life after death was familiar, and that such expressions presuppose the nation to whom they are addressed to be equally acquainted with it and convinced of it.

It is not true, then, that the immortality of the soul was unknown to Moses or the Israelites. It is highly improbable that it was unknown to the first man or his children. And it is certain that the prospect of such a life after death is, to the virtuous man, a sufficient ground for trusting the goodness and justice of the Almighty, a sufficient comfort under all the evils incidental to his present condition. Or if, to men, such as men are, and oppressed, as they well may be, with the sense of their own imperfections, and an apprehension of the further anger of the Deity, an additional ground of hope is necessary, we may be forgiven if we point out, (though we have thus far avoided, as much as possible, all topics purely theological,) that mysterious *atonement* which was anticipated by the earliest as it is looked back to by the latest generation of mankind; which was shadowed in the bloody sacrifice of the Patriarch as surely as in the Eucharist of the Christian, and the beneficial effects of which we believe to have extended and still to extend to those who have not heard, as well as those who have received the Gospel.

The origin of evil itself is among those secrets of Providence which, if they do not surpass our present faculties, are, at least, not as yet communicated to us. It is one of the many vulgar errors by which the subject has been encumbered, to suppose that such a communication is found in the Book of Genesis. All which Moses relates is the first *appearance* of that evil which must have previously existed, the first demonstration of those hateful passions and that aspiring pride which have made labour and death no more than necessary to the well-being of nature. Of the causes which may have induced the Almighty to create man peccable, to expose him

him to temptations, and to try him by suffering, our reason may conjecture, but our faith is uninformed; and it is a fact which may be advantageously recollected by those who, on these accounts, insult Christianity, that the difficulties of which they complain belong not to Christianity alone, but to every creed which admits the responsibility of man, and the power and goodness of his Maker. But though Christianity does not tell us the *cause* of our calamities, she has not failed to point out their *cure;* in fostering those amiable affections which enable us to bear our own sorrows best while they most dispose us to alleviate the sorrows of others, and in holding out to us a clearer and brighter prospect of that life where Love shall reap his harvest of enjoyment, and where the happy and benevolent inhabitant of a better world shall neither feel nor witness affliction!

There are some inaccuracies in 'Cain' which we forgot to notice in their proper places, and of which one only is, perhaps, worth noticing. Cain is made, in p. 355, ignorant of the nature of death. He supposes death to be a being, and asks if he cannot wrestle with him? The same ignorance is expressed in p. 376, and in several other passages. Yet he elsewhere speaks familiarly of the *victims* whose blood his brother offered on Jehovah's altar, and whose slaughter must have pretty tolerably explained to him what was meant by the extinction of animal life.

There is also a note filled with furious and, as it appears, *unprovoked* personalities against Mr. Southey, of which we shall say nothing, since for a man of genius and a nobleman to have published such a diatribe, evinces a state of irritability with which expostulation would be vain, and of which reprobation is needless. This only we will say, that a writer so sensible to every attack, and so suspicious of every allusion, will do well, for his own peace of mind, if not from a better motive, to abstain from compositions of which the only effect can be to offend the honest prejudices, and unsettle the most estimable principles of the great majority of that nation who would gladly find a blameless delight in his volumes, and express a patriotic pride in his renown.

Art. XI.—1. *Researches into the Laws and Phenomena of Pestilence; including a Medical Sketch and Review of the Plague of London in* 1665, *and Remarks on Quarantine, &c.* By Thomas Hancock, M.D., &c. &c. 1821.

2. *A Treatise on the Plague, designed to prove it contagious from Facts collected during the Author's Residence in Malta when visited by that Malady in* 1813; *with Observations on its*

its Prevention, Character and Treatment. By Sir Arthur Brooke Faulkner, M.D., &c. &c.

3. *Results of an Investigation respecting epidemic and pestilential Disease; including Researches in the Levant concerning the Plague.* By Charles Maclean, M.D., &c. &c. 1818.
4. *Minutes of Evidence before the Select Committee appointed to consider the Validity of the Doctrine of Contagion in Plague.*
5. *Miscellaneous Works of the late Robert Willan, M.D., &c. &c. comprising an Inquiry into the Antiquity of the Small-pox, Measles and Scarlet Fever, &c. &c.* Edited by Ashby Smith, M.D., &c. &c. 1821.
6. *Historical Sketch of the Opinions entertained by Medical Men respecting the Varieties and the Secondary Occurrence of Small-pox; with Observations on the Nature and Extent of the Security afforded by Vaccination against Attacks of that Disease.* By John Thomson, M.D., &c. &c. 1822.

IN prosecuting inquiries relative to subjects on which the judgment, rather than the comprehension, is to be exercised, we often find it difficult not only to avoid undue bias, but even to know how far we are under the influence of a prejudice that has perhaps been insensibly acquired, and has grown with our growth: but there are other impediments to correct inference respecting speculative truth than those arising from the above source—and, some of them, of a nature exactly opposite; for the very apprehension of yielding with too much facility to generally admitted dogmata may, and not unfrequently does, give rise to an unwarrantable and unseasonable scepticism.

The great discrepancy of sentiment that prevails on the contested points of pestilence and plague, or rather on the manner of their production and the laws that regulate their continuance and spread, must in part, at least, be ascribed to this submissive dependence upon prescriptive rule on the one hand, and the determination to disbelieve every thing that has obtained pretty general credit, on the other. Thus, while one speculatist tells you that a skein of silk may contain in its twinings poisonous matter, sufficient, when let loose, to cause the sickness and death of thousands; another, with the same data before him, not only denies that the venom is thus transportable, but even stoutly contends for its non-existence, and maintains that the apprehensions excited on the score of pestilential visits have no more foundation in truth than nursery apparitions or monkish miracles!

'It is shown (says Dr. Maclean), by conclusions deduced from undeniable premises, that it is impossible epidemic diseases should ever depend upon contagion;' and he goes on to state that 'the prevalent notion of contagion being an inherent quality of pestilential

pestilential fever is absurdly derived from a popish rumour of the sixteenth century;' while, on the other hand, one of the most strenuous and able supporters of the opposite doctrine, Dr. Granville, maintains, 'that the disease called plague is never epidemic; that *it is independent of all influence of the atmosphere*; that it commits its ravages when no possible cause of unhealthiness exists, and is neither checked nor promoted by the south or north winds, by the winter or summer, by an elevated or low situation.'

Between these extreme points, others take their stand at different distances; some of them more and some less readily admitting the principle of contagion as connected with plague, but all denying its abstract power and independent essence.

Did these questions involve matter merely of curiosity, or even were the interest they excite confined to the faculty of medicine, we should be justified in leaving them to the decision of the medical journalists; but as inferences of a general and even national concern depend upon the admission, or rejection, or qualification of premises on the subject of pestilence, we have considered this subject as properly falling within our own province, and shall proceed to canvass the particulars it embraces somewhat at large, with a determination to present the arguments of the contagionists, anti-contagionists and moderates, without any admixture of our own sentiments. It will soon, indeed, be seen that we have opinions of our own, and that they do not exactly coincide with those of any writer in the controversy; but, in propounding them, we will endeavour so to separate them from the deductions of others, that the reader shall be furnished with a fair opportunity for the exercise of unfettered comparison and unbiassed judgment.

The controversy, as we have just intimated, has been marked by extremes of confident assertion, and occasionally, it is painful to add, of intolerant dogmatism. In the list placed at the head of the present Article will, however, be found some exceptions to that dictatorial tone and that extravagant tenour of assumption which are not only at variance with the canons of legitimate reasoning, but even calculated to injure the cause they are intended to serve.

To the volume of Dr. Hancock we are desirous of calling especial notice, not with a view to invidious comparison, but as being a comprehensive and candid investigation of the whole question: the spirit of *system* may perhaps be occasionally seen insinuating itself among the pages of this work; and in the remarks on another learned and candid writer (Sir Brooke Faulkner) we thought we detected a little too much leaning to favourite inference; but, upon the whole, we may confidently assert that it

it has not often fallen to our lot to inspect the production of a controversial author so free and fearless in its admissions, or so candid and temperate in its conclusions, as that to which we refer.

At first sight, the works of Willan and Thomson may appear to have no direct connexion with the topic about to be discussed; it will shortly, however, be perceived for what purpose they are added to the list of volumes bearing upon the present controversy.

But it is time to proceed to the formal enunciation of the leading question: Are we right in supposing plague to be a specific disease capable of being conveyed from one part of the world to another, either by persons or goods, so as to render necessary restrictions upon indiscriminate intercourse? In other words, is pestilence a contagious and transportable, or is it merely an infectious and local distemper? Many minor points are, of course, included in this interrogatory, which will be noticed as we proceed.

Contagion? Infection? what is the precise import of these two terms, which, it will be remarked, have been just employed in some measure antithetically; but which, in strict propriety, are not perhaps open to this contrasted signification. Contagion indeed implies contact and infection, although it does not express more than the effect produced, yet necessarily supposes touch, upon the principle that nothing in the material world can act but where it is. The difference, then, rather hinges upon the *mode* in which the communication or contact is brought about; and an infectious would be distinguished from a contagious disorder in something like the following manner. A number of persons may be assembled in a vitiated atmosphere, occasioned by something emitted from the body of one or other of the individuals present; or by the mere confinement of the air itself, animal respiration being a vitiating process; or an exhalation peculiar to the place; if then, any of the persons so circumstanced become decidedly ill, the induced sickness would be considered as a disease resulting from infection. Now, take one of these subjects from the infectious atmosphere, place him where every thing, with the exception of his presence, is conducive to health, and then, if from communicating with him, others fall into a disease which resembles his, the morbid condition thus engendered would be considered an absolute contagion. Even in this last instance however the actual contact of bodies may not have taken place, and therefore the terms employed to distinguish the two kinds of morbid being, so far from elucidating, rather obscure the question.

And in our minds a great deal of the confusion which still involves the controversy, arises out of what at first view might seem

seem to render it more definite and precise, for authors have been led to infer a distinction between contagious and infectious diseases beyond the warranty of fact; and have thus imagined specific and abstract differences in complaints, which are properly ascribable to time, place, and circumstance. On this rock we believe it is that both the advocates and oppugners of contagion in pestilential maladies have split; each readily acknowledging, without sufficient reason, that some diseases are not only peculiar and absolute in their origin, but that such peculiarity and absolute identity has been preserved from their commencement to the present time.

The reasonings of Dr. Willan and Dr. Thomson (perhaps in some measure unconsciously to themselves) seem to run counter to the above notion of a disorder's transmission from age to age, and from one country to another. It is supposed by most of those who have given their thoughts to the subject, that the small-pox and measles, or, as they are termed, the specific contagions, were unknown to the ancient physicians of Greece and Rome, and that the Arabian writers were the first to observe and record them. Dr. Willan has brought a great deal of learning to the support of the opposite doctrine; if he does not quite succeed in establishing the point for which he contends, may not his failure be partly at least referable to the principle now adverted to? and may not the want of entire correspondence between the ancient accounts of what our author supposes to be small-pox, and the small-pox as it appears in this age and country, be attributable to the actual change effected by the lapse of time upon a distemper which is still radically the same, or rather which sprang from an identical source, but has had new features impressed upon it by the hand of time? Did indeed this same small-pox, as some contend that it does, arise, spread, decline, and disappear, without apparent modification from external circumstances, our opinion on its laws and limits would be very different; but this assuredly is not the case. Do we not in fact find that the complaint is now epidemic and general, now partial and infrequent; that it is at one time mild, at another time severe, just as it happens with those febrile derangements to which the anti-contagionist attaches no specific notion? and are not these so many evidences of a susceptibility in the distemper, to modifications beyond the admission of the contagionist? It is a very curious fact, (pointed out by Dr. Willan) that Aaron a physician and presbyter of Alexandria, who wrote in the beginning of the seventh century, has arranged the small-pox, measles, and pestilential bubo or carbuncle, as the products of one specific contagion; and very long after his time the two first diseases were considered identical—and were perhaps actually so. But, further, it is a very remarkable circumstance, that

that since vaccine inoculation has become general as a substitute for small-pox, we scarcely ever see or hear of those eruptive disorders to which the term *varicella* or chicken-pox has been somewhat vaguely applied. The fact no one will dispute; but opinion does not seem quite so unanimous as to the explanation of which the circumstance is susceptible. Dr. Thomson maintains, and we think justly, that all varioloid diseases spring from one source, and that the modified small-pox which so frequently follows vaccination and the chicken-pox of former times are in fact the same distemper, rendered different in their complexional character by the present mild mode of inoculating—inoculating, we say, for it would seem that even the genuine vaccine virus is but a modification of the small-pox poison, disarmed greatly of its noxious power by its having become the disease of a brute animal.

It is worthy of remark, as bearing upon the present question, that the nosology of one age and country is almost a sealed volume to the student of diseases in distant times and places; and this, among other reasons, is the cause why the study of ancient authorities in medicine has fallen into comparative neglect. Each succeeding period cannot however be imagined to create new distempers, or to effect any thing further, than materially to change the aspect, and modify the circumstances of the old ones; but, then, this modification in the course of centuries comes to be so considerable that scarcely any traces of the prime malady are to be recognized. Even among ourselves, how various are the shades of a disease which yet is nosologically regarded an identical essence? this indeed is so proverbially the case, that many of our modern free-thinkers in medicine make a mock altogether of system, of classification, and of nomenclature as applied to morbid states; and even those who are less disposed to cast away as scholastic rubbish every thing like rule and order in designating distempers, cannot but admit the frequent fallacy of the best nosological charts. In Dr. Bateman's recent, and in some respects excellent work on Cutaneous Affections, we find an abundance of error and self-contradiction to spring from the source to which we now refer. For instance, we have *prurigo* and *psora* marked out as not only differences in the same species, but as absolute varieties of disorders in reference to the class to which they belong; and yet, it is admitted by the framer of the classification itself, that the former of these affections may pass insensibly into the latter; an admission which furnishes sufficient proof that the scheme of arrangement is arbitrary, and in a great degree inefficient.

There is another fact of importance as bearing upon the doc-

trine we now inculcate, namely, that a *degree* of disorder will sometimes result from exposure to specific affections, without the actual and absolute induction of the malady itself. Those who nurse children in small-pox having had the small-pox themselves are not unfrequently the subjects of a certain indisposition in consequence, which, neither in kind nor quantity, would be considered small-pox; and so on through the whole range of distempers to which the body is incident. In a word, a physical atmosphere may possess a sufficient quantity of contaminating influence without engendering absolute distemper.

Again: who has not made the observation, that since our soldiers in Egypt became the subjects of ophthalmia, inflammations and other disorders of the eyes, but still not actual ophthalmia, have been greatly on the increase? The Walcheren fever too, although owning a distinct and peculiar origin, frequently sowed its seeds in the constitution of individuals, the fruits of which, when ripened in this country, bore a different character from that which they would have assumed had the disease at once broke out among the Walcheren marshes. Such is the modifying power of time, place, and circumstance, evidenced even in phenomena that present themselves to our own observation; and it seems not unfair to suppose that the lapse of ages, the different habits of modern from ancient times, may make disease insensibly branch out into almost innumerable ramifications from a very few roots.

To assert that some species of sickness are not more independent, and less liable to change than others, would be obviously to fly in the face of fact; still, however, there is sufficient evidence in favour of the assumption, that even the most fixed and specific affections are gradually operated on, and ultimately converted in the way we have endeavoured to illustrate.

It may be thought that we have conceded considerably to the anti-contagionist in thus breaking down the artificial barriers by which morbid conditions have been separated; but so far are we from subscribing to that proposition which declares the incommunicability of distempers except in a very limited number and defined character, that we even conceive a power of transmission in maladies which some of the most decided supporters of contagion in plague do not generally admit. Colds, as they are called by a sort of metonymy, run in families. The wife that has nursed a consumptive husband often follows him to the grave—the victim of the same disease—and in many cases, as above intimated, the otherwise well receive a *measure* of sickness from being for a length of time near the ill, that cannot fairly be attributed to any other cause than a something emitted from the former and impregnating, so to say, the body of the latter. If

you

you ask for the proof of this, we reply by requesting you to point out the actual matter in a palpable shape which gives the small-pox, when it is not received by inoculation—this substance equally eludes the ken of the experimentalist with all other disease-creating agencies.

Upon the whole, then, we are of opinion, that the distinction set up between contagious and pestilential disorders does not, in truth, obtain to any thing like the extent commonly supposed; and that the specific quality of *variola* itself is but different in degree, not in kind, from the mere infection of plague. We believe that both are occasionally spontaneous in their origin,* more or less communicable in their nature—pass from individual to individual in the same manner—and are susceptible of modification, in a different degree, we allow, but still in both cases to an almost incalculable extent.

So much for our own sentiments respecting the laws of contagion and infection. We now proceed to a general but cursory review of the authors who have recently written on the subject; Dr. Maclean, Sir Brooke Faulkner, and Dr. Hancock—the first a decided anti-contagionist,—the second as decided in his sentiments on the opposite side,—and the last, a believer certainly in contagion, but who does not give to this power abstract qualities, or conceive it to be the sole agent by which pestilence is generated and diffused.

It may be right, however, previously to say a few words respecting the opinions of our forefathers in medicine on the subject of pestilential influence, and the contagious qualities of disease.

It is rather remarkable, that on this head the authority of the ancients is somewhat slender. The great founder of the art never once mentions contagion as a cause of disease, nor do we find this source of disorder alluded to in the writings of Celsus, which is curious, since these writings constitute a sort of summary of all that was known and believed at the time they were composed. This silence of the two greatest authorities among the ancients has been seized on (as we hinted above) by Dr. Maclean, who maintains that the belief in contagion is of modern origin; that

* We may be thought erroneous in talking of the *spontaneous* origin of small-pox; but certain it is, that this affection often make its appearance and disappearance quite as unaccountably as other epidemic maladies; nay, more so even than those epidemics that are more obviously of local origin. The anti-contagionist will, perhaps, say, that in these cases the seeds of the distemper have been made to germinate by the particular circumstances of the district in which it breaks out and spreads; but in this he concedes much to the opposite party, for the believer in specific contagion as applied to plague and typhus, and yellow fever, accounts in the same way for the prevalence and decline of the last mentioned maladies.

the ancients had no notion of diseases being thus propagated, and that the doctrine of such transmission was invented by Pope Paul III. in 1547, for the purpose of striking a panic among the fathers of the council of Trent, and to serve as a pretext for translating that council to Bologna.

Now it would not seem very likely that an ecclesiastic ruler should have recourse to a stratagem which implies the introduction of a novel belief respecting a medical dogma; and we should find much difficulty in giving credence to the hypothesis of Dr. Maclean, were there even no absolute authorities against its admission; but Dr. Maclean has not dealt fairly with the subject in concluding, from the silence of Hippocrates and Celsus on the question of contagion, that therefore the ancients did not recognize the fact of a disorder's communication by contact or fomes. Galen and Aretæus occasionally make use of expressions which imply the circumstance of contagion being an admitted principle. The former likens plague, in respect to its communicable qualities, with itch or inflammation of the eyes, συνδιαΐριβειν τοις λοιμωδοισιν επισφαλες, απολαυσαι γαρ κινδυνος ὁσπερ ψωρας τινος η οφθαλμιας, than which expressions nothing can be stronger to the point; and the latter even goes so far as to employ terms the very use of which supposes the belief to be prevalent that plague was of a contagious nature; ε μειον η λοιμῶ, says Aretæus, when treating of another disorder, the contagious properties of which he is desirous of illustrating.

That the ancient classics in medicine are generally without much allusion to the doctrine of contagion, may not improbably be attributed to their having thought it useless to discuss a matter so obvious in itself, and so freely admitted by all parties: in consonance with this opinion, we find more copious references to the subject by the historians and poets of antiquity, than by the strictly medical writers. We are told expressly by Dr. Willan, (we have not had an opportunity of referring to the work itself,) that 'Evagrius, in his Ecclesiastical History, proves himself well acquainted with the nature of contagion, and the operation of fomes; for he very correctly enumerates the various modes in which pestilential or contagious diseases are disseminated;' and this author, let it be observed, wrote just ten centuries prior to the time at which Dr. Maclean dates the first divulged notion on the subject of contagion, as applicable to epidemic and pestilential diseases.* We forbear to quote the ancient historians and poets,

* Howel, as quoted by Freind, particularly alludes to the accounts given both by Evagrius and Procopius of the plague at Constantinople; and Freind himself mentions the representation given by Agathias, another of the Byzantine historians, in the following

poets, since their allusions to the subject of pestilential contamination must be familiar to most of our readers; and since those who deny that contagion was known to the ancients, might object to the authority of writings not strictly of a scientific cast, when used to establish a scientific principle. Certain it is, moreover, that the line of demarcation between infectious and contagious distempers is of modern origin; but, if the course of reasoning into which we have briefly entered be correct, the ancients, by neglecting to recognize this proposed division, were not therefore farther than the moderns from the absolute truth.

We now proceed to give a brief summary of the views entertained on the subject of contagion by Dr. Maclean, Sir Brooke Faulkner, and Dr. Hancock—and we select these as representatives of many others, in order to avoid unnecessary repetition. It has already been stated why, in this general review, Dr. Hancock claims the most detailed notice.

The positions of Dr. Maclean, in reference to the subject under discussion, are briefly the following. Epidemic diseases, comprehending all the intermediate degrees of affection between the slightest catarrh and the most destructive pestilence, depend upon some change in the atmosphere, as their immediately exciting cause, the predisposition to be affected by such changes being referable to various combinations of heat, moisture, soil, situation, food, and water, corporeal labour, the passions, and motions of the mind; and in Christian communities (he adds) the belief in contagion contributes to the production of the morbid effect resulting from the above circumstances of predisposition and excitation.

'The effects of the action in its different degrees and modifications (says Dr. Maclean) of a power of diffusive and constant operation, which is the appropriate stimulus of the grand organ of respiration, and by which all the external parts of the body are perpetually pressed and enveloped, must necessarily be infinitely various. It is directly or indirectly the source of a great portion of all the maladies which afflict mankind. Its slighter consequences, which would not of themselves prove dangerous, frequently become the foundation of diseases which prove mortal; those which already exist, it aggravates, and renders some fatal which would otherwise terminate in recovery.

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following manner. Having alluded to Procopius and Evagrius, Freind goes on to say, 'Et Agathias, qui secundam ejus invasionem describit, quæ Constantinopoli accidit A. D. 568, diserte ait, plerosque momento temporis obiisse, sicut a vehementi apoplexia; et eos quibus maximæ natura vires suppeterent, quinto diei nunquam superfuisse. In Atheniensi autem, morbus ad septimum vel nonum diem ibat, qui quidem unitati erant mortis dies. *In eadem contaminati sunt, quicunque ad ægros accedebant; in hoc vero, idem non obtigisse plane declaratur.*'

Here we have one of the highest authorities in medical literature for a distinct allusion to the principle of contagion having been made in the sixth century.

'*Popular tradition, then, seems justified in regarding common colds as the foundation of almost all the ailments of mankind; and the great father of physic, in considering the air as the cause of almost every malady.*

'The yellow fever of the West Indies, and of America, the fevers of Bengal, Bencoolen, Batavia, Bulam, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Andalusia, Malta, Walcheren, and Leghorn, &c. &c. &c. (for so the epidemics which have occurred at these several places, have been most improperly denominated) as well as every variety of remittent and intermittent fever, are all only modifications of one and the same disease, produced by modifications of the same cause, and yielding to modifications of the same remedies.'

From this it will be seen that Dr. Maclean is a decided unbeliever in the specific nature of any of those maladies which come under the denomination of plague; and it is likewise sufficiently evident, that he conceives each and every case of plague to be contracted, not by communication or contact, not by a something emitted from a sick person, and impregnating the well, not by a peculiar poison, as in the case of small-pox, but by the influence of atmospheric change assisted by several circumstances of predisposition; and that he is sincere in his opinions would seem sufficiently clear from the fact of his having voluntarily exposed himself to the pest-houses of Constantinople, and freely communicated for hours and days together with their sick inmates. Our readers will be eager to inquire whether he came from these exposures unaffected by disease? We have to reply, from the author's own statement, in the negative. Dr. Maclean candidly confesses that he was at length seized by the plague; but not, he still maintains, from the reception into his system of a specific virus, not from touching or handling the sick, but from being subjected to the malign influence of the plague *atmosphere*, the operation of which was materially aided by the several circumstances of mental agitation to which his duty exposed him.

It is matter of notoriety that pestilential distempers are in our day comparatively unfrequent in the north of Europe; and this fact is taken hold of by Dr. Maclean for the purpose of proving the indigenous and non-communicable nature of these maladies: 'the nations (he says) of the North generally have been advancing in cultivation, while those of the Levant have been retrograding; some of them, however, have either been stationary, or made less progress than others; and accordingly we find the provinces of Spain, some parts of Italy, the old Venetian provinces of Dalmatia, Istria, &c., many parts of Poland, and the Eastern frontiers of the Austrian dominions, as Hungary and Transylvania, little less liable to epidemic diseases than formerly; not because they are adjacent to Turkey, as has been inferred in conformity with

with belief in contagion, but because they are in so backward a state of cultivation.'

In the Minutes of Evidence taken by the Select Committee, formed for the purpose of inquiring into the validity of the doctrine of contagion in plague, Dr. Maclean assigns the following 'additional reasons' for his belief that epidemic and pestilential diseases never depend upon contagion.

'Because the laws of epidemic and those of contagious diseases are not only different, but incompatible; and because pestilences observe exclusively the laws of epidemics, of which they are but the higher degrees. Because no adequate proof has ever, in any single instance, been adduced of the existence of contagion in pestilence. Because, had pestilential diseases been contagious, consequences must have followed which have not taken place. Being capable of affecting the same persons repeatedly, they would never cease where no precautions are employed, (and in such case no precaution could avail,) until communities were extinguished. Turkey would long ago have been a desert. Because the assumption resorted to by the anti-contagionist, "that to the effect of contagion a particular state of the atmosphere is necessary to produce the disease," is only in other words an acknowledgment that a particular state of the atmosphere is its real cause. Because for centuries before any intercourse direct or indirect was established between this country and the Levant, or rather as far back as history extends, pestilence was at least as frequent in England as in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, when our commercial intercourse with Turkey was considerable. Because when the free states of Italy traded both with the Levant and the north of Europe; when they were the carriers not only of the merchandize but of the troops of the principal powers of Christendom engaged in the crusades; and when they possessed Smyrna, Cyprus, Candia, Scio, Cephalonia, Caffa, and even Pera (a suburb of Constantinople); no apprehension was then entertained under a constant intercourse, of pestilence being propagated by infection, nor any precautions adopted by any nation for the prevention of such a calamity. Because during the century and a half which has elapsed since 1665, and in which there has been no plague in England, our commerce and intercourse with the Levant have been more extensive and more rapid than at any former period. Because there is no reason to believe that in modern times pestilences have undergone any revolution in respect either to their nature or to other causes, further than may depend upon the advancement or retrogradation of countries respectively in cultivation, civilization, or the arts of life; or upon an alteration in the seasons. Because, as contagion where it does exist is sufficiently palpable (it did not require the evidence of inoculation to show that small-pox always depends upon that source, and never upon any other) if it were the cause of pestilence, its existence could not for thousands of years have remained concealed. It must have been discovered and demonstrated to the satisfaction of the world, by the ancient physicians; and could not

now have been a subject of controversy among their successors. Because no person has at any period of history been known to arrive in England from the Levant labouring under pestilence. Because no person employed in purifying goods in the lazarettos of England, or of Malta, has ever been known to be affected with pestilence, which could not have happened if contagion had existed in the goods; and because such goods could not be exempt from contagion in particular countries, if that were the cause of plague. Because, after three hundred thousand deaths from plague have happened in one season in Grand Cairo, two hundred thousand in Constantinople, and one hundred thousand in Smyrna, as we are told, has repeatedly occurred in those places, and the clothes of the dead have been worn by their surviving relatives, or sold in the bazars, and worn by the purchasers, the disease, instead of spreading wider and wider, as would have inevitably have happened if contagion were its cause, (since in that case it could not fail to be carried in the clothes,) has, on the contrary, regularly declined and ceased at the usual periods. Because in those countries in which the plague is supposed to be introduced by means of contagion, conveyed by travellers or goods, as Egypt, Asia Minor, and Syria, it never occurs epidemically, but at particular seasons; although in other seasons travellers and goods from places in which the disease prevails, continue equally to arrive. And because in other countries, as Persia, which maintain a similar uninterrupted intercourse with places liable to frequent attacks of the plague, that disease never occurs.'

We have thus presented to our readers the principal arguments and allegations of Dr. Maclean against the presumption that pestilence is regulated by laws that are influential in contagious distempers. We now proceed to the work of Sir Brooke Faulkner, in which the opposite doctrine is maintained. The opinion of this gentleman is, that plague may actually be transported both by persons and articles of merchandize, and that moreover it may be received by, and propagated among, a people resident in a place the air of which is no otherwise conducive to disease than in having received a taint from the specific virus by which the existence of the malady has from the first been occasioned. Sir Brooke Faulkner believes further that 'plague is communicated only by contact or close association with the person or thing infected.'

The circumstances connected with the introduction of the plague which prevailed at Malta in 1813, are those upon which Sir Brooke Faulkner principally rests his opinion; and in his treatise, the title of which stands at the head of the present article, he endeavours to prove that Malta, so far from being favourable to pestilential origin, enjoys great advantages in respect to climate, soil, and habits of the people. He then goes on to state that the arrival of the San Nicolo, which took place under the

the following circumstances, was to all appearance the cause of the pestilence now adverted to.

'Two Turkey merchants shipped on board this vessel, at the port of Alexandria, a cargo of linen, flax, and leather, with some other articles. Part of the crew having died of the plague on their voyage to Malta, the vessel applied to the health department of the island on her arrival (the 28th of March) for admittance into port, previously using the precaution to notify her state, by hoisting a yellow flag with a black ball in the centre, this being the signal to indicate the actual existence of plague on board. Her application being acceded to, she was accordingly received into quarantine in the Marsachuchet harbour, within about a cable's length of several points of land and of the city of Valetta. The surviving part of the crew were taken into the Lazaretto, situated in a small island in the middle of the harbour. The captain of the San Nicolo and his servant sickened, in a day or two after their being received into the Lazaretto, and died, with indisputable symptoms of plague.'

In four or five days from this arrival the plague manifested itself in Valetta; and he considers the circumstance as next to demonstrative in favour of one event being the cause of the other. The first person attacked was the daughter of Salvatore Borg, a shoemaker, who died of what a Maltese physician considered a typhus fever. 'During the visit, however, our author observed on the chest of his patient, below the mammæ, two tumours which resembled carbuncles.' This was on the 19th of April. On the first of May the mother of this girl was attacked with fever, and complained of pain from a tumour in the groin. She died on the third. The husband was taken ill on the fourth, who had likewise affections of the groin and of the axilla. 'This man (says Sir Brooke Faulkner) continued to linger until the 12th of the month, when he died with unequivocal symptoms of plague.' A schoolmistress, in habits of intimacy with the family, is then attacked, and dies; afterwards a girl of the name of Grazia Pisani, who recovered after the bursting of a bubo: then Borg's father, and a second child of Borg; and, on the 17th, a relation of the schoolmistress, who had a carbuncle on the lower part of the back.

'Here then (says our author) we have traced the propagation of the disease from the first case in Valetta in eight distinct and well-authenticated instances, and all of them in a continuous line of communication with each other. The last six cases are given on the authority of medical reports published under the sanction of the government of Malta.'

The infection now became very general in consequence of unrestrained intercourse, and our author next pursues its progress into the Augustin convent, afterwards into the casals or inland towns

towns and villages, and, finally, into the island of Gozo by a man belonging to Casal Curmi.

'It rests upon respectable testimony (says Sir Brooke Faulkner) that this person, previous to his removal into quarantine, found means to conceal a box, containing wearing apparel, in the cottage where he resided; and that at the expiration of his quarantine he re-entered his cottage, out of which he took the box, and after paying a visit to Valetta, hired a boat and transported it to Gozo.'

Having remarked that the degree of severity which attended the plague in the several casals of the island, was in the ratio of their degree of communication with the sources of infection, our author goes on to adduce evidence of an impure state of the atmosphere being insufficient to account for the generation of plague. He tells us, that the fourteenth regiment were preserved from the contagion by vigilance, although quartered in the most infected part of Valetta; and that another regiment was infected, notwithstanding it was stationed in the most healthy situation in or about the place. How is it, he asks, that Valetta should have been for a long period the *exclusive nidus* of pestilence, seeing that there were villages and towns in the island, where every tangible cause of local impurity existed in a still greater degree, and which places were known to be much more frequently unhealthful than this city? Why were not those places visited in the first instance? And, finally, is it consistent to suppose plague an atmospheric disease, when the island had been free from its visitation during a period of one hundred and thirty-seven years?

That plague does not universally affect is no proof, according to Sir Brooke Faulkner, that it is not a communicable distemper, since non-susceptibility may exist to a great extent in many individuals; and, that it arises and disappears at certain determinate periods of the year, independently altogether of any interference on the part of the police, is an assertion (he says) unsupported by fact; 'as the disease is known to commence in the same country under every diversity as to the seasons; in proof of which we need go no farther than the last two plagues of Malta, the former having commenced in the month of December, three months previous to the time of its appearance in 1813.'

The doctrine which Dr. Hancock's volume is designed partly to support, is, that 'while plague is destitute of that specific something which is attributed to it by the hypercontagionist, its virus is capable of being communicated from one individual to another under certain circumstances; that although it is thus a communicable distemper, it is capable of spontaneous origin, and has much more reference to place and circumstances than many are disposed to allow; that quarantine enactments are founded in mistaken

mistaken views respecting the essence of pestilential visitation; and that fevers generally have much less of specific peculiarity, than systematic authors for the most part ascribe to them.'

Dr. Mead, the most celebrated writer of his day on the subject of plague, is an advocate for contagion. This author, however, admits, and the concession is marked by Dr. Hancock as a matter of much moment, that 'it has never been known where the plague did not first begin among the poor,' 'that a corrupt state of the air attends all plagues,' and 'that fevers of extraordinary malignity are the usual forerunners of plague.' Dr. Russell, another writer of celebrity on pestilence, likewise, says Dr. Hancock, 'candidly admits, that quarantine and other regulations have often proved ineffectual in arresting the progress of plague—that it has frequently occurred insidiously when they have been rigidly enforced, and in a more extraordinary manner has ceased, when they have been entirely relaxed.' And although he too is a decided contagionist, there is scarcely any writer who has laid so much stress as Dr. Russell on what has been termed a pestilential constitution of the atmosphere.

But, says Dr. Hancock—

'Dr. Maclean adduces many specious arguments in support of his opinions. He has collected a number of interesting facts, and has brought together some useful general observations respecting the prevalence and decline of plague in different countries; and it cannot be denied that he possessed many advantages, and had good opportunities of investigation, as he resided for some time in the Levant for the sole purpose of observing the nature and progress of this formidable disease. Yet I cannot perceive that he ever witnessed its devastations or its career when raging as a pestilence.

'When, however, Dr. Maclean's confidence in his own opinions led him so far, in the face of direct proof, as to brave the destroyer in his den, the pest-house at Constantinople; though we may applaud his resolution as well as his sincerity, and give him due credit for the ingenuity with which he seeks to explain the fact according to his hypothesis, we must, I think, reasonably doubt his principles, when we find that, by his own statement, he was attacked with this *non-contagious* malady on the fifth day after he entered that nursery of pestilence!'

In adverting to the work of Faulkner, he observes, that 'had as much pains been taken to procure further information respecting the concomitant circumstances of the period, as have been employed to establish a position which few are found to deny in a properly qualified sense, the volume would have proved more serviceable and important.'

'We have, indeed,' says Dr. Hancock, 'seriously to lament that most writers have attached themselves to this or that side of the argument so exclusively as to strain the simple bearing of facts to their own hypothesis;

hypothesis; to make a record only of these, and to keep out of view almost every circumstance of an opposite tendency. Hence what contrary statements, and marvellous, nay almost incredible, recitals do we find in authors, both ancient and modern, who have treated of this subject!'

'Contagion, according to some, has been locked up in holes, and caves, and chests; it has even made its hiding-place a spider's web, and at particular times, as by mere accident, has been released from its imprisonment to desolate the earth! According to others, comets and meteors, planetary conjunctions or appositions of baneful influences, volcanic eruptions and malignant blasts from the earth during its convulsions, have corrupted the air with pestilential steams for the destruction of the human species!

'*The first class have left us in ignorance by what laws the contagion ceased after its sources were so incalculably multiplied; and the last have not explained how a wide spreading evil like the vitiated air still left millions untouched.*

'And these two predicaments would seem to include the principal difficulties of the argument.

'One general fact should be noticed, that no people in the world have been willing to acknowledge their own country to be the first or indigenous seat of pestilence.

'Even Ethiopia, condemned beyond all others, the supposed nursery of plague from the time of Thucydides to Mead, where putrefaction is said to concoct and sublime its most deadly poisons, has its seasons and situations remarkable for salubrity, in which health cheers the native as well as the stranger; and authentic histories of that country by no means confirm the imaginary terrors of its climate; nor do they record any plague so fierce and destructive as what more temperate regions have often experienced. For those who have resided and travelled in Upper and Lower Egypt, as Alperius, Savary, Volney, and others, so far from admitting that plague is indigenous, gravely tell us of its importation from Constantinople and the coast of Syria.'

The plague which prevailed in London in the year 1665, is supposed by some to have been imported; by others it has been regarded as indigenous. Dr. Hancock has therefore thought it right to investigate the circumstances of this epidemic, to trace it through its progress, and occasionally compare it with others, as a general example illustrative of the laws by which pestilence seems to be governed. The points for consideration are, 1st, The adventitious circumstances connected with this plague. 2dly, Its progress from one part to another. 3dly, The character that it assumed at its commencement, height, and decline. 4thly, The persons and places that were exempt. 5thly, The facts deduced from the bills of mortality; and, 6thly, our author takes a summary review of the whole.

The adventitious circumstances were disease among cattle, a crowded

crowded population, a long continued calm in the weather, and the appearance of common disorders under types different from those which they usually display. Quotations from the works of Sydenham, Hodges, Baynard, Hooke and Boyle, in proof of these statements, are introduced into the work which we are now reviewing. The author then proceeds to trace the progress of the plague as accurately as the records permit him. In the latter end of November or beginning of December, two men, said to be Frenchmen, died of the disease at the upper end of Drury Lane; about three weeks after another man died in the same house of the same distemper, and about six weeks after the last death another died in another house, in the same parish, in like manner. 'Now it was observed, and the fact, which the weekly bills of mortality place beyond a doubt, is very curious, that from the time the plague first began in St. Giles's, *the ordinary burials from other diseases increased considerably in number in that and all the adjacent parishes.*'

'It was not till the beginning of May, or five months after the supposed introduction of fomites into St. Giles's, that a case of death, or even of infection, was reported to have taken place within the walls of the city. This occurred in Bearbinder Lane. It was found on inquiry that this was a Frenchman, who, having lived in Long-Acre, near the infected houses, had removed for fear of the distemper, not knowing that he was already infected.'

In the second week in June four died within the city; and now, the weather having 'set in hot,' the mortality soon increased, and the disorder was particularly prevalent and fatal in St. Giles's. About the middle of the next month 'the disease, which had chiefly raged in the parishes of St. Giles, Andrew, Stephen, and towards Westminster, came to its height there, and began to travel eastward,' *always abating in one direction as it appeared more malignant in another.* It was about the 10th of September that the disorder came to its height, at which time more than 12,000 died in a week, though two thirds of the inhabitants of the metropolis had gone into the country. Not one house in twenty was uninfected, and 'it looked as if none would escape; but just then,' says the writer whom Dr. Hancock copies, 'it pleased God by his immediate hand to disarm this enemy. Nor was this by any new medicine, or new method of cure discovered; the disease was enervated and the contagion spent. Even the physicians themselves were surprized; wherever they visited they found their patients better.' It is worthy observation that before the number of infected decreased, the malignity of the distemper began to relax, so that now few died; and it is further remarkable that the chief sufferers were those who had recently

cently arrived from the country. The *nature* of the disorder, as it is expressed by Hodges, having undergone a change, 'we were now,' says the journalist, 'no more afraid to pass by a man with a white cap upon his head, or a cloth wrapt round his neck, or limping from sores in his groin—all of which were frightful to the last degree but a week before.' Another curious circumstance was, that the *disease did not visit the provinces till its rage had been expended in the metropolis*, only one instance having occurred of the plague existing at the same time in London and the country. The provincial town thus infected simultaneously with the metropolis was Southampton, 'and it is very remarkable,' says Dr. Hancock, 'that we should not have some authentic document to prove in what manner the disease was at so early a period introduced into Southampton, if it was entirely dependent on contagion for its propagation.'

Having thus discussed the general circumstances connected with the last plague of this country, Dr. Hancock proceeds to remark on the time when pestilence usually appears, and the subjects it chiefly attacks. He states, and appeals for the truth of his statement to the histories of several pestilential visitations, that the poor are always the first subjects of the distemper, and that the season of pestilence is mostly the latter end of spring. In Egypt it is otherwise, and perhaps also in countries subject to a *malaria*, or endemic marsh fever, where the autumnal months are most sickly.

Pestilential visitations have been, our author affirms, for the most part marked by general sicknesses; by a more than usual number of insects; by blights, mildew, deaths among animals, and many other indications of something in the atmosphere unfriendly to the well-being of man. He has taken great pains to cite authorities in proof of this affirmation, and the section of the book in which these particulars are adverted to concludes in the following manner.

'Thus we see that philosophers, poets, ancient historians, and physicians, speak as it were one language, and sound one note of warning; and even the sanction of Holy Writ may, without forced comment, be applied in support of the general principle. *Whilst a single idea that seems in its practical effects to exclude all other considerations—the dread of foreign contagion—upon this point engrosses the concern of all the most enlightened statesmen of the most civilized countries in the world.*'

It has already been noticed that, even by the admission of Mead, 'fevers of extraordinary malignity are the usual forerunners of plague;' and this author (Mead) attributes this circumstance to 'that ill state of air which attends all plagues.' At times, however, it has been observed that at the approach of pestilence, even before

before the distemper has actually manifested itself, other diseases become less general and fatal. Mertens, for example, states that the epidemic diseases which had raged for three years previous to the plague at Moscow, altogether vanished in the month of May, 1770; and in the spring of 1771 began the plague. Dr. Hancock supposes that something of this kind may have been the case in relation to Malta before the occurrence of the last plague in that island; and he thinks that, so far from the allowed fact making in favour of imported contagion, the very reverse is the legitimate conclusion.

'For by what combination of causes, it might be fairly asked, should the common prevailing diseases be banished as it were from a city or country at the very critical juncture when a disease of foreign growth, with which they have no natural connexion, is casually introduced amongst them? Do they hide their diminished heads, or flee away as from the presence of an unwelcome stranger?

'By what singular change in the elements of life should not only this effect take place, but a portion of unusual health be imparted to those whose peculiarity of constitutions enables them to resist the fury that is dealing destruction around them?'

That a few months bring to a period the most formidable of plagues in the generality of instances, although multitudes remain susceptible of contagion, is a presumptive evidence, Dr. Hancock thinks, in favour of the dependence of the malady upon atmospheric malignity; and, moreover, the progressiveness observed in its movements from place to place, to which allusion has already been made, seems inconsistent with the notion of a conveyed virus merely. It goes from the city to the country, from one country to another, 'and in each the disorder, modified however by various causes, passes through its several stages,' its decrease, like its increase, being moderate—its periods, too, being nearly the same in crowded, filthy and ill regulated cities, as in those where all the regulations of the strictest healthy police are enjoined and observed; proofs these that there is a power stronger than contagion to control its effects, and a power stronger than medicine to change the character of the disease.

'He, therefore, that, exclusively believing in a contagious virus, asserts medicine and police regulations can do all, and attributes the removal of pestilence solely to their means, may be as much in error as he who, convinced of a general contamination in the air, denies contagion, and believes a crowded or a scattered population would make no difference in the mortality; or that a filthy habitation would add nothing to the malignity of the distemper; and that, as the disease is from the air, it matters not whether he stands idly gazing on till it shall cease, or assists to remove a local nuisance out of the way.

'Hence it is clear there must be a proper medium between these opposite

opposite views, which alone the cautious observer and the wise physician can pursue with safety.'

The circumstance of particular exemptions is strong in favour of something peculiar in the nature of pestilence beyond its contagious properties. In a plague at Bath no Italians, nor Germans, nor French became the subjects of the disease. And at Hafni, in Denmark, during a wide spreading pestilence, all strangers, as English, Dutch and Germans, escaped, notwithstanding they lived promiscuously in the infected habitations. The sweating sickness of 1485 attacked only Englishmen, who did not escape even by travelling into France or Flanders. Wilson says that in Egypt some of the villages were exempt from the plague, while the most neighbouring were desolated. This is so common, that the inhabitants particularize to Europeans those villages in their districts which, during the season, the plague has appeared in, yet do not themselves refuse to enter them.* And there are some instances of different liabilities not only from natural constitutions, but incidental and adventitious circumstances. Dr. Maclean lays considerable stress, as we have seen, on the dread of contagion, and he supposes the danger is lessened to the Turks in proportion to their exemption from such fears. On this particular our present writer remarks—

'It is a nice point to determine, putting humanity out of sight, whether a notion which tends to separate individuals from each other, and therefore to lessen the concentration of febrile miasmata, be not more likely to lead to security than an indiscriminate confidence or fatalism which crowds them together; and I cannot but suspect that if fear on the one side, and assurance on the other, exert any influence in predisposing to the disease, or exempting from its ravages, the disciples of Dr. Maclean would run the greatest risk.'

It will be inferred from what has already been advanced, that Dr. Hancock regards the allegation of imported contagion in the

* In Sir Robert Wilson's examination before the Committee of the House of Commons, we find the following striking fact, to which Dr. Hancock alludes, stated in reference to partial immunities. 'I would wish also to remark, that as we moved through the country the inhabitants pointed out to us particular villages that were infected with plague, and which plague did not extend out of those particular villages to any contiguous villages, although there was no precaution whatever used as to the communication with the inhabitants of the infected villages.' And a statement in Mr. Legh's Travels in Egypt contains a very pointed illustration of the different susceptibilities of different places:—'The plague in 1812 raged in Constantinople and throughout Asia Minor, yet, although the communication between this city and Alexandria was uninterrupted, the latter remained perfectly free from contagion. At the island of Scio, distant but a few hours sail from Smyrna, where the plague was raging with violence, and whence persons were daily arriving at the island, the British Consul observed "that he had no fear of infection being communicated from Smyrna; but (said he) should the plague declare itself at Alexandria, several hundred miles distant, we shall certainly have it at Scio."' —*See our review of Legh's Travels.*

plague

plague of 1665 as more than doubtful. He devotes a considerable portion of one section of his work to point out that discrepancy in evidence relative to the supposed importation, which would render the matter exceedingly difficult of belief; but when we take into consideration the state of things external and internal *at the precise period when the imaginary visit was paid*, it would seem a strange coincidence for every thing thus to concur, in order to accomplish the dreadful purpose that was brought about.

It is a curious fact, that Oxford was exempt from the plague of 1665, while it raged in most parts of the kingdom besides, although the terms were kept in that place and 'the courts and both houses of parliament did there reside;' and it is further remarkable that at the same time that city was considered as more troubled than usual with small-pox. This exemption was attributed, and Dr. Hancock thinks justly, to the great care taken to ensure the cleanliness and constant draining of the place, and he seems to imply that the superiority of Oxford in reference to these particulars was equal to the counteraction of that condition of the atmosphere which was the cause of plague in other places, but that it had not sufficient controul over the elements to prevent the manifestation of consequent disorder in another shape.

Why, it has often been asked, has plague not appeared as an epidemic in London since the year 1665? This immunity some ascribe to the constant use of pit-coal, which, from its sulphureous quality, has proved an antidote; by others it is conceived that the steady operation of our quarantine laws has succeeded in preventing it. But Dr. Hancock is not a believer in either of these notions, for coals were in use long before, 'and no one can doubt that goods have often been landed in this country since, if not saturated with contagious effluvia, certainly deeply imbued with the air of infected cities. So that if any *seminium* from abroad could act as a leaven in gradually corrupting the air of our climate, it might as well be done perhaps by the pestilential air necessary to the diffusion as by the contagion itself.'

When the circumstances of this great town are compared and contrasted in respect of cleanliness and comfort with those under which it was at the time of the last plague, we shall not have to wonder, says Dr. Hancock, at its comparative insusceptibility also to formidable distempers; and he announces it as his opinion, that the plague has in fact been often in London since the period referred to, but from want of the nidus of filth, and the fostering circumstances of inattention or mismanagement the disease has never mounted higher in the scale of malignity than common contagious fever. 'If we look at the state of London in the middle of the seventeenth century, and compare it with the pre-

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sent, we shall cease to wonder that it has become of late years far more healthy. The mortality in 1697 was 20,970, whereas in 1797 it was only 17,014;' and it will be found that the more recent occurrence of plague in some of the larger cities of Europe, are fairly attributable to their defective condition in respect of those particulars to which the present salubrity of London is so largely indebted.

That we have not been defended against plague by the operation of quarantine establishments may be fairly inferred, Dr. Hancock conceives, from the remarkable fact, that none of the expurgators of goods in Great Britain at these establishments have ever taken the plague since their origin; and the same immunity has been enjoyed by the establishments of other countries. The commencement of the Marseilles plague has been alleged as forming one of the exceptions to this immunity; but Dr. Hancock denies that the rumoured importation of plague into Marseilles is sufficiently entitled to credit in opposition to the general experience. 'If we consider,' says he, '*where* it broke out, if we consider the previous diseases in the city, the state of the famished poor, the entire want of evidence as to any communication between the Rue l'Escale and the suspected ships or lazarettos; if we take into account that physicians on the spot would not at that time admit the disease to be plague, we cannot possibly receive the report as an axiom to build upon.' And how is it, asks our author, that the lazarettos have not preserved Cadiz and other towns in the south of Europe? In these places indeed the fevers that go under the denomination of plague, and are ascribed by many to foreign importation, are so clearly characterized by indigenous peculiarities, as to render their local origin almost a matter of demonstration. Our author's opinion on the evidence to be deduced from quarantine is summed up in the following terms.

'Now if we ascertain that in some countries, where quarantine is strictly enforced, pestilential diseases do notwithstanding find entrance; that in others, where plague has raged before, under other circumstances, though carelessly administered, the disease has not made its appearance for more than a century and a half; that in others, where the regulations are entirely dispensed with, the disease exhibits itself only occasionally, and obviously in connexion with a peculiar state of indigenous circumstances, or extraordinary phenomena in the seasons, &c.; that in others, where importation has been presumed, the fact, on investigation, has always been so clouded with improbable conjectures as to cause the most serious doubts of inquiring persons on the spot; that at most of these establishments no well authenticated instance of death in the frequently laborious and supposed hazardous employment of expurgation has taken place; and that n every country where plague has prevailed, circumstances of a particular nature, variously modified,

modified, have existed, it should then appear that, in connexion with other views of the subject, a very comprehensive body of facts is within reach, for the impartial consideration of those whom quarantine may immediately concern.'

In another part of his work, Dr. Hancock more particularly dwells upon the necessary inefficiency of quarantine in preventing so subtle a principle as contagion from making good its lodgment on our shores, especially under the proverbial laxity in the administration of its enactments. 'No one doubts that many a bale of merchandize, both silk and cotton, from our regular intercourse with Turkey, must have been often introduced to this country during the long interval from the last appearance of the plague to the present time, brought directly from infected cities; I will not say infected, but touched by infected hands, and packed in infected air.—Therefore I cannot but subscribe to the conclusion of Dr. Heberden, that our exemption from plague is not so much to be attributed to any accidental absence of its exciting causes, as to our change of manners, our love of cleanliness and ventilation, which have produced amongst us, I do not say an incapability, but a great unaptness any longer to receive it. Any improvements which our quarantine laws may have undergone are by no means adequate to such an effect.'

The concluding chapter of Dr. Hancock's volume is composed of a few intimations respecting the want of specific character in some other diseases besides plague that are by many regarded as definite, and communicable distempers, such as the yellow fever of the western continent and islands, and the typhus of London. Because these are occasionally communicated from person to person, and perhaps by fomes, it is a mistake to conclude therefore that they are not often spontaneous and sporadic; our author likewise alludes to that principle, to which especial reference will be found in the first part of the present paper, viz. the extensive operation of external and adventitious circumstances upon the aspect and apparent nature of morbid affection. In the following extract the reader will perhaps perceive a similar intimation to that which we have ourselves given on the head of diseases assumed almost universally to be specific and permanent in their habits and relations. 'I am inclined to think the practice of inoculation, and still more that of classifying diseases, which depend on many causes, and are liable to many changes, as we do the stable and permanent characters of the subjects of natural history, have given an unscientific turn to our views both in regard to the origin of, and differences between, what are termed specific contagions, and what are not; and I suspect we

shall have something to unlearn before we get into a proper train of investigation.'

In the Appendix he proposes to give a few particulars relative to the plagues of Morocco in 1799; of Malta in 1813, and of Noya in Naples in 1816. Jackson, from whom he takes the account of the first, alludes to the famine which had recently pervaded the country, 'and which was produced by the incredible devastation of the devouring locusts,' of the birds of the air flying away from the abodes of men, and of fear having an extraordinary effect in predisposing the body to receive the infection. In reference to the plague at Malta, Dr. Hancock attempts to point out some discrepancy in the statements with regard to its origin. The president of the college of physicians thinks 'it might have originated from the lazaretto, where persons from Alexandria had it.' Faulkner supposes it 'not improbable that some of Salvatore Borg's family, among whom it first appeared, might have got goods from the infected vessel.' Dr. Calvert, not satisfied with this report, gives the contagion a more aerial passage, and is strongly inclined to think that it travelled through the air from the lazaretto to Valetta, and lighted upon the daughter of Salvatore Borg.' But the people of the island, according to Dr. Granville, firmly believe that S. Borg, who was a shoemaker, had purchased some linen to line shoes from a Jew, *who had received it from* Alexandria. Tully too and Faulkner disagree in their accounts respecting the healthiness of the island; and from the statement of the former, that 'the more insidious the first commencement of a plague, the more destructive is its ultimate progress,' Dr. Hancock maintains that it is incomprehensible how such a law should be developed upon the plain principle of foreign contagion propagated by contact only. Again, says Dr. Hancock, there is an inconsistency in the assertion of Faulkner, that the di ease had no reference to the air, when he accounts for its not be^s^ng more rapidly diffused at first 'by *the state of the air*, and othier circumstances not *favouring* its contagious power in so great a degree as afterwards.' Further, the small island of Gozo, near Malta, was not visited till about eleven months after, and, what is singular, in the preceding plague of 1675, 'a considerable interval elapsed from the contamination of Valetta until that of Gozo:' and it is likewise very important to know, that *at this time, and a year previous, the plague was raging in different parts of the Levant.* In 1813 and 1814 it also raged on the banks of the Lepanto, on the shore of Albania and the neighbouring coast of the Morea, in Bucharest, Wallachia, Alexandria, &c. The whole range of coast from Albania to Spalatro, in the immediate

immediate neighbourhood of the Ionian islands, was in 1815 infected with plague to a great degree.

With respect to the Noya plague, it appears from the evidence of a writer in the Quarterly Journal of Foreign Medicine, that 1st, the disease was preceded by famine. 2d, it began among the poor. 3d, other diseases with which it might be confounded prevailed at the time. 4th, it was various in its appearance and not very contagious at the commencement. 5th, the south wind increased its spread. 6th, the individual who conveyed the smuggled goods was not affected. 7th, the nature of the disease was doubtful. 8th, it continued about six months, and then, like most of the plagues in that climate, ceased.

Granville and Tully are at variance with respect to the commencement of this plague. The former, on the authority of an official report, says, it *certainly* came from Dalmatia; while the latter observes, that, 'although the source from whence it was introduced is still involved in obscurity, the most fastidious inquirer cannot oppose its foreign origin.'

Tully and Granville likewise disagree with respect to the introduction of pestilence at Corfu in 1815, one tracing it to the distribution of a number of skull-caps of red cloth left in the island by the captain of a vessel from Tunis; the other to a large box deposited by a man of the name of Spiracchi in the house of his friend Potiti, which was opened after the lapse of more than a year by Potiti, Spiracchi not having returned. Dr. Hancock then refers to the omissions of Tully respecting the particular state of the weather, and the prevalence of indigenous maladies, and concludes the whole of his investigation by the following remarks,—

'Now what do all the uncommon circumstances stated in different parts of the volume relative to this event; as of rains earlier than usual —of long drought and heat unnatural for the season of the year—of constant sirocco—of malignant fever in a marshy soil, raging amongst a miserable, and wretched, and ill-fed population—of unprecedented severity in the weather—of the ravages of pestilence following and giving place to remittent fever—of a sickly season setting in far earlier than usual, hurrying all alike into disease—what do these things mean, if they are not all connected in causation as well as in series?

'It appears to me therefore, and I am far from credulous, and (but) earnest to discover the truth in this perplexing obscurity of fact and testimony, that he must be an infinitely greater sceptic who can disbelieve such a connection, than he who doubts the contradictory stories of Spiracchi's box and the skull-caps of red cloth from Tunis, brought into Corfu by stress of weather and distributed in Lefchimo.'

We have thus redeemed the pledge which we placed in the reader's hands. We have caused to pass in review before us the leading facts and most weighty arguments from which the doc-

trine of specific contagion in plague is maintained by one, modified by another, and rejected by a third party; and we shall here limit ourselves to a remark or two on the contrasted statements of Sir Brooke Faulkner and Dr. Hancock; since the absolute verification of either one or the other of their assumptions might be supposed decisive of the question. Now, no one can deny that the testimony of such a writer as Sir Brooke Faulkner, founded as it is on a simple record of occurrences, constitutes a considerable weight of evidence in favour of imported contagion—nay, it is next to impossible to doubt the connection of the San Nicolo's arrival with the breaking out of pestilence on the island of Malta; and, upon the whole, we are called upon to give it as our unbiassed opinion, that a stronger case was never adduced in support of the principle for which its narrator contends.

It may, however, be permitted us to pause before we allow that an unqualified admission of all Sir Brooke Faulkner's data and inferences would absolutely establish the fact of an abstract, and, if we may so say, *uncircumstantial* power possessed by the contagious virus; and let the reader refer back to Dr. Hancock's intimations respecting the latitude of the island, the simultaneous existence of plague on some of the shores of the Levant and Mediterranean, and the probable condition of Malta itself in reference to its diseases, before he fully makes up his mind whether the arrival of the San Nicolo, under precisely similar circumstances, in the port of London or of Liverpool, would have been followed by the same results.* On this head we confess that we entertain considerable doubts, conceding, at the same time, that Sir Brooke Faulkner has placed a greater difficulty in the way of the anti-contagionist than before existed. Prior to the accounts of the Maltese pestilence, the circumstances connected with the appearance of plague at Moscow and Marseilles, constituted perhaps the greatest impediments to a reception of the anti-contagious creed; but still, in both these instances, a minute inquiry into particulars brings to light several considerable flaws in the evidence favouring absolute and abstract miasm; while the statements of Sir Brooke Faulkner do not appear, to say the least of them, quite so vulnerable. But, in whatever way we decide in reference to this particular, certain it is, that, on the other hand, Dr. Hancock has brought forward a vast body of testimony of the most unequivocal kind, illustrative of the proposition, that the origin, spread, and decline of pestilence has, for the most part, more re-

* Sir A. Brooke Faulkner admits that this very vessel was sent back to Alexandria with her infected cargo; and 'that none of the persons who navigated her back took the plague but arrived in perfect health;' and he believes that 'they who assisted in landing the cargo were not affected.'

ference

ference to the local peculiarities of the soil and climate in which it appears, than to any foreign importation; and that plague, if it be sometimes a contagious and transportable, is, for the most part, an indigenous or endemic distemper.

Let the fact be recollected as one of extreme importance, that pestilential disorders have been much on the decline since the advance of civilization, and that, for the most part, they only still prevail in countries and districts, where the habits of the people are such as are known to be conducive towards fanning contagious poison into malignant disease. 'It is remarkable' (says Sir John Pringle) 'how much the plague, pestilential fevers, putrid scurvies, and dysenteries have abated in Europe within the last century; a blessing which we can ascribe to no other second cause than to our improvement in every thing relating to cleanliness, and to the more general use of antiseptics.'

The remarkable exemption of Persia from the plague has been noticed by a great number of writers—remarkable, inasmuch as contiguous countries have been the greatest sufferers from pestilential visitations. For this exemption the Persians are obviously, in part at least, indebted to their peculiar habits, 'they are the most cleanly people in the world, many of them making it great part of their religion to remove filthiness and nuisances of every kind from all places about their cities or dwellings.' And, not to multiply instances of liabilities and exemptions in places and persons, we are warranted, it is conceived, in stating generally, that where lands are elevated, the climate temperate, and the soil dry, there pestilence of all kinds is of the least easy induction;—that, on the contrary, where the lands are low and swampy, the temperature hot, and the air at the same time humid;—there, more circumspection and care are required on the part of the inhabitants to counteract, by artificial means, endemic insalubrity;—and, during the last century, the greater part of Europe has been most happily and efficaciously acting upon this principle—swampy lands have been drained—waste marshes cultivated—filth removed from our cities—air made to circulate through our dwellings—superstitious apprehensions respecting pestilential visits considerably lessened—and (in consequence shall we say, without incurring the charge of assuming where we ought to prove?) the greater part of Europe, and our own country and cities in particular, instead of harbouring and fostering contagion into venomous, and permanent, and wide-spreading pestilence, have merely 'afforded a *short and niggardly entertainment* to the mildest form of contagious fever!'

Before we conclude, i tmay be expected that we should say a few words respecting tl e probable manner in which infectious

miasmata are made to influence the frame. Is contagion absorbed occasionally through the surface of the body, or are the lungs its only inlet? The former is the opinion most generally received, and acted on, but it may be regarded as of questionable foundation. Some phisiologists indeed doubt whether, while the outer skin is whole and entire, it be at all permeable to the most minute and subtle matter from without; and whether every thing, both salutary and noxious, does not find its way into the system either through the lungs or the stomach? Lay, for example, the saliva of a rabid animal, the matter of small-pox, or that of vaccinia upon the skin merely, and you fail to inoculate with the diseases. It is necessary that the cuticle be abraded or punctured before the absorbents can receive the poison. But, on the other hand, it is urged that infectious effluvia, from their higher divisibility than the poisons referred to, may possess the power of penetrating through the scarf-skin and thus impregnate the body. In reply to this suggestion, others have urged the case of natural, as opposed to inoculated small-pox. Here we find the disease taken from secreted matter is as impalpable, and most probably in as minute form, as when sickness is the result of other infections; and yet this material, when it is concentrated into a tangible existence, and thus most probably possessed of higher power, must be made to enter the body by puncture or scarification. Neither does this poison affect as a contagious substance when received into the stomach. Dr. Rush informs us, that he gave a negro girl some variolous matter mixed with a dose of physic, and that no sensible effect was produced. It is, therefore, we repeat, highly probable, not however by any means certain, that the sole vehicle by which contagious or infectious influence operates upon the body is the lungs. This is not, of course, a matter of mere speculative curiosity; for, could it be certainly ascertained that the outer skin forms that barrier which we are inclined to believe it does, against the intrusion of a morbid poison, it would follow of course that there need be less scruple about handling the sick, and performing acts of sympathy and duties of humanity towards them, provided we carefully kept from immediately inhaling their breath; at all events, we believe, that those expedients are idle and fruitless to which recourse is had for the purpose of defending against impregnation by infectious miasmata, such as feeling the pulse through the medium of a cabbage-leaf, oiling the surface of the body, &c. and here, we may remark, that in our minds that notion is altogether ill-founded which attributes a preventive efficacy in cases of fever, to certain materials, such as camphor, and aromatic oils, and perfumes, which are, probably, all of them worse than nothing. The best, the only preservatives, are cleanliness and ventilation,

ventilation, joined with a firm but not presumptuous confidence in the protecting power of Providence.

As a result of the whole inquiry the following corollaries appear to us to be pretty fairly made out—That all, or at least the greater part of morbid poisons are in some inscrutable way the produce of the clime and country in which they originally appear —that they are materially modified by time, and by the intercourse of nations, so much so, as in some cases to lose eventually their primary characteristics and habits—that some are much more permanent in respect of their specific peculiarities than others—but that *all* are, in a greater or less degree, subject to the modifying influence supposed—that those which are the most fixed, or the least changeable in their external habits and essential peculiarities, are the most easily conveyed from one country to another—but that there are few, if any, that may not be transported from the place which gave them birth, and transplanted into foreign soils; where, however, some will soon die away, or be changed into other forms and essences according to the natural tendencies or artificial habits of the new regions in which they have arrived, while others will retain for centuries a sufficient degree of peculiarity to mark their actual essence through all their variety of modification—that man can accomplish much towards mitigating the malign agency of contagious poisons—and that progress in the arts of civilization and improvements in polity have disarmed epidemics of a considerable portion of their power. Finally, it does not seem probable that the metropolis of England can ever receive from the shores of the Levant a sufficient measure of contagious miasmata to cause the existence or prevalence of positive plague—but, as some degree of uncertainty necessarily connects itself with our conclusions on subjects which, from their very nature, are insusceptible of absolute demonstration, it will be the part of a wise policy rather to err on the side of caution, than that of precipitancy or presumption. It is, however, to say the least, highly questionable whether laws framed for the purpose of preventing the intrusion of pestilence might not be much less restrictive, and expensive, and vexatious than they actually are, and at the same time equally, if not more, effective.

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